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THE  
**PHILOMATHIC JOURNAL,**  
AND  
**LITERARY REVIEW;**

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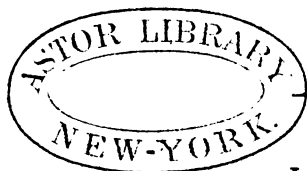
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"WISDOM IS THE PRINCIPAL THING."

"Because the spirit of man cannot demean itself lively in this body, without some recreating intermission of labour and serious things,—\*\*\* civilize, adorn, and make discreet *the mind*, by the learned and affable meeting of frequent Academies, and the procurement of wise and artful recitations, sweetened with eloquent and graceful enticements,\*\*\* that the call of WISDOM and VIRTUE may be heard every where."—MILTON.

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VOL. IV.



LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,  
PATERNOSTER ROW;

SOLD ALSO BY BELL AND BRADFUTE, AND BLACK, EDINBURGH;  
WARDLAW AND CUNNINGHAME, GLASGOW;  
AND HODGES AND M'ARTHUR, DUBLIN.

1826.

[illegible]

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THE  
**PHILOMATHIC JOURNAL.**

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JAN. 1826.

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THE  
**SCIENCE OF ETHICS.**

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FOURTH LECTURE.

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**ESTABLISHMENT OF THE BASIS OF MORALS—RELATION  
OF BEING TO BEING.**

I HAVE no hesitation in admitting that I lay a greater stress upon the former, than upon the present, Lecture. I am less anxious to establish a system of my own, than to destroy the erroneous speculations of others; and this, from no disposition to undervalue the labours of those who have preceded me in the path of ethics, and who have, for the most part, written as wisely as ably upon morals; nor to gratify the poor triumph of exposing what is weak in other systems; but simply from the conviction which I sincerely entertain, that good and sound theories do less to promote the progress of the understanding, than bad or erroneous ones do to retard it; and that no general principle will be rendered practically effectual in the shape of mere system; it must be applied to actual circumstances, and to daily duties, as they arise in human life, and in all their variety of detail. Besides which, the principle of expediency, which I felt it necessary to combat and expose, and the aggregate of the arguments by which it has been defended, are in themselves so sophistical, and in their tendencies so extensively dangerous, that, if I succeeded at all in shewing the weakness of the one, and the hazard of the other; in pointing out the destructive issue to which they led, and the little support which they could derive from sound reason; I shall deem myself to have rendered some small service to the cause of morals; more especially, as these erroneous sentiments are the prevailing opinions of the day; or, at least, have been so popular during several years past, that there is scarcely any of the later theories of ethics which do



not directly or indirectly adopt them ; or which are not, however varied in form, founded upon a correspondent basis, regarding utility as the ultimate question.

The subject proposed for our present consideration, is *the establishment of the basis of morals*: in other words, it will be our business to ascertain the moral constitution of our nature. If we have not derived from nature a moral constitution, no reasoning can ever produce one: but, if we possess such a constitution, then the object to which our attention should be directed is, simply to determine its laws, and unreservedly to submit to its dictates. The faculties of man are not creative, their right direction is to explore and to combine. Our path is precisely the same in morals, as in every other department of science. We have merely to examine particular phenomena ; and, by a cautious induction from them, to establish general laws. This is all that we can do, and it is all that we ought to attempt to accomplish. We must bear in mind, therefore, at every step of our progress, that we are to inquire, not to prescribe. We are not to legislate for ourselves, but to ascertain what those laws are, which are clearly established ; and which, by the condition of our dependent being, we are bound to obey. I employ these terms now, as they open the way to the principle which I am about to propose. The language of nature is to be revered, not criticised ; and it is our province to interpret and to submit.

Natural philosophy was a confused mass of contradictions, until the investigations of those who studied her sublime laws were conducted on the principles of the logic of induction ; and we shall do nothing worth naming in morals, until we adopt the same plan. Those who have most contributed to develop nature, in all the character of her greatness—in all the endless variety of her forms—in all the infinity of her combinations—did not presume to lay down laws, and to bend her operations to their pre-conceived theories ; this was the wretched plan of the darker ages ; but true philosophy contemplated her in her own light, and sought out her hidden laws, by a scrupulous examination of her phenomena. In morals, also, if we will arrive at any safe conclusion, or secure any useful result, we must study with reverence and diligence the movements of Deity upon our own minds ; and, instead of prejudging the question, by fixing at random, or as caprice may suggest, upon a basis of ethics, upon which we attempt to erect a structure as fanciful ; or to imagine a law, and then bend all moral duty to it,—let us first examine the phenomena, and thence induce the principle. When Newton, by a patient examination of particular facts, discovered the universality of the law of gravitation, he submitted to it *as a fact*, without pretending to explain it ; and subsequently reasoned

from it the elucidation of new and untried phenomena. And when, by a similar process of careful investigation, we have ascertained the laws of the moral world, we must adopt the same course; we must be satisfied to submit to them as laws, and reason synthetically from them, to the discovery of our precise duties and obligations. The sublime and beautiful sentiment of the Psalmist should be ever present with us, alike in our examination of nature and of morals, to direct our search, and to conduct our labours to an useful, an honourable, a successful issue,—“With Thee is the fountain of life, and in Thy light shall we see light.”

We are not to form a splendid theory *a priori*, which has been the usual and popular method, and then proceed to support it by the most plausible arguments we can invent; but we are to examine facts in the first instance, and boldly reject every theory which is inconsistent with them. We must look for the basis of morals, not in the speculative theories of moralists, however illustrious their talents, however eminent their names may be,—we must not be seduced, or dazzled, by the glory irradiating the head of genius in ancient or in modern times; but we must seek this basis in the circumstances and in the nature of man,—in those facts which are disclosed to us by *observation* on the one hand, and *consciousness* on the other. These seem to be the most natural arrangements of our thoughts; because all our knowledge of the external world we derive from observation, and all our knowledge of our own moral nature is suggested to us by consciousness.

By *observation* we perceive the *Relation of Being to Being*. This I propose as THE BASIS of Morals. It is necessary to explain, that this term is employed with considerable limitations. I regard it only as the *foundation*, not as the *rule*,—the source of obligation, not the same thing with it; a rule only as applied to the formation of general conclusions, not to the casuistry of particular circumstances. It is the ground on which particular laws are rested, not qualified nor designed to supercede those individual regulations necessary to particular conditions. It is, in fact, rather the spring of information to the philosopher in his investigation of morals, than an absolute directory of human conduct. We are inquiring now, not so much what particular actions are right in any given situation, but why any actions are right, and others wrong, in all possible situations.

That our ethical conceptions depend upon *Relation*, is evident from the obvious fact, that, if there were no such relation, if one Being alone existed—the solitary occupant of the universe—there would be no moral duties. Truth, moral truth, would exist in the contemplations of the primeval, the

eternal Intelligence; but morals, in the sense in which we understand the term, as indicating a connected series of reciprocal obligations, could not possibly exist until other beings were summoned into life. But the moment this should be effected, a system of rights and duties would be established,—because relation would be formed; and the moral code would be coincident and co-extensive with the relation, because essentially involved in it.

It is here that Revelation lays the foundation of morals. I am aware that, at this stage of the discussion, I can assume nothing from Revelation as such; but I professed, at the commencement of these lectures, to give it equal bearing on moral questions with other systems of ethics. Let it, then, be heard in respect of the basis of morals—that basis is Relation,—and in its first and most distinguished form, as associating man with the Deity. “It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves.” The spring of moral obligation rises here. It was pointed out by Paul, at Athens, to the philosophers who surrounded him—the most brilliant spirits of the age. Standing on the hill consecrated to Mars, under the covering of heaven’s own temple—the sky, with all the bright evidences of the Being and perfections of God encompassing him, the images of superstition and idolatry could not arrest his attention,—except for a little moment, which he dedicated to pity—the natural sentiment of a good and a generous mind for the weakness or the wickedness of others—he pointed to those glorious heavens, and appealed to the surrounding features of creation,—attesting the hills and the vallies, the sun and the stars,—and pleading their relation to God, who made the world and all things “therein,” as the basis of their obligation; confirming the living witnesses of nature by referring to certain of their own poets, who had said, “For we also are his offspring.” This was an argument which the pure philosophy of Athens would not impugn, and could not resist. It was the voice of reason and conscience, as well as of nature. It had been heard by all nations. It was a testimony which the sun had borne in his restless career, and carried round the circle of the earth; while the night repeated the evidence when his beams were withdrawn.

Then followed the next dearest charity of human life—the union between the sexes—formed by the God who made them, and crowned with his own blessing. The relation of one creature to another commenced here, and with it the reciprocal obligation was stated. “Therefore, shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh.” Relation is not only stated here as the basis of morals, but the degree of obligation is apportioned to the relation, as it is nearer or more remote. Atheistic philosophy began by

denying the first relation, and proceeded with melancholy consistency to the destruction of every other. I now call your attention to facts, not to speculation. Surely this fearful page of history ought not to be lost to the world, when they are inquiring into the foundation of morals. Atheism broke the first link which held man to the Deity, and the whole chain of society fell shattered and disordered to the ground. It had neither unity nor strength. It had lost its dependence, and its connexion ceased with it. The affections found no centre, or stagnated in selfishness. All that age had rendered venerable, all that wisdom had pronounced good, all that nature declared beautiful, all that conscience enjoined as obligatory, all that constituted at once the strength and the harmony, the glory and the stability of society, was destroyed. The moral creation was blotted out; the human mind looked abroad, but there were neither sun, moon, nor stars: it was a fearful blank, presenting no one object to which the man might turn, and give the feelings of his nature leave to flow. He lived alone; the universe became to him a desert—a frightful solitude, from which all the charities of life were expelled. It was a darkness which might be felt—extinguishing the present, and brooding in eternal midnight over the future. When the First-Cause was banished from his own creation, all his works perished with him. Man beheld, and could behold, nothing beautiful—nothing harmonious—nothing sublime. He had, in erasing the characters which the Divinity had impressed upon his bosom, extinguished his own glory, and yielded his own transcendence. He differed in nothing from the brute, except in a misery more intense, as his rank in the creation was more distinguished. Appetites stronger he had, without controlling instincts; and he had abandoned the restraints of reason by destroying its motives.

Cicero was astonished that there ever could have existed a man who succeeded in persuading himself that this beautiful world was formed by the fortuitous concourse of atoms, accidentally adhering, impelled towards each other by the force of their own gravity. He denies reason to him who concluded that the structure of the universe resulted from chance. Can the moral world, then, be so formed? Deny the Deity, or our relation to him, and our relation to each other ceases necessarily. In the creation, we should have to imagine atom jostling atom, driven together by fortuitous circumstances, without any other union than proximity of station formed for the moment,—contact without cohesion. The same thing must obtain, on this system, in the moral world. The individual would feel himself borne along by

the living tide of existing humanity, without commingling with it. To him the charities of father, wife, child, brother, or friend, all cease. He is one amidst the multitude, but not as a part to the whole: like a tree in the midst of the forest, constituting a part of its grandeur, yet standing alone in solitary magnificence. This is the inevitable result of denying the first relation. Those who designed to overturn the structure of society, began by thus sapping its foundation.

It is not necessary, in a thinking country like this, to oppose the monstrous absurdity of Atheism, by philosophical argument; and it is not possible to admit the Being of God, without granting at the same moment his claims—to pay homage to the Creator, without conceding the obligations of the creature. Permit me to point out the genuine simplicity of this basis. It does not leave opportunity even to propose the question, "Why am I bound to obey the will of God?"—for it implies the obligation in the relation, and blends the reason with the principle. Moralists, in proposing this inquiry, have given it different answers. Dr. Paley and most modern writers, have replied, "Because it is most conducive to individual and universal good." Bishop Wilkins refers the obligation to the perfection of his power, wisdom, goodness, and other divine attributes. Woolaston would say, "Because it is conformable to truth." The ancients themselves attributed the obligation to the fitness of things,—the correspondence which one thing bore to another,—the interchange of reciprocal benefit,—the analogy of things,—the tendency of any particular action to advance the harmony and consent of all things with which it was connected; till this centred finally in expediency, this was the aggregate produced by the laborious application of rules so complicated. But we answer, the obligation is deduced from the *relation* in which the Creator and his creatures reciprocally stand,—a cause which implies, while it surpasses all that is to be deduced from the various reasons to which we have adverted. Because he is God, and we are his creatures,—he created us, and we ought to obey him as our Creator,—we are created by him, and he has a right to command us as his creatures: here is the right to command, and the obligation to obey, arising from a source quite different than that of the mere benefit secured by obedience,—not expedient merely, but just also,—not contingent, but absolute. That it is good, and wise, and necessary, and expedient, that this should be done, we learn from subsequent considerations and universal experience: but the principle secures the obedience, irrespective of these after discoveries; and, though nothing should be known further than the relation itself, that alone would ap-



pear to be conclusive to a man possessed of reason and conscience: it is the voice of nature around him,—it is the voice of God within him.

I do not pretend to present this rule as free from difficulty; nor will I avail myself of the plea, that all others which have been proposed are equally liable to exceptions. But I will venture to affirm, that, while it has fewer possible objections than any other with which I have been able to form an acquaintance, those which it has are common to every other system which has been adopted; that is to say, it has none peculiar to itself, while it greatly abridges the aggregate of objections. I am also persuaded that it is founded in nature,—that it is acknowledged by conscience,—that it is approved by revelation,—that it best accords with the phenomena of morals,—that it is most happily and universally applicable to practical results; and these are more than strong presumptions for its truth. We assume, then, that *relation* is the actual basis (the expression having been previously explained and guarded,) of moral action; since, if man stood alone, he could have neither morals, (the term being usually understood to imply reciprocal obligations,) nor, if he were absolutely independent, responsibility. If we imagine a solitary being, of necessity every thing must centre in himself. If we could imagine two absolutely independent beings, the one could owe nothing to the other, and between them could be no moral obligation. I am perfectly aware that such a position neutralizes both; that it is *supponere quod non supponendum*—an unimaginable case; it is, therefore, only stated—however absurd in itself, as absolutely impossible—to prove the simple fact, that obligation, and therefore morals, must arise of necessity out of *relation*.

This basis being once assumed, it is easy to see to what an useful and desirable extent the principle may be carried in its application. Commencing with Deity, it embraces the whole system of the moral world, and runs through all the relations of human life. It regards man in his collective and individual capacity; it comprehends society in all its complicated forms; it bears with an increased pressure upon domestic unions; it centres finally in the man himself, and supposes duties which he owes to himself. Father and son, husband and wife, brother and brother, all have their respective and ultimate rest upon this broad and common basis. We may also trace this principle in the successive links of political association: monarch and subject, master and servant, citizen with citizen, nation with nation, and man with mankind universally. To produce evidences or illustrations of these various relations as they bear upon each other particularly, would be

to invade the province of the remaining lectures: not to have stated them thus generally, would have been to have deserted the subject of the present discussion.

The greatest difficulty associated with this principle is perhaps that which relates to the duties a man owes to himself. It is giving a latitude to the term which can scarcely be deemed philosophically allowable, not to say correct, to speak of a man as related to himself. The inquiry then is, wherein consists the unlawfulness of any action destructive of my personal comfort or life? Why am I obliged to secure my own welfare? What provision does this principle make for duties which moralists have affirmed that I owe to myself? What regulations does it impose upon the passions and propensities usually denominated selfish? Where one only is concerned, there can be no relation; and, according to this system, no duty. Such is the objection, and it is not without its difficulty. It will, however, as it appears to me, admit of a fair and rational solution. The answer may not be immediate, but it is dependent upon the general principle in its train of action, and especially in its first link of connexion with the Deity. According to the basis assumed, man can never be said to stand alone. Supposing all other relations to have ceased, and their correspondent duties and obligations to have perished with them, his relation to Deity remains; and, unless you suppose the creature annihilated, that bond can never be broken. In every thing that regards himself and his individual duties, he must be regulated by this absolute and indissoluble relation, and by the will of the Being, from whose claims and rights he can neither separate himself nor be divided. Without going into the extensive question of a revealed standard of his will, there is a law of nature, recognised by the whole creation, and guarded by the instincts common to man in every age, country, rank, and circumstance—the law of *self-preservation*: and I am satisfied, for the present at least, to rest the question of the will of the Creator regarding the moral duties of the individual to himself upon this natural and acknowledged law, still establishing the obligation upon relation, and that first and noblest link of it, the relation of the creature to the Creator.

In like manner, the obligation to adhere to truth, which seems the remotest question from this principle, may be traced to the obligations of those relations subsisting between me and other beings, whose interests, and therefore my duties, are involved in my veracity; besides my relation to God, who cannot exist but as the Lord God of Truth, and will doubtless require conformity to his own attribute. I have merely mentioned this, by the way, to shew that the principle is not

inapplicable even in those extreme cases which may be proposed in the form of objections, as most removed apparently from the simplicity of its operation.

The basis proposed, then, is Relation ; wherever relation exists, morality exists. The relations of life branch into innumerable ramifications : morals rise with the degrees of relation ; and as, in the scale of creation, a chain of being subsists, from an atom to a seraph, so also in morals, an infinity of obligations, dependent upon each other, harmonizing with each other, and, from the organization of the parts, producing a glorious whole. Upon this basis, a scale of morals is presented ; and it becomes obvious, that, in proportion to the nearness of the relation, is the urgency of the duty.

Relation is a positive basis, and meets the objection of required obedience, when the law is unknown. It accounts for the original existence of all obligation, antecedently to the positive enactments by which that obligation is defined ; and in this sense it applies to the laws of God especially.

Relation makes the law of morals and the law of nature coincident. This I deem of no small moment to human happiness, and no inconsiderable evidence of the truth of the basis adopted. It harmonizes intellect and feeling in every possible combination. Herein is it directly opposed to the system of Mr. Godwin. He begins by destroying those relations which the heart spontaneously acknowledges, and denying those obligations arising out of them, to which the conscience testifies ; proposing an ultimate good to be sought in violation of all natural feeling, as though God had impressed one law upon human nature, and reason prescribed another diametrically opposed for moral action. Such a system appears to me to require us to establish a law for ourselves, which sets up intellect against feeling, destroys the unity and integrity of our nature, outrages conscience, subverts practical morality, and leaves its professed object, general utility, after all, unaccomplished. The basis assumed, in the present lecture, on the contrary, furnishes us with a rule adapted to our capacity, consistent with our feelings, and conducive to the general good.

Relation answers certain objections which do not appear solvable on any other basis ; certainly not upon that of expediency. Mr. Godwin supposes a case, that, if he were the valet of the illustrious Fenelon—in a room on fire, from which it was possible for one only to escape, that it would be his duty to sacrifice his own life for that of his distinguished master,—not because he was his master, but for purposes of general utility. He reasons thus : I am but a valet,—he is an

archbishop ; my life is the life of an individual,—upon him, as prime-minister, the interests of multitudes, the prosperity of national concerns, are suspended ; I ought, therefore, to save his life, at the certain sacrifice of my own. He allows that no man, under such circumstances, *would* do it ; but he affirms, that a man, in such a situation, *ought* to do it. I answer, on the principle of relation, explained as originating with the Deity, and involving individual duties, that the individual has impressed upon him a personal obligation, superior to any supposable one, as arising out of general utility,—that it is imperative upon him to use all possible means for his own self-preservation ; and that the law of morals is here again coincident with the law of nature.

Relation reverses French philosophy, by drawing the obligation closer as the being stands nearer to us: Volney, in his Catechism for a French Citizen, introduces a query, “ Why am I bound to love my father ? ” or “ Why am I obliged to obey him ? ” After a series of questions and replies, in imitation of the Socratic mode of induction, we arrive at the conclusion, that the relation is as nothing in the account,—that it weighs not as a feather in the balance,—that I have no other obligation than what arises from the personal superiority, if any, of the individual whom I call my father, and his weight in the scale of general utility. To this inquiry, the assumed principle of this lecture would return a very different answer,—“ *Because he is my father.* ” All considerations of the general bearing of the duty apart,—all calculations of expediency laid aside,—the obligation arises simply out of the relation, and the result proves as beneficial to society as the principle is recognised by the conscience, and cherished in the heart.

Finally ; Relation, while it *apportions* moral obligation, extends it to the remotest link of the creation,—to man, the most removed from the individual actuated by this sublime principle, and even to animals, who have that share in his benevolence which is due to their rank in the scale of being, and which he can no more refuse, in its just proportion, to the brute creation than to the human, without a palpable breach of moral obligation. The indissoluble relation of the individual to the common Parent of all, and the general relation of the intire creation to the same Being, secures the moral obligation from decay or dissolution, and prescribes its due action through all the magnificent and infinitely diversified range of being. It promotes the advantage of the whole by a due adjustment of the parts, and a correspondent attention to their proportionate claims. The rule thus provides for universal philanthropy,—not only without violating nearer and

more immediate duties, but precisely in the discharge of these relative interests, and in proportion as they are respected and honoured, obeyed and accomplished.

Such being the basis, it is time that we should inquire after the rule of its application, which we may venture to term the *law of morals*. It has been called by a variety of names,—conscience, reason, the moral sense,—all intending *that* internal consciousness so difficult to define, so universally felt and acknowledged, and to which the ultimate question of morals is referred by every man, voluntarily or involuntarily, as to all the practical results of it, which are to arise from him individually. Its dictates are imperative, and its dominion as wide as human being. It lives under various forms of external observances and political enactments; but it lives, still,—often hated, but never despised,—feared, but not to be extinguished,—it may be weakened, but it cannot be destroyed,—it may be lulled, but it cannot be annihilated; and, when it rouses from its sleep, the hero turns pale before its accusations; it rushes on with the irresistible fury of the lion, coming up from the swellings of Jordan, roused from the thicket where he couched, by the sudden overflow of the river, augmented by the melting of the snows of the mountains of Armenia, when it inundates all the plain,—and to those silent whispers, which none but the man himself can hear, the thunder of heaven is but as the murmurs of the distant waterfall, when its remote echoes are wasted, at fitful intervals, by the light breeze of the summer's evening.

We are not left, then, to the *observation of Relation*, and its corresponding duties, merely—in ascertaining the moral law of our being. We are deeply *conscious* that these duties are imperatively binding upon us. We have seen that the external world around us gives evidence of our duties; we shall now find this evidence sanctioned and attested by the no less important world within us. This spiritual and internal world infinitely transcends every object of sense,—every thing comprehended in the material range of being. The material universe stretches itself far and wide, beyond our sight, beyond our investigation, beyond our conceptions: it is still finite; its tribes of being have their measure and their number prescribed; its glorious orbs of light, passing alike beyond the natural organ of vision, and the most powerful auxiliaries furnished by art and science, may be computed, although not by us; its hidden recesses, its remotest confines, may be penetrated, although these lie far beyond the grasp of human calculation; but the universe of man acknowledges no confines—is bounded by no limits—is measured by no dates; all that is external excites, and acts upon it partially, and only.



partially; it is greater than all which it contemplates; it is unfilled by all that surrounds it; it is satisfied only in the fountain of its being; it is lost and absorbed only in the Divine Immensity.

We might naturally expect, from the wisdom and goodness which characterize all the operations of Deity, that the subject of morals, of all others the most important to man, should be established by unquestionable evidence. This is actually the fact. We have here the highest species of evidence which the human mind can attain or conceive, the *internal consciousness*, combined with the *external observation* of every rational creature.

*Consciousness*, applied to questions of morality, appears to me the most correct and philosophical idea we can form of *conscience*. Not a separate faculty of the mind—not an additional sense, but a law incident to all the faculties, and impressed by the Wisdom that formed us, upon our intire moral constitution.

But the definition of the Power is of small consequence, except for the sake of accuracy in the use of terms. For its existence, we have the evidence of facts; and, for a record of its operations, we have the history of the moral world, and the history of our own minds. This last is to us infinitely important, and ought to be absolutely convincing. *Conscience* is the law *within* the breast, answering to the law suggested from *without*, and corresponding with it as the cypher corresponds with the die, the impression to the signet, or the reflection of the mirror to the object standing before it.

Conscience is the actual judge of human actions; and herein the rule and the basis are coincident. The basis implies such a rule as conscience; conscience supposes such a basis as relation, something fixed and permanent, something upon which its moral decisions may rest, as known and admitted, as founded in nature and truth, as indicating the will of the Creator, and according with our unquestionable connexion with him. Conscience is here the judge, and relation the standard of morals.

Nor does the admission of such a moral rule abrogate or weaken the necessity for moral investigation, especially for practical purposes. The contrary obtains, on this system. Conscience is susceptible of culture, like every other power entrusted to man. It may be silenced, and its sensibility impaired by neglect and inattention,—by opposition and repulsion. In this respect, also, it is analogous to all our other faculties. It may be warped and vitiated by education, false religions, profane habits, obstinate resistance, and impertinence; and hence arises, in my judgment, a new argument for an established basis upon which its decisions may be

formed; but its dictates are essentially the same in every age. The variations of which it is accused, will be found much less numerous, upon careful examination, than is generally imagined, or has been assumed for the purpose of establishing other rules, apart from, or opposed to, its sentence; and, wherever they do occur, they may be traced to other causes, (some of which we have enumerated,) than the natural imperfection of the standard.

We have regarded *Relation* as the *basis*, and *Conscience* as the *law* of morals. We have so called it, as the *natural law*, and the *only* natural law, we confess, which we have been able to discover; into which also the various systems of morals, modern, (expediency always excepted,) but especially ancient, are ultimately resolvable. Whether it be of itself sufficient, —whether, as a law of morals, it is wholly adequate, upon any admitted basis, to guide in every instance, is another question to be disposed of in a future discussion, when we shall inquire into the necessity of a revealed standard of morals. But every law must be supported, to render it effectual, by *sanctions* proportionate to its claims and prescriptions. The sanction of a moral law, supposed by conscience, and inseparable from relation, is *responsibility*. This is necessarily implied in the existence of a moral system. It is inseparable from the admission of the being of a God. If that Being supposes relation,—that relation, obligation,—that obligation, consciousness; by a parity of reasoning, that consciousness must imply responsibility. Those who wished to silence conscience, began, therefore, by denying responsibility; because the judgment was postponed, and sentence was not speedily executed against an evil work, they blotted futurity from their creed, and assumed that the sleeping thunders of heaven would never be roused. When the conscience was silenced, and the law neutralized by the absence of its just sanctions, relation was denied or trifled with; then came expediency,—then Atheism,—then anarchy,—and then—all the horrors from which Europe is just emerging; a freedom from the last convulsive struggles of which, was purchased for the world by British blood shed on the eternal field of Waterloo.

Responsibility is in precise proportion to all knowledge,—to that which is possible as well as to that which is actual. A man shall be judged not merely by that which he possesses, but by that also which he might have attained. Every advantage which has fallen within the range of his powers shall be taken into the calculation. We are responsible to each other for our social duties; this is the basis of human governments. We are responsible to conscience in cases to which human laws cannot, from the limitation of their nature,

extend. We are responsible to Deity, the concentration of all relations; and He who knows all things is alone the perfect judge of responsibility. Our relation to Him, the basis of morals, necessarily implying accountableness, is the most awful sanction of the law of conscience,—every action lying uncovered, with all its intentions, before him; and that which, rightly considered, must prove the most effectual motive to morals, should, and will, properly followed, induce us to be sparing in our censures of each other. We shall judge nothing before the time.

Such is the system which I have ventured to submit to you. Relation, as the basis of morals; Conscience, as the natural law; and Responsibility, as the sanction of that law. What constitutes the difference between the pleasure which the philosopher feels, in comparison with that of the clown, in the contemplation of the starry heavens, but *relation?*—relation perceived by the one, and presenting an unity of design unknown to the other; in whom, therefore, no plan being apparent, the mere splendour of the scene excites but a faint and momentary admiration. To behold the magnificent field of heaven unmoved, is impossible; but he who is a stranger to the laws by which those glorious and stupendous orbs are governed—who has no conception of their relation to each other,—wanders over a wilderness of light, unguided to any useful result, and lost in the immensity of space. The astronomer, on the contrary, has grouped them into constellations, reduced the splendid confusion to order, ascertained their laws, and traced their relations. The heavens lie before him as an illuminated map; he ranges free, and satisfied, over the ethereal country, and sees in the harmony of all, no less than in the stupendous character of the parts, the wisdom and goodness, the eternal power and Godhead, of the Creator. To this Being we have led you as the Fountain of morals, as well as the source of creation. We have seen Him, seated on his throne of light, exalted far above human conception, or human praise,—all parts of his moral creation moving round Him, each dependent upon Him, every one responsible to Him,—the harmony of the parts, and the unity and stability of the whole, alike arising from

“ Him first, Him last, Him midst—and without end.”

## THE BATTLE OF JENA.

GAUL's victor Eagle now reposed ;  
 His rage was cool'd, his wings were closed ;  
 In peaceful slumber seem'd to lie  
 The latent terrors of his eye.  
 Lorraine had quail'd before his might,  
 Vanquish'd in council and in fight ;  
 And buried in his waste of snow,  
 The hardy Russ, his stubborn foe,  
 Lay idly waiting for the day  
 To summon him to southern fray.  
 —War's pealing roll had sunk and died,  
 Like tempest on the mountain side ;  
 His lightning flash had ceased to gleam  
 O'er dying field and crimson stream :  
 Europe had found a day of rest,  
 Though bearing many a rankling breast—  
 And who was rash enough to break  
 That welcome calm,—again to wake,  
 To dare the giant to his wrath,  
 To call him to th' embattled path,  
 Who often as provok'd, had hurl'd  
 Destruction on the hostile world ?  
 Was it, when ev'n the highest bow'd,  
 And sunk defeated, weaken'd, cow'd,—  
 Was it for Brandenburg alone  
 To brave the terrors of that throne,—  
 To rouse his rage, whose very frown  
 Could darken or o'erwhelm her crown !  
 Was it for her such strife to seek,—  
 The false, the fickle, and the weak ?  
 She, who had stabb'd her friends, to show  
 Her fealty to that master foe,—  
 She, who, with base and greedy guile,  
 Betray'd and plunder'd with a smile !  
 Cheating as that deceptive light,  
 That shows, to mock the traveller's sight,  
 A fancied stream on burning lands,  
 While thirst entombs him in the sands.  
 Bereft of honour, wisdom, strength,  
 Her weakness dropt the mask at length,  
 And left her naked to the view,  
 In all her dark and hateful hue.  
 She, who had idly slept, while past  
 The first fair period and the last,

She might have smitten on his way  
 That foe, and forced him from his prey,—  
 But then unmov'd, or smiling stood,  
 While earth was mark'd with flame and blood.

And did she deem her feeble brand  
 Might stay, whom none could yet withstand?  
 Alike in arms and councils vain,  
 She did but blaze to sink again  
 To deeper and more lasting gloom,  
 A meteor flash above her tomb,—  
 That transient, fever'd flush of age,  
 Her dotage deem'd the strength of rage:  
 That boast was but an idle dream,  
 And powerless as the wintry beam,  
 That plays along the frozen snow,  
 And dazzles where it cannot glow.  
 Had she but shown that generous ire,  
 That wrongs might waken, strife inspire—  
 And still have fall'n beneath the shock,  
 Prone like some thunder-sever'd rock;  
 Thus ventur'd for herself,—for all,—  
 Some sympathy had mark'd her fall:  
 But, for that burst of hollow pride,  
 To madness more than sense allied,  
 That glory never lighted there,  
 She found no tear in her despair;  
 Nor when, in ruin, forced to fly,  
 Was sooth'd by one consoling sigh;  
 But felt that cold and bitter smile,  
 That marks the wreck of rashness, guile.  
 As well the pert and froward boy  
 Might dare the mailed breast annoy,  
 As she, unaided, rise to throw  
 Her feeble gauntlet at that foe,  
 Whose iron hand had dash'd away  
 The mighty thrones that check'd his sway;  
 Alas! she found, in desperate hour,  
 Nor pride was strength, nor madness power.

It was enough, the die was cast—  
 The storm was rais'd, and must be past!  
 Reckless she had provok'd that frown,  
 That never calmly melted down.  
 His sword was out, and she must dare  
 Its flashing, cleaving vengeance there!  
 Choice now she had not, but must meet  
 That wrath, from whence was no retreat.  
 Her armies gather'd with that show,  
 That might appal a weaker foe.

(Not such was he who hasten'd then  
To meet those lines of plumed men ;  
Far other enemy appear'd —  
A foe who slacken'd not, nor fear'd —  
One who had fought too much to show  
Aught but a smile to such a foe,  
Though he might shed a passing blow ;)   
From many a field they hasten'd there,  
The great, the final stake to dare ;  
The line of feathers waved along,  
Like flights of birds in countless throng :  
Earth shook beneath th' unnumber'd feet  
Of those who hurried death to meet ;  
With all the blaze, the pomp, the glow,  
That marshall'd hosts can feel or show ;  
The noise, the tumult, and the shout,  
That mingles in an army's rout.  
The banner'd eagle wav'd on high,  
The rallying point to every eye ;  
The shrill-toned trumpet cleaved the air,  
Unpractised yet to sound despair ;  
The drum, with "spirit-stirring" roll,  
Pour'd its wild thunder on the soul ;  
While music fann'd the martial fire,  
Whose magic might the cold inspire ;  
Breathing upon the wings of sound  
Enthusiastic ardour round ;  
Rousing the pulse to fiercer play,  
As forced its witchery to obey.  
The swelling charger toss'd his head,  
Tore up the ground with iron tread,  
And roll'd around his large dark eye,  
As if with thought elate and high, —  
As though the very earth he spurn'd,  
And breathing flame where'er he turn'd.  
The glittering arms, in long array,  
Seem'd in the light of heaven to play ;  
A moving line of fitful fire,  
Portentous of the coming ire ;  
And in the distance sank from sight,  
Like meteors down the verge of night.  
And column after column past,  
Till the eye sought in vain the last ;  
As waves, in ceaseless swell and roar,  
Bound on like lions to the shore.  
Enclos'd beneath their groves of steel,  
In all the strength that numbers feel,  
The fearful, in such mighty throng,  
For once might feel in courage strong ;

And deeds, that none alone would dare,  
 The weakest, coldest, venture there ;  
 But thus environ'd, side by side,  
 High heav'd each breast with swelling pride.—  
 And they had reach'd the destin'd spot,  
 Whence hope might pass away forgot ;  
 And ranged upon that fated ground,  
 To conquer, or to fall around ;  
 Where many a foot-print of the brave  
 Unconscious mark'd the morrow's grave.  
 There, where the hero stretch'd to rest,  
 Soon might repose his lifeless breast ;  
 There, where he wish'd the hours to fly,  
 Another morn should see him lie  
 A stiffening form, bereft of life,  
 And bleaching on the grave of strife.  
 Thence they beheld their ready foe  
 In one deep mass—not stretch'd for show—  
 Who well might wake other thought  
 Than their proud hopes had idly taught.

The sun roll'd down the west, and night  
 Dim shadow'd either host from sight ;  
 And both like crouching tigers lay,  
 Ready to spring upon their prey.  
 The glow of earth and heaven were gone,  
 Till waken'd by another dawn ;  
 Darkness past o'er with sable plume—  
 A shadow on an opening tomb !  
 And died away each lessening sound,  
 Till silence claim'd the wide profound ;  
 Save when the sentinels alone  
 Broke her still reign with solemn tone.  
 The orbs of midnight shone above,  
 As though they lit a scene of love ;  
 And peaceful seem'd the earth and air,  
 As if no wrath were brooding there.  
 Night came indeed, but scarce for sleep,—  
 Clos'd in that darkness still and deep—  
 The starting rest,—the fever'd watch—  
 Seem'd every faintest sound to catch.  
 Unconsciously the hand was laid  
 Upon the near and ready blade ;  
 The eye, that slumber seem'd to close,  
 Was flashing fancied ire on foes ;  
 The limbs, that stretch'd their length supine,  
 Were smiting in the battle line ;  
 And struggling lay the senseless form,  
 As though already in that storm ;

And in that stillness, deep and dead,  
The mental curse was inly sped.  
So near they lay—so lightly slept—  
Each heard the foot that cautious stept—  
The hostile sentinels so nigh,  
Might almost note each other's sigh;  
Or mingle, as they paced along,  
The murmur of their native song.  
The lights of either army there,  
Mark'd their dim along the air.  
Slept they so nigh?—Ah! nearer yet—  
Another sun, before it set,  
Should see them in a slaughter'd heap,  
Mingled in everlasting sleep!  
Another day should never close,  
Ere they had mix'd among their foes;  
When in the mortal grasp of hate,  
Thousands should meet a sudden fate:  
When looks of vengeance, rage, despair,  
Should flash and meet in fury there;  
While clashing swords and dying cries,  
Echoed terrific to the skies.

And had their chiefs a sweeter sleep?—  
Or did they ponder long and deep,  
The mighty stake they meant to play,  
For empire on the coming day?  
Such boon could scarce be fancied theirs,  
When burning fears, and anxious cares,  
Contended in the fever'd mind,  
That rest scarce sought, or hoped to find.  
When thought, that canker-worm of life—  
That storm of intellectual strife,  
That wastes and withers up the heart,  
Or rends it with a stroke apart—  
That mingled, inbred agony,  
That none can fully share or see—  
When these to fever wrought the soul,  
And bade the eye in frenzy roll,  
And roused the pulse to maddening play—  
Was sleep a bliss for such as they?  
This was for them to feel alone,  
Who on that field had staked a throne;  
And placed on final venture there,  
Their highest hopes—their last despair.

But he—that mystic man of power—  
He was not wont at such an hour  
To rest; it was enough for him  
To stretch in haste the wearied limb,



*The Battle of Jena.*

Clothed, arm'd, and ready for the fray ;  
 And only wishing night away ;  
 That seem'd a weight upon his soul,  
 To drag him from his upward goal.  
 With burning hopes too deeply fraught,  
 To wish a pause of action—thought—  
 He scarce would bless the slumbering dream,  
 Altho' it blazed with glory's beam.  
 What might—he wish'd at once were won,  
 What must—he would at once were done ;  
*He* panted in the fight to close,  
 While those around him sought repose.  
 Who cling to life, to sleep and smile—  
 Those feeble souls might count it toil—  
 The cold—the weak—might deem it woe,  
 His feelings, 'twas not theirs to know ;  
 When fired by thought his swelling soul,  
 Burn'd for it's self-depicted goal ;  
 With that intense, pervading thrill,  
 That wrings or charms, despite of will.  
 Action with him the breath of life—  
 His element the scene of strife !  
 His eye the morrow's field embraced ;  
 And saw the foe foil'd—beaten—chased.  
 He plan'd within that stillness there,  
 The blow to whelm them in despair ;  
 And seen not—heard not—dark and lone,  
 Imagined what full soon was known.  
 While thousands life's last slumber slept,  
 His glance like midnight lightning swept ;  
 His mental sight no shadows knew,  
 But pierced that sunless period through :  
 The contest of the coming day,  
 Before him in perspective lay ;  
 And battle blazing fierce and bright,  
 Fill'd his anticipating sight ;  
 And hosts that then in rest were lying,  
 To him were smiting—bleeding—dying.

Night drew her murky robe away,  
 Th' awakening east announced the day ;  
 And Phœbus on his fiery car,  
 Came onward towards the scene of war ;  
 To bid hill, valley, plain, and stream,  
 Glow in his glad and vital beam.  
 The clouds in opening splendor roll'd,  
 Surrounded by a fringe of gold :  
 Their broad deep masses, edged with light,  
 Grew more transparent to the sight ;

And soon display'd the shining tints,  
That morning on the heaven imprints.  
The shades that linger'd midst the trees,  
Dispersed before the dewy breeze;  
The drops of night, that trembled round,  
With showers of light impearl'd the ground;  
Or midst the glittering branches hung,  
Like wreaths of gems the trees among:  
Till far around th' increasing glow,  
Pour'd light and warmth on all below;  
Till earth beneath, and heaven above,  
One scene of glory shone, and love.

Earth open'd calmly on the view,  
As though her tribes were peaceful too;  
And the skies seem'd to look serene,  
Upon that fierce and wrathful scene.  
Waked by the trumpet's bursting sound,  
The feather'd songsters rose around;  
Mingling their melody of song  
With war's wild tumult, deep and strong.  
And coolly breathed the fragrant air,  
On lips that parch'd in fever there;  
Too early came that flood of light,  
To those who dreaded lasting night;  
Who in that burst of day might deem,  
They saw their closing earthly beam:  
Who shudder'd at the doom of strife,  
With wishes that still clung to life.  
Affections twined around the heart,  
From which it wrung the soul to part;  
Whose more than iron links could bind,  
The love of being to the mind—  
The cherish'd hopes, scarce fully form'd,  
That still, as oft' before had warm'd—  
The dear delights they yet might share,  
If slaughter haply miss'd them there—  
The doating breasts, too distant left—  
The melting eyes, too early left—  
The fond embrace that might await,  
If they survived that storm of fate;  
The thousand prospects, false or true,  
Rushing tumultuous on the view,  
Made life, in woes however deep,  
A boon they still might wish to keep.

That fatal morning scarce did rise,  
On slumber's calm and peaceful eyes;  
The faintest line of opening light,  
Dimly display'd them ranged for fight.

*The Battle of Jena.*

The anxious eye could scarcely mark,  
 Amidst that scene, yet all but dark,  
 How far the line might stretch along,  
 How deep the column, and how strong.  
 And swords were bared, ere they could gleam  
 Beneath the morning's misty beam;  
 The dew might on those points remain,  
 That soon would bear a deeper stain;  
 So early grasp'd—unsheath'd so soon—  
 Like leafless branches, when the moon  
 Shines through a pale and watery cloud,  
 They scarce could pierce that misty shroud.

He who the Gallic legions led,  
 But tarried for the light to spread;  
 That he the adverse host might scan,  
 To form at once his destined plan—  
 To mark, with an unerring eye,  
 Where strife's first onset should apply.  
 Then like the eagle in his wrath,  
 Who sees the serpent's coiling path;  
 And darts at once upon his prey,  
 And tears his plaited flesh away;  
 And smites him with his mighty wing,  
 Regardless of his venom'd sting;  
 While fix'd to earth by talon strong,  
 The reptile writhes and struggles long—  
 But vanquish'd, lays at last around  
 His lifeless length along the ground;  
 So keen he saw—so swiftly rush'd—  
 Their plans were foil'd—their hopes were crush'd,  
 Before that fierce, terrific sweep,  
 They fell in wreck as wide and deep,  
 As when an earthquake heaves the main,  
 And rolls her surges o'er the plain;  
 That leave a wide-spread wreck to show  
 The ruin they have wrought below.  
 And desperate was the struggle there—  
 Though short—'twas fury and despair!  
 It was but one tremendous burst—  
 One only storm—the last, the first—  
 One day of autumn's waning sun  
 Saw it begin, and mark'd it done:  
 And ere its brightness sunk from sight,  
 A mighty power was whelm'd in night.

As some bold hunter quits his band,  
 With swifter foot, and readier hand,  
 Before the lion's haunt to stand;

And hastes to join his fellow men,  
When he has roused him from his den—  
So first made war on human life,  
The lightest of these bands of strife;  
Who rush'd the foremost on the scene,  
And flash'd th' advancing hosts between,  
The scatter'd shots of death to pour;  
As when the heavens begin to lour,  
A few big drops precede the whelming shower.  
But soon o'erpower'd, they swiftly flew,  
Each near and ready opening through;  
Call'd by the bugle's varied sound,  
That past the swift command around.  
Then came the fierce and mighty rush,  
The thunder's roar, the crimson gush—  
The smiting weapon—struggling breath—  
The levelling whole ranks in death—  
Like two deep-seated mountains riven,  
Against each other fiercely driven,  
That meeting—crashing in the shock,  
Strew one vast mass of earth and rock;  
And spread around on every side,  
The ruins of their former pride—  
So did they breast each other's wrath,  
And strew with dead the gory path.  
By honour, passion, urged to strife,  
They made a mockery of life—  
With these it was the hope to win,  
The fame that there was to begin—  
With those as fierce an aim to save,  
Their living glory from its grave!  
'Twas steel to steel, and breast to breast,  
No pause for pity, or for rest;  
'Tumultuous wrath and fury all,  
Where each must slay his foe or fall.  
If mortal anguish forced the groan,  
It burst on ears and hearts of stone;  
Or perish'd in the fiercer sound,  
That war's wild thunder roll'd around.  
At every flash, the tubes of death,  
Strew'd earth with bosoms reft of breath:  
The crimson steel, at every thrust,  
Compell'd the chords of life to burst;  
And ranks, devoid of being, lay,  
In line as they commenced the fray.  
The ground that either host before,  
Might pass with ease and safety o'er;  
Was bought with blood, or yawn'd a grave,  
Where foes spared not, nor friends could save.

*The Battle of Jena.*

And there was wrath in every form ;  
 Terrific din, and smiting storm ;  
 And passion in its fiercest mien,  
 Reign'd frantic o'er that awful scene.  
 They wish'd in that unsparing fight,  
 Their very breath had power to smite ;  
 That every glance that met the foe,  
 Could as it lighted lay him low.  
 Too tardy seem'd, though fast it flow'd,  
 The blood to sate the hate that glow'd ;  
 The steel that flash'd in ceaseless play,  
 Seem'd not half quick enough to slay :  
 Inflamed revenge appear'd to crave,  
 For all its foes, one general grave.  
 Time there was not for friend to speak ;  
 Or bend one glance on dying cheek ;  
 Who turned to shed one cheering smile,  
 Exposed his breast to bleed the while—  
 And though the thought would rise—the word  
 Could scarce be spoken, or be heard !  
 Far other sight, far other sound,  
 Engaged the eye and ear around :  
 Unnumber'd cannon rent the day,  
 In murderous and incessant play ;  
 And swept, where'er they aim'd, the mass away :  
 And swords that sight could count not, shed.  
 Their ire to load the earth with dead.  
 More awful and tremendous scene,  
 Had ne'er reign'd earth and heaven between..

While thus the foot with ceaseless strife,  
 Made awful wreck of human life ;  
 While wood and valley, hill and plain,  
 Became the grave of thousands slain—  
 He who survey'd the tardy fight,  
 Prepared one sweeping blow of might,  
 To close the day, and overwhelm his foes in night.  
 He call'd his squadrons from the rear ;  
 Men form'd in fields, nor used to fear ;  
 And steeds that knew with lion bound,  
 To rush a battle field around—  
 That oft had dyed their hoofs in gore,  
 On Europe's desolated shore.  
 In line extended, strong and deep ;  
 With mighty and resistless sweep ;  
 Rush'd on the foe the Gallic horse,  
 Like rolling billows in their course—  
 And fierce as ocean shakes the shore,  
 Beneath the wild tornado's roar ;  
 So rush'd they on the shrinking foe,  
 With one fell charge to lay him low.

Nor did that foe, the stubborn rock,  
Receive the storm, or brave the shock;  
Exhausted, frightened, heartless, weak—  
They prest the earth with pallid cheek;  
And trodden in the dust expired,  
Or in disorder'd rout retired.  
And, He of snow-white plume was there,  
Foremost to bring a foe despair;  
O'er prostrate ranks his squadrons tore,  
Roll'd man and horse in mingled gore;  
And through the broken squares they past,  
While whirling sabres fierce and fast,  
Made ruthless havoc of the host;  
And tomb'd in wild despair their boast,  
With no retreat for hour of need  
Secured, but there betray'd to bleed;  
Deem'd they such half perfected plan,  
Might overwhelm that artful man!  
Or that such ill concerted war,  
Could darken his ascendant star;  
Who then was at his proudest height,  
And victor rose from every fight—  
And closed that more than fatal day—  
That rashly dared, and desperate fray,  
With one fell sweep of man and horse,  
That rush'd the crimson field across;  
And dash'd the remnant from the plain,  
That never form'd in force again;  
But chased, in captured thousands fell,  
The mighty victor's train to swell.

Ah! where was then the flush of pride,  
With which that host their foes defied?  
Where was the fierce and threatening glance,  
They turn'd against imperial France?  
Last morn they thought to wrest away  
The glory of her martial day—  
Broken to night, they fell and fled,  
Before the sweeping wrath she shed:  
Chased and destroy'd from field to field;  
Or fetter'd captives forced to yield.  
Their rapid flight, too late,—too slow,  
To save them from their swifter foe.  
On flying steed their Monarch too,  
From that despairing scene withdrew;  
Leaving his slaughter'd hosts behind,  
To stiffen in the bleaching wind;  
Whom he had lately seen display'd  
In pomp of glory, and parade—  
But lying now like leaves around,  
When autumn's tempest sweeps the ground:

*The Battle of Jena.*

Or hidden from the humbled sight,  
 Like stars when clouds envelope night.  
 And who can tell what such must feel,  
 When fleeing from the victor's steel;  
 How sharp the sting of baffled pride,  
 Pursued by those it late defied—  
 The blasted hope—and, worse than all,  
 The sleepless sense of such a fall—  
 A fall from kingly power and height,  
 To writhe a fugitive in flight.  
 That conscious sinking of a soul,  
 That lately spurn'd, defied control—  
 When from a throne, half worshipp'd, hurl'd,  
 A friendless thing upon the world—  
 None of his guarding thousands left—  
 Of crown, of home, of hope bereft—  
 This who shall tell, or paint the thought,  
 That rages till to fever wrought;  
 Till frenzy were a bliss,—the grave  
 A boon that such despair might crave.  
 Far better in the strife to fall,  
 Than live to weep the loss of all;  
 Breathing in anguish—robb'd of rest—  
 Like eagle round her rifled nest—  
 To steal along his late domain,  
 Burning to be its lord again!  
 Oh happier far at once to die,  
 Than live to breathe the useless sigh;  
 To shed the ceaseless tears that flow—  
 From such deep, spirit-wasting woe—  
 Better to rest in life's last sleep,  
 Than live but in despair to weep.

And power, if woes like these are thine,  
 Will wisdom bend before thy shrine;  
 Or purchase with her peace the show  
 Of pleasure, but substantial woe?  
 Or let thy false and meteor light,  
 Impose upon her dazzled sight;  
 And tempt her to that false abyss,  
 The glittering grave of every bliss—  
 Or lure her to that rocky steep,  
 That overhangs the yawning deep;  
 Whence fate may force the desperate leap?  
 No! she will chuse another path,  
 Nor walk in steel amidst the wrath  
 Of lightnings, for the name of power,  
 That fate may wither in an hour.  
 'Tis building on the Glacier's brow,  
 Raising the hopes of life on snow;

Glittering, but cold to eye and heart ;  
And severing unseen apart ;  
And daily undermined below,  
By waters that in secret flow ;  
Till its own weight of tottering pride,  
Whelms it wreck on every side.  
What if it shine afar—its light  
But glances on that icy height,  
Gleaming on waste and death—a noon of night.

That strife was ended: on the field,  
Who could not fly, or would not yield,  
Lay lifeless, past the reach of pain,  
Never to fear or feel again.  
Of Brunswick's fated line, the head  
Was stretch'd amidst th' unconscious dead—  
The first to wake the wrath of Gaul,  
And doom'd beneath that wrath to fall.  
His ducal crown was dash'd away ;  
His honours lost in darkness lay ;  
The glories of a princely race,  
Were smitten in that fatal place ;  
The morning breeze had waved his plume :—  
The evening shadows veil'd his tomb !  
Of dukedom and of life bereft,  
The grave of honour only left ;  
Like shooting star he dropt from sight,  
When darkness wraps its meteor light.  
It was a scene might make the soul  
Shudder at glory's deadly goal ;  
Ambition ev'n might pause to look,  
Until his nerves of iron shook ;  
Until the throne beyond that beam'd,  
With blood disfigur'd, hideous seem'd.  
Who gazed—might fix'd like statue stand,  
Amidst a lately peopled land—  
In figure, like a thing of life,  
But blasted by that work of strife !  
It was no scene where tear might start,  
To paint a sorrow deep at heart—  
The eye might petrify in fear—  
'Twas woe too vast to prompt a tear !  
It might impel one bursting groan,  
Before it turn'd the heart to stone.  
There nought was left to feel—to know,  
But one affrighting, blasting woe—  
One wild, amazed, and shuddering sense,  
Of what were grief, if less intense.  
Who look'd—might fancy there had been  
A rush of demons o'er that scene ;



*The Battle of Jena.*

So many spirits dash'd from life—  
 Such thousand bosoms gash'd by strife—  
 Might think, when striding o'er the dead,  
 Such havoc ne'er by man was spread ;  
 Or blush, when starting from the view,  
 To know himself was human too.  
 Ah! many a city proudly stands,  
 The mistress of surrounding lands ;  
 With ceaseless tread of busy crowd,  
 And mingled tumult long and loud ;  
 With thousands less of men to boast,  
 Than there were stretch'd, a lifeless host.  
 Could being in those breasts revive,  
 And sense and feeling wake and live—  
 What shout had ris'n! how throng'd had been  
 That desolate and lifeless scene!  
 How changed from loneliness to life,  
 Prepared again for joy or strife!  
 'Twas but a maddening thought that past—  
 For them the heart had beat its last ;  
 The glass was out that none can turn ;  
 The flame—that only once can burn!  
 The beam that never twico can rise,  
 Was banish'd from those marble eyes!  
 Another sun would only light  
 The earth that shrouded them from sight.  
 There mingled lay the weak, the brave,  
 The good, the evil, in one grave :  
 Some who had battled many a storm,  
 Some young in life, and fresh and warm—  
 Thousands whose thoughts the morn before,  
 Had pictur'd many a joy in store ;  
 And dwelt upon hope's vista scene,  
 With scarce a darkening shade between.  
 And many a proud and manly breast,  
 There stretch'd on its last couch of rest :  
 And many a heart, in battle bold,  
 Was left to moulder, still and cold.  
 And there were eyes—far distant then,  
 Look'd to behold those forms again—  
 And hearts that beat for many there,  
 Too soon to wither in despair!  
 When the full tale of woe should come  
 To blast the desolated home ;  
 Those eyes would redden in the grief  
 That then would rage, beyond relief ;  
 Those hearts that peace could never know,  
 Would break beneath their secret woe.

And Brandenburg was past away,  
 Unpitied as in wreck he lay ;

His foe upon his throne had slept—  
 That foe within his palace slept—  
 The conqueror's limb was stretch'd to rest,  
 Upon the couch he lately prest !  
 While he, a fugitive of night,  
 Past where he reign'd, in secret flight.  
 His dream of vanity was done ;  
 And 'tempest mark'd his setting sun !  
 So the light bark that safe may ride,  
 While gentle breezes sweep the tide,  
 Fears not the storm, or rashly braves—  
 And sinks beneath the whelming waves.

J. B.

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## ON TASTE.

**TASTE** is that principle by which we are enabled to perceive, and to appreciate, the beautiful, the harmonious, the sublime. —The word, in its literal meaning, signifies that corporeal sensation, by which the palate ascertains and relishes the various kinds of food presented to it. Its use, in the present instance, is entirely metaphorical ; founded upon the striking similarity between the intellectual pleasures of the mind, and the sensual gratifications of the body ; and it is remarkable that all nations have adopted the same word to express both the mental and bodily sensation.

Striking as is this analogy at first sight, it is still more so on a closer inspection. The intellectual, like the corporeal taste, receives that which is pleasing with an exquisite and voluptuous satisfaction ; while, on the contrary, it refuses with nausea and disgust whatever is disagreeable : in both cases, where the object is of that negative description which does not strongly excite the nerves of the palate or the powers of the imagination, there appears a degree of hesitation whether to approve or reject. Habit will, in either, reconcile us to many things which were at first regarded with dislike,—will often succeed in rendering those agreeable, which have formerly excited the strongest aversion.

As, in the corporeal sense, a healthy and correct taste is shewn by a relish for plain and natural food, while its depravity is manifested by a desire for those highly-seasoned viands, which alone can stimulate a sickly appetite ; so is the depravity of the intellectual feeling exhibited by an admiration of overstrained and incongruous decoration, in preference

to the beautiful simplicity of nature, and those noblest works of art; which, taking nature as their model, please more by the harmonious combination of simple parts, than the studied profusion of unnecessary ornament. When every art has been exerted to obtain for the epicure a forced and unnatural zest for his costly repast, it is at last far inferior to the keen enjoyment of the peasant; whose sole excitement to the simple fare which constitutes his homely meal, is native health and an unvitiated palate.

Much difference of opinion has existed on the question, whether this principle be inherent in the nature of man, or acquired by education. That it is in some degree inherent in our nature, is evinced by the circumstance that the most uncultivated mind is susceptible of delight from the powers of harmony, from sublimity in the scenery of nature, from grandeur and vastness in the performances of art; and by the pleasure which the rudest of mankind feel in listening to tales of interest or of terror: but at the same time that a certain degree of sensibility, amounting to the first principles of taste, is engrafted generally in the very constitution of man; yet here, as in other of our faculties, the Creator seems to have done no more than implant in our breasts the principle itself, as it were, to lay a foundation, upon which industry, education, and experience, must raise the superstructure: and accordingly we find, that, though all persons may be struck with admiration of the more prominent beauties of nature and of art, yet the degree of satisfaction derived from their contemplation, is almost universally commensurate with the education and experience of those to whom they are presented. An uninstructed individual, of the best natural disposition, however delighted with the sight of a beautiful picture, or a magnificent edifice, will derive sensations far less acute than those of the artist of cultivated understanding, and refined taste; whose superior knowledge enables him to distinguish the separate beauties, by the judicious arrangement of which, the general effect is produced. It is not, therefore, altogether an acquired qualification, although capable of progressive improvement to a very high degree of refinement. A truly correct taste requires so great a delicacy of imagination, so quick an apprehension, and so sound a judgment, as is indeed the lot of few. It is not sufficient to be able to perceive the beauties of objects which surround us; we must possess sensibility and discrimination to feel and to appreciate them. It appears, then, that for the perfection of this principle great natural advantages are necessary; but these alone will by no means suffice: every faculty of the mind must be exerted; every species of useful knowledge must be cultivated; the

great volume of nature must be perused with the minutest attention; the best performances of literature, of painting, of sculpture, in short, of every description of art and science, should be investigated with unwearied assiduity. If such be the requisites for the formation of a perfectly pure and refined taste, it is clear that few can reach the highest point of excellence; yet, although such delicacy and discernment be denied to the many, there are none so entirely destitute of sensibility, as to be incapable of experiencing, in some degree, its pleasures.

If the attainment of so desirable an object be arduous and difficult, yet every step towards its accomplishment will be an acquisition of knowledge; and, in proportion as the understanding is enlarged, and the taste improved, will new sources of gratification be opened to the mind.

Accessible to all,—at once innocent, elegant, and noble,—the pleasures of taste increase the enjoyments of mankind, and render them more exquisite. Unlike every corporeal gratification, they may be indulged without fear of alloy, without creating satiety, without producing unpleasant reflections; continually improving by exercise, they cause the beauties of nature and art to be more and more laid open to the view,—to be more clearly understood,—to be more sensibly felt, more warmly admired. The roaring cataract, the purling stream, the lofty mountain, the verdant mead, the splendid luminary of day, the star-bespangled canopy of night,—all are continual sources of delight and admiration to the man of taste, and prompt him, above all other beings, to venerate the great Creator in the munificence and sublimity of his works,—

“To look through Nature up to Nature’s God.”

Poetry, eloquence, and music,—painting, sculpture, and architecture; are the peculiar province of taste: without this faculty, their beauties can neither be perceived nor enjoyed; without it, their merits cannot be estimated; without this, in fact, the beauties of nature would cease to interest, and the performances of the liberal arts could neither be conceived nor executed.

Its principles pervade every object of life, dress, furniture, equipage, manners,—even the pleasures of the table. The sumptuous repast is displayed with elaborate magnificence, as much to gratify a species of intellectual refinement, as to excite the sensual appetite.

The possession of so invaluable a distinction adds dignity to the character, and every where commands respect and esteem; the want of it is invariably considered indicative of ignorance and vulgarity, frequently of depravity. Confined

to no rank, it throws a charm over existence in every age, in every situation. All cannot possess, but all may enjoy, the principal objects of taste. He to whom Providence has denied wealth, if gifted with such powers of intellectual enjoyment, will derive more real satisfaction from contemplating the sublime scenery of nature, the property of another, than a sordid possessor, whose soul is incapable of expanding at the magnificent prospect with which he is surrounded.

Distinct from genius, it will shed a lustre even over inferior talents. Many may possess taste to admire, what few will have genius to invent, or ingenuity to execute.

Genius may exist independently of so valuable an addition; the rudest artizan may discover the principles and select the materials, but must have recourse to one of greater refinement to arrange and adorn. Genius, like the diamond in its native state, possesses the intrinsic qualities, but requires the polish of taste to impart its brilliance, and elicit its worth.

It has been often asserted, that there is no disputing about taste: if this be applied to the strictly literal signification of the word, it is undoubtedly true; as the sensations of the palate, depending upon its peculiar conformation, will necessarily be arbitrary, and vary in different individuals: but, if applied to the higher powers of mind, which have relation to the arts and sciences, it is assuredly incorrect; as these being exerted upon certain objects possessed of real beauty, harmony, or sublimity; there must be a good taste which can discover and duly estimate them; and a want of proper discernment and sensibility, or a corruption of principle, which either cannot perceive, or is incapable of feeling them; nor does the variety of pursuits of different individuals at all militate against this conclusion. The principle is every where the same,—its objects indeed are various. These comprehend all the productions of science and literature, of nature, and art,—every thing which can please the eye, or charm the ear,—all which can interest the powers of the mind, or appeal to the feelings of the heart.

Various circumstances of education and habit, of choice or accident, may lead to the cultivation of one art or science in preference to all others. The association of ideas has, in this respect, a very powerful influence. The subject being entirely matter of imagination, producing an effect upon the mind itself, renders it peculiarly liable to such influence,—an influence so powerful, that it may be considered as dividing the objects of taste into two classes, *viz.* those which are calculated by their nature to please, and those which afford pleasure by the agreeable association of ideas which they excite. The first enables us to judge of those beauties, whose prin-

ciples of which are engrafted in the nature of man; the other, of those which are more or less under the dominion of custom and fashion. To enter further into this part of the subject, would extend to too great a length: suffice it to say, that whether the choice be fixed on painting, poetry, eloquence, or any other of the numerous objects of taste, the same love of the beautiful, the same sensibility to the harmonious, is the actuating principle in all.

The influence of a quality, so refined in its nature, and requiring so many valuable attainments, should be highly beneficial to the cause of virtue; and, although it has unfortunately happened, that persons, in some degree possessed of it, have been addicted to immoral and vicious courses, yet must it generally be of decided advantage to mankind, in leading them from low and trivial pursuits, calculated only to vitiate the heart and contract the understanding, to those of a more exalted nature, which expand the best feelings of humanity, enlarge the sphere of human knowledge, and increase the sum of human happiness. Nor is it too much to assert, that vicious conduct in such individuals must originate in some perversion of this principle; since he, who could look down from the height of excellence in taste, must be so acutely sensible of the hideous deformity of vice, as to regard it with disgust and horror.

Taste possesses an influence upon the character of nations, similar to that which it exercises over individuals. This is evinced by the similitude between the character of a nation and its works of art, but still more by the style of literary composition. The vivacity of the French is displayed by a sprightly manner of writing; the boldness and irregularity of the English taste is correspondent to the genius of the nation; the grave and lofty demeanour of the Spaniard is displayed by a similar style of composition. Its effects are most beneficially shewn, where, by exalting the minds of the people, by raising in their bosoms a desire for pleasures more refined than the gross enjoyments of sensuality, the sordid pursuit of lucre, or the ambitious thirst of power; it leads them to form a more rational estimate of liberty, and to value more highly their individual reputation, and that of the state of which they are subjects. Those nations of antiquity which were the most renowned for their ardent love of liberty, and their glorious achievements, were not less celebrated for the classic purity of their taste, and their successful cultivation of the liberal arts; the period of their greatest attainments in these was coeval with the most brilliant æra of their history.

When the Roman virtues and Roman grandeur were at their greatest height, their taste was refined, and the arts

flourished to an unexampled extent. As corruption crept in upon the manners of the people, this principle became vitiated; the arts were neglected, and together suffered a progressive decay with that mighty empire, until its final overthrow involved mankind in a long night of ignorance and barbarity.

During this period of darkness, when the benign influence of taste was no longer perceptible, history displays little but the unlimited sway of bigotry and superstition, and an almost uninterrupted series of domestic feuds or national warfare.

Even when, at length, the pure light of the reformed religion began to dispel the clouds of error which had so long overshadowed the earth, mankind were slow in recovering from the state of barbarism into which they had been sunk; and an eagerness to remove every vestige of their former delusion induced them to destroy many of those works of art, which mistaken piety had reared, or the apathy of their predecessors suffered to remain unmolested.

Succeeding ages have gradually restored the dominion of this desirable principle; and, while the last recorded page of history displays, in glowing characters, the names of Reynolds, of Johnson, of Burke, and many others equally worthy of our admiration; while, in the present day, poetry can exult in a Campbell, a Byron,\* and a Scott; while painting can produce a West,\* science a Sir Humphrey Davy, and philanthropy a Bennett, like another Howard, exploring the gloomy recesses of the prison-house; it will not be too arrogant to assert, that the sun of science and of taste now shines with a lustre which may rival, and is rapidly approaching a meridian whose glories will eclipse, the most brilliant periods of antiquity.

#### DISCUSSION :

##### WAS THE SUPPRESSION OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS OCCASIONED BY THE CRIMES OF THE ORDER?

ON this question, the Opener proposed to contend, that the suppression of the knights did not arise from the crimes of the order. In this, he did not conceive it necessary to prove them perfectly innocent. All he should attempt would be, to shew that, if there had not been other causes, the crimes of the order would never have produced their suppression. The question

\* When this essay was written, the heart of the noble Poet was still "pregnant with celestial fire," and the hand of the venerable Painter had not yet felt the grasp of ungrateful Death, to whom his pencil had given immortality.

was more interesting than it might at first be imagined, since, when the proceedings were instituted against them, the reaction of the crusades had commenced. Therefore, the principles from which arose the great encouragement those undertakings had received, would materially affect the conclusion to be drawn from the circumstances under which the suppression of the order took place.

In order to shew the causes which induced him to form the opinion he entertained, the subject might be divided into four parts:—

First, a view of chivalry; secondly, the history of the knights templars, and their suppression; thirdly, a consideration of this proceeding unconnected with the history of the time; fourthly, a consideration of the proceeding connected with the history of the time.\*

With regard to the first point. When our ancestors, the Germans, left their woods, their manners and institutions might be expected to produce the grandest effects. They required only some guide to direct them. The operation of numerous important causes afforded them this guide; and the event proved the expectation well founded. When their love of war was employed in the defence of their country; when their ambition was occupied in the acquirement of noble objects; when their honour flowed in a worthy channel; when their gallantry was refined; when their superstition assumed a more enchanting form; an institution, the most illustrious of which the world could ever boast, appeared. That institution was chivalry. Beneath its influence arose the knight—a man nearer to perfection than humanity ever yet approached. In him, the stern pagan virtues were softened by the mild influence of Christianity. What antiquity wanted to be truly great, was found in him. His valour was not brutalized by cruelty; his victory was not disgraced by indecent joy; his triumph was not poisoned by the slavery of his fallen enemy; his patriotism was not confined to the limits of one country, nor his generosity to one nation. The world was his country, and its inhabitants his fellow-citizens. Honourably as he fulfilled these public duties, he was no less anxious for the exact performance of the private ones. While he acquired an elegance of manners in the society of the ladies, he improved his natural

\* As the limits of a sketch like the present will prevent a quotation from the author for every statement made, the following names are given as those whence the information has been derived:—Du Puy, *Gurtlerus, Monasterium*, par le Père Helyot; *Histoire de France*, par le Père Daniel; *Histoire de France*, par Mons. l'Abbé Millot; Bzovius; Villani; Matthew Paris; *Historia Major*; Thomas Walsingham; Feyjóo *Cartas Criticas*; *Historia de los Templarios*, por Santiago Lopez; Voltaire *Mélanges Historiques*; *Monumens Historiques, &c. des Chevaliers du Temple, &c.* par M. Raynouard; *Mémoires Historiques sur les Templiers*, par Ph. G\*\*\*.



sensibility and tenderness. The roughness of war was smoothed by the gallant intercourse. To be rude to a lady, or speak ill of her name, was a crime of the blackest dye. The uncourteous offender was driven from the society of the valiant, and it often required the interference of the injured fair one to save him from the punishment he deserved. In fine, besides this noble gallantry, the knight was to be the concentration of the eight virtues: piety, chastity, modesty, temperance, truth, loyalty, generosity, valour. But, however great, however magnificent, this institution might be, still it was mortal; and therefore shared the fate of mortality. Nor should we wonder, since the greatest countries, and the greatest men, have, in their turn, been subjected to fate. The heroes of Marathon, Platœa, and Thermopylæ, could become so proverbially base as to afford a theme to the Latin satirist; the demigods, who despaired not of Rome, after a Cannæ could stoop beneath the yoke of a barbarian Ostrogoth; the patriots of Numantia, Saguntum, and Toledo, could sink under the feet of that abortive mass of corrupted and superstitious royalty, which now disgraces the Spanish throne. But, nor Babylon, nor Thebes, nor Athens, nor Macedon, nor Carthage, nor Rome, nor Numantia, nor Saguntum, nor Toledo, could endure; and, therefore, a mere mortal institution like chivalry could not be exempted from their destiny: for, within every thing mundane, there is at its original conformation the cause of its future downfall. The knightly virtues were extremes; and, when carried to their full extent, they became vices. As the rose bears within itself the insect which afterwards destroys it, so the flower of chivalry had in its centre the baneful canker-worm: it grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength; and, when the beauteous plant was at perfection, the worm was at maturity. Its deadly influence spread through every leaf, it drooped, it withered, it decayed. The knights templars, as a part of this system, shared its fate. They were originally virtuous, pure, religious; but, when chivalry was corrupted, they were corrupted; when chivalry declined, they declined; when chivalry fell, they fell. Still this corruption was not peculiar to them. Every order was equally vicious; though, when tyrannical policy required *their* suppression, these common vices served as a veil for the infamous proceeding.

The second division in order was the history of the knights, and their suppression. All authors were agreed, that the order commenced in the year 1118, at Jerusalem, in the reign of Baldwin the Second. Their founders were Hugh Paganis, Geoffrey de Saint-Omer, Godfrey Bisoi, Pagano de Monte Desiderio, Archibald de Saint Ameno, and three others, whose names are unknown. They were regular

monks, and took the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, before the patriarch of Jerusalem. Baldwin was so well pleased with their piety, that, according to Mathew Paris, he gave them a residence in his own palace. This was on the south side of the Temple of Solomon; and hence arose the title of knights, or soldiery of the temple. On certain conditions, a piece of ground was granted to them, by the monks of the temple, on which to build. Their duty, and the object of their establishment, was the defence of devout pilgrims in their approach to the holy sepulchre. For nine years they continued without adding to their body. A synod being then held at Troyes, in Champagne, under Honorius the Second, it was determined that the order should be placed under certain regulations, and be ecclesiastically established. Saint Bernard, abbé of Clairvaux, was appointed to fulfil this decree; and, in 1128, the knights were subjected to certain rules. From that time, their numbers, riches, and power, increased in an extraordinary degree. They obtained extensive establishments, and large estates, in almost every inhabitable country of Europe. Riches had the same effect on them as on other mortals, and in time they became corrupted. When the Christians were totally expelled from Palestine, in 1291, the knights returned to their respective countries, either to enjoy their own estates, or the possessions of the order. Among other countries, France received her knights. In the year 1307, an insurrection took place at Paris, in consequence of Philip the Fourth, commonly called "*le Bel*," debasing the coin two-thirds below the standard; and in that the templars were supposed to have been concerned. However, they were either so cautious or so innocent, that only two of the order were apprehended. These were Noffo Dei, a banished Florentine, and the Prior de Montfauçon of Tholouse; and both, according to the statements, or admissions of all authors, were persons of the most infamous character. When about thirty of the insurgents had been hanged, these two men were naturally anxious to avoid a punishment which they saw must be inflicted on themselves. From circumstances, to which allusion would hereafter be made, nothing appeared better calculated to fulfil their object than an accusation of their order. Accordingly, information was sent by them to Philip, that they should be able to substantiate a charge, imputing the most horrible crimes to the knights. Philip listened greedily to their accusation, and immediately wrote to Clement the Fifth, who at that time filled the papal chair, mentioning the principal facts. Clement returned him for answer, that the charges were of so improbable a nature as to render belief of their truth quite impossible. The knights themselves

In Provence, Charles the Second suppressed them, and shared their possessions with Clement; but Clement afterwards deprived him of his share.

Throughout Italy, they shared a similar fate; and their acquisitions were given to the hospitaliers.

At Mayence, when the bishop assembled his clergy to read the pope's bull for the suppression of the order, the Comes Sylvestris, or Hugh Waltgraph, entered the chamber, and insisted on appealing, from the sentence of Clement, to the next pope. The bishop obeyed, and the worthy Clement the Fifth pronounced them guiltless.

In Austria, and other parts of Germany, the suppression took place, and the hospitaliers obtained their possessions.

It did not appear, in any of the countries of Europe, except France, although their estates were forfeited, that they were put to death. Thus ended the unfortunate templars, after flourishing a hundred and eighty-four years.

The third division was the consideration of this proceeding on its intrinsic merits, without regarding any thing extrinsic. First, we should remember the infamous character of the witnesses, on whose information Philip wrote to the pope. Then, observe the anxiety with which he proceeded, by temporal authority, against the knights, and seized and imprisoned two hundred and forty of the principal nobility of France; Jacques Molay being the godfather of the king's son; and this on the assertion of two villains with ropes round their necks.

What was the crime imputed? Heresy,—and heresy of the most extravagant description. In examining accusations of enormous crimes, it was but natural that some inducement should be sought. Now, if the knights' faith was tottering,—if they were determined to shake off the yoke of Christianity, they would surely have done it when their interest would operate on their minds. They would rather have declared themselves renegados when in the Holy Land, when their infidelity might have saved their fortunes, their liberty, or their lives; and not have concealed their disaffection to the Catholic faith for the purpose of placing themselves in Christian countries, where the slightest suspicion of the most shadowy deviation from the strictest orthodoxy would subject them to the severest ecclesiastical censures. Then, as to the mode of trial,—it was before the inquisition; and every person at all acquainted with the history of that court must be well aware of the unfairness with which trials there proceeded. Torture was the most usual means of obtaining a confession,—a means as uncertain as it was cruel; by which the firmness of a man's nerves, or the strength of his

muscles, were made the standards of his guilt or innocence. That this was the mode adopted, the statements of the relapsing templars, and the authority of history, clearly proved. Amien de Villars said, his confession had been induced by seeing fifty-four of his brother templars carried to be burned for not confessing the truth of the accusations against them. Fortunately, this did not rest merely on the assertion of the templar. History,\* and that authoritative history, proved, that, in 1311, fifty-four knights were burned to death. The coincidence of numbers plainly shewed that the act of cruelty imputed by Amien did really take place. Thus, their mode of treatment really was this: if they refused to confess, they were burned; if they did confess, they were burned; and, if they refused to support their extorted confessions, they were burned. If they avoided one evil, they were certain of falling into another. Let the conduct of the bishop of Sens be remembered, in thus trying men who were expressly directed to be tried by the commissioners themselves. Then recollect the language of the pope's bull itself: he suppressed the order, confessing "*Non possemus ferre de jure, sed per viam provisionis, seu ordinationis Apostolicæ.*" Next, let the impartial observer reflect on the difference which existed between the opinion of the synod of Salamanca and other places, and the acquittal at Mayence of those very templars, by Clement, of the crime, for which that same Clement had declared them, by his bull, to be suppressed. Lastly, let it not be forgotten, that all must have been equally guilty of heresy, since no one could have entered the order without being thus criminal: therefore, no difference of proof, nor difference of guilt, could exist; and, therefore, no difference of decision or punishment could, in common justice, be allowed.

Having considered the proceeding entirely on its own merits, unconnected with any circumstances, great suspicion must remain in the mind of the most careless observer that the guilt of the templars was not the real cause of their suppression. To remove all doubt on the question, the fourth point might be viewed.

At the time the proceedings were instituted against them, and for a considerable period before, the power and interest of the order had excited the jealousy of all the ecclesiastical authorities. They, from the natural depravity of the human mind, used their utmost influence to produce disaffection among the people towards the order, that the weight they possessed might in some degree be counterbalanced. Any

\* Thomas Walsingham, Hist. Ang. Ed. II. p. 89.

report unfavourable to them was of course received with avidity by men whose minds were poisoned by the holy hatred of ecclesiastical jealousy. Philip *le Bel* was aware of the advantage this state of things produced to him; and, therefore, in order to obtain all the fruits which this disposition of the people could produce, in 1306 made one of his annual progresses through his dominions. Then he employed his ingenuity and authority to fortify the prejudices which already existed.\* Besides this, the minds of the Popes, according to the statement of Baluze, had been alienated from the templars ever since the year 1290, as appeared from a letter of Nicolas the Fourth. This regarded the situation in which the knights themselves at that time stood.

Whenever a king or a priest affected to be outrageously pious and virtuous, there was very good reason to imagine that they had some other motives than those of mere respect to either of those qualities: but the application of this rule became more particularly worthy of attention when such men as Philip and Clement were under review. Had they been remarkable throughout their lives for purity, religion, humility, and a contempt for the goods of this life, then the case might be regarded in a different manner; but, when their characters were considered, and the mode in which they had conducted themselves in every situation where their dispositions might be displayed was remembered, no hesitation could remain in deciding on the motives by which they were actuated. First, what was the history and conduct of Clement? A Gascon bishop, whirled to the summit of ecclesiastical preferment by the ambitious hand of Philip, could not be expected to support any other character than that of the blind tool of every design his master might form. The very circumstances under which his elevation took place sufficiently evinced the disposition of the slave. Before Philip would promise to use his influence in obtaining him St. Peter's Chair, did not the worthy bishop swear to perform six articles in a covenant formed between them? Was this like the guardian of the gates of Paradise? Was this like the carrier of the keys of Heaven? Let those articles be observed. The five first were mentioned by Philip, and the submissive bishop fulfilled them: the sixth he retained in his own mind, and promised to disclose it when his own convenience or necessity should require it. Look at the fact of his having been the pope, who removed his court from Rome to Avignon. Remember the pious crusade he published against the Turks; and, when he had collected five years' alms from the folly,

\* Recueil de l'Académie, tom. xx. édit. 4eue.

crimes, or piety of Christendom, he gave them to his *nephew*. Look again at his disinterestedness in sharing the spoils of the templars with Charles the Second, of Provence, and then cheating him out of his half. Look at any one act of his whole life, from the time he met Philip to consider the terms of his elevation, down to the moment when his body and its effigy served to fill the vault and nich used for the fathers of Christianity, and where could one be found marking him as any other than the ambitious, crafty, haughty priest ?

What was the character of Philip ? Were not ambition and unrelenting policy his grand characteristics throughout his reign ? Let his transactions with the English, with the Flemings, and with his nobility, be considered ; what did they bespeak but the overreaching policy of a greedy monarch ? What was the banishment of the Jews, but the cruelty of a prince determined to replenish his exhausted coffers ? Did it arise from an anxiety to defend Christianity from the remotest dangers with which its enemies might threaten it ? Surely, if any one should be anxious for the welfare of the church it should be the fathers of the church ; and yet the Jews were tolerated even at Rome. But they had committed two crying offences in the eye of such a man as Philip. They had riches, and not the means of defending them. It was the same cause which induced the cruelties practised on the unhappy lepers in the reign of that worthy son of a worthy father, Louis Hutin. Remember his debasement of the French coin two-thirds. Look to his contests with Boniface the Eighth, and in them seek the submissive piety of his most Christian Majesty. Look at his convention with Clement before his elevation, and discover the vigilant watch-dog of orthodox Christianity. In short, he was a worthy parallel of Clement the Fifth.

Let the affair *now* be examined. What was the sixth article which Philip would not disclose, and which Clement had sworn to fulfil ? The Père Daniel mentioned the fact, but offered no conjecture as to what it could be ; yet the suppression of the knights taking place so soon after, to the understanding of any one must appear a circumstance of suspicion, but more particularly to the refined sensibility of a Jesuit. And if he did observe it, he, as the warm defender of Philip's fame, would certainly be anxious to remove any thing like suspicion which could attach to his exalted character. But he, well knowing that the further he attempted to explain it the greater injury he should do his hero, very judiciously had said nothing on the subject. Gurtlerus, however, had respect neither for regal nor papal crowns ; and, therefore, very boldly and fairly supposed that the sixth

article was the suppression of the templars. What induced Philip, on his annual progress, to confirm the suspicions existing with respect to the knights? Was this to advocate the cause of Christianity? Was this to enable them to obtain a fair and impartial trial? Was this to prove how ardent was his affection for morality and Christian feeling? Who were the witnesses examined against the knights, and on whose depositions did he think himself authorized to seize two hundred and forty of the principal French nobility? Who but two men, whom his own sentence had declared worthy of death? Were they not convicted of treason? And yet he could believe that men, who would plot against their king, would not plot against their fellow men.

Philip respected the authority of the pope and ecclesiastical power. He wrote to consult Clement as to the conduct he should pursue respecting the templars; and then, to prove the sincerity of his professions, he proceeded on his own authority, and in direct infringement of the papal power, to try spiritual persons. But, supposing that throughout this he had really been actuated by unfeigned, though misguided zeal,—how was his conduct to be reconciled in the transaction after the proceedings had commenced?

When the seizure of the persons and property of the knights had taken place, what was the conduct of Philip? Did it mark horror of their supposed crimes, and a pure wish to visit them with the just animadversion of the law? No: *he* was the person, in fact, to become a hungry alguacil, seize the temple, remove thither the records of France and his treasurer, and constitute it his own palace. Now, had he really considered the temple such a sink of iniquity, or the templars such a baneful hydra as his informants represented them, the atmosphere of such a den must have been greatly injurious to his most pure, most religious, and most royal lungs.—Let not the fact of the bishop of Sens proceeding against some of the knights, who had appealed to the commissioners of the pope at Paris, be forgotten. This might perhaps appear, at first sight, rather unimportant; but, by the information which Baluze gave on the subject, no doubt could exist as to the cause of the bishop's anxiety to exceed his commission. He stated, the pope's nuncio received 6000 livres, by order of Philip, for his permission to the bishop thus to proceed. This money was of course drained from the almost-exhausted coffers of Philip, that more complete and perfect justice might be done on the guilty templars. When the pope manifested his intention of employing the property of the order for the benefit of the Holy Land, Philip requested that his holiness would bestow it on the hospitallers. "This,"

exclaims Mons. Du Puy, in triumph, "was a convincing and irrefragable proof of the disinterestedness of the French king." And how, pray? we would ask the worthy Jesuit. If, as Mons. Du Puy supposes, or affects to suppose, this property was in the hands of the pope or his officers, what generosity was there in requesting a man to dispose of property, over which he had no control? But it was a mere farce to request the pope to dispose of these possessions. Philip had never transferred this property to the pope: he retained it in pledge for what he was pleased to call the expenses which the proceeding had caused; and the hospitallers were obliged to redeem it, to their own impoverishment, from his Christian Majesty. Mons. Du Puy would wish to deny this; but, in the latter part of his work, he admitted that Louis Hutin, the son and successor of Philip, received 160,000 livres, and various other sums, from the hospitallers, as the amount of the expences. Thus, whatever the king might call the money he obtained, it was still money arising from the estates of the knights templars.—Then, as to the transactions of Philip with the order, let it be remembered that it had favoured the House of Arragon against the House of Anjou in its pretensions to the Crown of Sicily. Let it be remembered, that the knights had assisted Boniface in his contests with Philip. Let it be remembered, that they had, on different occasions, complained loudly of the gross debasement of the public coin. When these things were considered, little doubt could remain respecting the real causes operating on Philip's mind to induce him to suppress the knights.

What had the templars done which should excite the hatred of Charles the Second of Sicily towards them? They had favoured the king of Cyprus in his claims on the *insignia* of the crown of Jerusalem, in opposition to Charles.

Still it might be objected, that, however these reasons affected the pontiff, and the kings of France and Provence, still they could not extend to the other kings of Europe; and yet, at the command of the pope, the order was suppressed in their respective dominions. There was one prevailing cause throughout Europe. The same reason which made the European kings favour the Crusades, made them obey the mandate of the Romish bishop. The power of the nobility had long been a galling check on those monarchs in their tyrannical exertions of authority; and therefore did they favour the Crusades, as they afforded an easy method of freeing themselves from those they considered as oppressors. When the Crusades ceased, and Palestine was lost, their re-action commenced. Again were the monarchs subjected to the influence of the nobility, and again were they anxious to free themselves



from it. Philip rang the royal alarm; Clement hallowed the sound; it echoed among the thrones of Europe, and their possessors gladly obeyed its summons.

Viewing all these facts, both intrinsic and extrinsic, the Opener hoped his audience would agree with him in the conclusion, that the suppression of the knights did not arise from the crimes of the Order.

IN VINDICATING the Suppression of the Order of the Templars, the following statements and remarks were adduced in the course of the discussion.

The question, it was observed, could not now be determined on either side with indubitable confidence or absolute certainty. The case which has been attempted to be established in favour of the templars, is not one of triumphant innocence. Their defence consists partly in recriminating their antagonists, and partly in the ingenious pleading of an advocate skilled in every variety of legal objection. The moral evidence remains untouched. The probabilities of the case are, therefore, against them. Had the question been mooted for the first time in the present age, the testimony which now remains on record might not perhaps have been deemed decisive. But, whether it be sufficient or not to insure a verdict in a modern court of justice, is not the point at issue. The investigation was not fettered like a trial, regulated by technical rules, humanely devised to enable the culprits to escape. We are to investigate the subject as we should determine the merits of any question of ancient history. In effect, the point to be settled may be stated as follows:—An historical event is presented to us, and we are required to determine its probable cause. The order of the knights templars was suppressed. The cause of the suppression is alleged, on the one hand, to be that of *the crimes of the order*; and, on the other, that of the *enmity and avarice of PHILIP, king of France*.

It possibly may be true, that, had Philip been the friend of the templars, instead of their enemy, the suppression would not have taken place during his reign; but their innocence would not be established, because no one ventured to bring them to trial: just as, it must be allowed, that the accusation even of a crowned head was no proof of their actual guilt. Had the templars, during the whole of their career, been as zealous in the service of the Christian cause as they were in the early period of their establishment, it is not possible that the Church of Rome could have been induced so readily as it was to take part against them; and, had their conduct as members of society been consistent with the lofty honour of

knight-errantry, or the purity which they professed to practise, it is not to be believed that the people at large would have held them in abhorrence.

That Philip's avarice or enmity, or both, were instrumental in effecting their downfall, may be conceded; but his motives or passions would have possessed little effect had the templars been free from actual crime. It may happen once in an age, that an innocent man is unjustly convicted; but there is no instance in all history in which a large and powerful class has been subjected to unfounded impeachment. Numerous bodies of men are, when vitiated, liable to become far more criminal than individuals: they support each other in their iniquity or oppression; and, as "*one murder makes a villain, and millions a hero,*" so a body-corporate, long established, wealthy, and of extensive influence, will often do that of which an isolated person would be heartily ashamed. The aggregate quantum of guilt seems subdivided amongst so many, that the supposed share of each is insignificant,—an error in morals into which too many, even in these enlightened times, are apt to fall.

We maintain, then, that the crimes of the order occasioned its suppression; and that, had its members been innocent of any flagrant offence against God or man, they might have existed until that era when the papal system, with which they were connected, was itself doomed to fall.

In proceeding to examine the grounds on which it has been maintained, that the suppression was not owing to the crimes of the order, we cannot allow that the beautiful and oratorical picture which has been presented of the institution of chivalry ought to have any weight on the present occasion, still less that the *errant-gentry*, who belonged to the institution, can assist the cause of the templars. If the institution of chivalry was so superexcellent, surely the order of the templars was superfluous. The latter, it seems, attained a species of perfection above the perfect. The knight-errant came nearer to perfection than humanity ever yet approached! He united to the pagan virtues Christian mildness! [evidenced by butchering all who did not agree in his own creed.] He was above the vulgar virtue of patriotism; his large heart embraced the whole human race! The pagans had *four* cardinal virtues,—the knight-errant had *eight*! He was pious, chaste, modest, temperate, truthful, loyal, generous, and valiant! The claim of "*loyalty*" might, however, have been spared. The attachment to the sovereign of his native land could not be very ardent in the bosom of him who travelled the world all over, and whose affections were too much diffused to glow with any concentrated fire. Next to himself, he loved the order to

which he belonged; and, in comparison with which, he held his country in the lightest estimation. He made no claim to patriotism,—a quality fit only to be felt and practised by the peasantry,—not by the grand itinerant, who preferred fame abroad to usefulness at home!

The knights-templars were a specific part of the general body of knights-errant. It is not improbable that they were, when first set apart from the rest of their confederates, possessed of superior valour, if not of superior holiness. They were chosen from among the perfect, and had the eight virtues in the highest degree of exaltation. The knight came so very near perfection, that one wonders he did not attain it. The defenders of the temple ought surely not to have fallen short of the mark. However, our candid antagonists allow that, notwithstanding the splendid union of Pagan and Christian virtue, the institution of chivalry was mortal; like the rose, it bore the insect that destroyed it. It was prosperous,—it degenerated, and became corrupt.

“Do you confess so much?”—Then, is it not possible, amidst this degeneracy and corruption, that crime arose? It is admitted there was *vice*; for, without it, there could be no great degeneracy or corruption. The templars had acquired immense riches. Was all this wealth the free gift of unrestrained generosity? Was none of it won by the valour, (that is, by the *violence*,) of the templars? Amidst the acknowledged corruption, was there no fraud, cruelty, or oppression? Were all the actions of these armed churchmen, these clerical warriors, guided by the same spirit, which devoted their ancestors to protect the pilgrims of Palestine? No. The templars, if we are to judge them by the estimation in which they were held alike by prince and people, by the gentle and the simple, were the plunderers of the countries they infested, debased by profligacy, and stained with crime.

The history of the knights templars, and their suppression, has been fairly stated. It is not necessary to retrace the course which has been taken in the examination of that part of the subject.

The consideration of the proceeding, as connected with the history of mankind, is the most important part of the case, and the most likely to produce a satisfactory result. We proceed, then, to discuss the internal evidence, and the arguments drawn *ex visceribus rei*.

In the absence of positive evidence, we must judge by that which is circumstantial. If there be no *certainty* of proof, let us enquire into the *probability* of the case. The question is now exceedingly different to that which was presented at the time of its original investigation. Many circumstances of

confirmation are now wanting, which, it is probable, formerly existed. In doubtful cases, *character* is an ingredient in the decision. The templars were a highly-distinguished body of men, and known by their deeds to all Europe, yet all Europe condemned them. Were the laws of nature changed to assist the enemies of the accused? It is very seldom that the people of a single city agree in the guilt of state criminals,—still more rarely that all orders of a whole kingdom should so agree: but it is absolutely unprecedented, that all the nations of Europe should concur together in denouncing an offence which had no existence. The kings of France and England stood, if not in hostility, at least in jealousy and rivalry, towards each other. Unless the matter had been so notoriously true that no man could doubt it, the probability is, that England would have made it a matter of policy to protect those whom France denounced.

It is true, that Clement had received the support of Philip in obtaining the popedom. If we allow, besides the other conditions on which these services were rendered, that the suppression of the templars was stipulated, it was a condition evidently, at the most, dependent upon the proof of their guilt. The pope could not be displaced by Philip. He is represented as by no means nice in his political conduct, and these conditional promises are generally as easily broken as made. Now, it was the evident interest of Clement not to suppress the templars. They were attached in profession to the same ecclesiastical cause; they were the men-at-arms of the church; they formed a portion of the general system. It was dangerous to the power and asserted infallibility of the see of Rome to disgrace them. They were associated with the same spirit of superstition; and, being powerfully established in every European state, they either were, or might be, the most essential allies. If there had been any separation of interests, they might have been rewoven; and nothing surely could have bound the templars so effectively to the cause of Rome, as the succour of the latter in their hour of utmost need.

It appears, however, that the guilt of the templars could not be gainsaid; and perhaps the pope would have risked his own prosperity had he attempted to stem the tide of popular resentment.

It is to be observed, that the question now under discussion is not confined to the charge of heresy alone: it is general, and comprises all the offences of which the templars had been guilty. They were branded not merely with impiety of the most revolting kind, but with secretly deserting the sacred cause they pretended to espouse, and leaguings with its enemies.

The accusations against them included also arrogance and cruelty, immoralities and vice. Of the offences against their fellow-men, the latter, by their conduct, bore ample testimony. It is remarkable that the people were so exasperated against them, that the templars were in several instances obliged to fly to fortresses to save themselves from being torn in pieces. It rarely, if ever, happens, that the people entertain a feeling of universal indignation without cause: they are usually passive; they are generally supine; they are difficult to arouse. It is only after a long period of suffering that mankind resist oppression. They who have been despoiled and injured may be supposed competent judges of the extent of the wrongs they sustained; and in such cases the voice of the people is the voice of truth.

Consider, also, the nature of the order suppressed, and the character of its members. They are allowed to have been powerful and numerous. They formed a large part of the principal nobility of France; and were established in great power, and possessed of great riches, in other parts of Europe.

It does not appear probable that they could have been suppressed, if they had not been notoriously guilty. All classes of men joined against them,—kings and people, nobles and prelates. How could so general a feeling have been excited but by flagrant offences? The particular crime of heresy, though not held at present in much general abhorrence, was ranked, in the age in question, as one of the most heinous nature. There were, no doubt, many facts then publicly known of the general impiety of the order, which, although not capable of being adduced as historical evidence, yet were sufficient to induce all classes to abandon the culprits to the consequences of their misconduct. Had the accusation presented itself as a novelty,—had it been previously unheard of,—had the party inculpated acquired and deserved the high reputation which the *theory* of their institution professed and prescribed,—the general voice would not have been raised against them. But their conduct had prepared the way for popular odium; and, hatred being once aroused, it is not surprising that the extent of the crimes were magnified; and they were persecuted with a fury always to be deprecated, and, for the sake of justice, always to be deplored.

The personal character of Philip, whether good or bad, is not essential to the determination of the present question. The motive by which he was actuated in making the charge, and forwarding the prosecution, affects *his* fame only, and cannot weigh in favour of the accused. If we had insisted

that guilt was, in any degree to be inferred, *because* the king of France was the principal instigator of the charge, then his character would have been an essential point of examination; but no such inference is attempted: and a criminal at the bar of public justice ought not to escape punishment, because his prosecutor is not so near perfection as a knight-errant of the primitive times.

It is supposed, on the other side, that the passions and interests of Philip are sufficient to account for the suppression, without reference to any degree of criminality in the parties who suffered. We cannot think that these were adequate causes to produce the effect.

The avarice of Philip cannot exculpate the templars. The Reformation in England was accelerated by the base passions of Henry the Eighth; but no one infers, that the Reformation was therefore uncalled for, or that Henry alone is entitled to claim the merit of the transaction. Nor can we conclude that the dissolution of monasteries would have been endured, if those establishments had not been fraught with corruption, and the system with which they were connected, absurd, profligate, and oppressive. Good springs from evil; in the hands of Providence, bad men are often of signal service; and, though we cannot commend those, who, from the vilest motives, render us a benefit which they did not intend, neither can we deny the justice which is the result, though effected by ignoble instruments.

There have been other bodies of men besides the templars who have experienced popular disapprobation, and been the objects of restraint and even suppression. In the reign of Henry the Sixth, the *lawyers* in Norfolk and Suffolk were, as it was alleged, so numerous and troublesome, that an act of parliament was obtained, by which the greater part were removed, and the number confined within a narrow limit. Perhaps, it might be difficult to shew, at this time of day, that these "stirrers up of suits" were morally worse than the trading community; and yet it may fairly be concluded, that the popular opinion was well founded: at least, few suffrages would be obtained to the proposition that, because at the distance of several centuries, we cannot prove by evidence against which no cavil can be raised, that they were justly suppressed, therefore they were an innocent class of men,—the victims of the bad passions of others, and of the foulest conspiracy.

The defence of the templars is, indeed, singular in any other view than as a piece of advocacy to obtain an acquittal on legal or technical grounds. It is, in effect, this: "Whether we are guilty or innocent, you, Philip, have no right to accuse us. Your motives are not the purest in the world. The

witnesses against us are not angels ; they are members of our own body ; they are the worst amongst us, and not to be believed."

With respect to the *direct* proof that was adduced, it is important to observe, that Peter of Boulogne's evidence was taken six months before the arrest of the grand master. It does not appear that he was compelled to give his testimony by the infliction or fear of torture : originally, at least, his deposition seems to have been voluntary, although afterwards he was examined by the commissary of the inquisitor. Many who confessed, had been newly initiated into the mysteries of the order ; and they probably repented of the orgies in which they had participated.

It does not appear probable that their mysteries of inauguration were harmless mummeries, like those of free-masonry ; secrecy was enjoined by oaths, and, as it appears, by fearful solemnities. If their secret rites were innocent, why did they not unfold their nature ? When their lives, their reputation, and the very existence of their order, were at stake, they would surely have disclosed the secret, if it had been ridiculous only, and not criminal.

It is said, that, if the accused refused to confess, they were burned : if they did confess, they were burned ; and, if they refused to support their confession, they were burned. This was certainly neutralizing the motives of self-accusation. If the man could escape with a less degree of punishment, by pleading guilty than by persisting in his innocence, we may admit the probability of a false admission ; but admission or denial, it seems, made no difference,—they were to be burned at all events ; and, therefore, the inducement to acknowledge their own infamy was greatly diminished, if not wholly destroyed. It is true, that the torture was abridged ; but, between death by the rack, and that by the fire, there was not much ground of preference : it was only getting out of the frying-pan into the fire !

Of the mode of trial of all, and the punishment inflicted upon many, nothing whatever can be said that is too severe. The advocates of the templars may freely anathematize both the inquisitors and their instruments, and exhaust the vocabulary of Dr. Slop on all such tribunals and their proceedings. Still the innocence of their clients is not established, either in fact or probability. Had there been no other testimony than that of the declaration of two individuals of infamous character, it is not probable that 240 of the principal nobility of France could have been so readily seized, tried, convicted, and punished. Had they possessed a tythe of the numerous virtues to which they anciently laid claim, the people would doubtless

have supported them: but, it is to be suspected that the character of the templars was generally bad, and that the witnesses were only giving the details of that which was commonly believed. How otherwise can we suppose that, in England and Spain, in Italy and Germany, as well as in France, the accusation was instantly credited, and the order suppressed? If the templars were innocent, then all the powers of Europe were guilty of an atrocious conspiracy, and of a judicial murder of the blackest dye.

It has been demanded, "What was the inducement for heresy? Had they been inclined to heretical conduct, they might have chosen an earlier season more suited to their interests."

We cannot venture to reconcile wisdom with crime. Piety and virtue should be chosen for their expediency, as well as their excellence; but short-sighted mortals often indulge their immediate passions at the expence of their ultimate interests. The templars were politic enough to conceal their scepticism, impieties, and profligacy, until they were seated, as they thought, firmly in the rich possessions which they contrived to obtain in Europe; and, when grown arrogant by long prosperity, they at length threw off the mask, but happily not with impunity. It seems that they were neither pious nor discreet, and found, too late, that they lived in a generation that would no longer endure their enormities.

Then, it has been contended, that the sovereigns of Europe suppressed the templars as a part of the nobility whose power it was their interest to curb. It does not appear, however, as a matter of fact, that the aggregate power of the feudal lords was really diminished by the overthrow of the templars. The wealth they possessed (except in the instance of France) was transferred, in general, not to the monarch, but to other nobles, or to the knights of St. John: and, even allowing that such a motive had some influence, it does not sufficiently account for the transaction.

On the whole, it appears, that, however severely the templars were treated, however objectionable their mode of trial, and however culpable the motives of some of their persecutors, yet there are the strongest reasons to believe that the order deserved immediate abolition, although humanity should have spared the lives of the delinquents. The measure of punishment is not, however, the point in agitation: it is conceded that in France it was cruel. Guilt, however, there evidently existed, according to the general voice of all Europe; and their guilt was the principal, if not the only, cause of their suppression.



IN REPLY, the Opener confessed that he was bound in justice to congratulate his opponents on the exercise of their ingenuity; but he felt obliged to say, that they had not confined themselves sufficiently to the facts of the case. They had made probable statements respecting the accusation of large bodies of men; but they had not, by so doing, proved the guilt of the templars.

When the question asked "Whether the suppression arose from the crimes of the order?" it did appear to his humble comprehension that the crimes referred to were those which formed the ground of their suppression, and not those of which they might be guilty besides. Keeping this definition in view, the opener would take the liberty of examining the principal displays of ingenuity which the addresses he had heard presented. First, no one would suppose that he was quite so much under the influence of the moon as to contend that the knights were perfectly pure, or that they preserved in the fourteenth century their pristine virtue. They were vicious, but that was not the cause of the abhorrence entertained towards them by the people. If vice could produce that effect, then the people ought to have abhorred the other orders as well as the templars; therefore, that argument availed nothing. The probabilities then urged were of too refined a nature for the comprehension of the opener. Corporate bodies might occasionally be more vicious than individuals; but that was no proof that the charge of heresy, the alleged cause for the templars' suppression, was well founded. It struck the mind of the opener as rather extraordinary, that gentlemen should first assert that a view of chivalry, and the knightly virtues, could have no weight in the question; and then waste a great portion of valuable wit and eloquence in decrying them. What this argued as to their real opinion, was for other minds to decide.

It was next argued, that the people of a nation did not frequently concur in the guilt of a whole body of men, when they were accused by the government. This mode of argument seemed to take it for granted that the whole proceeding of Philip was confined to the direct and open accusation made before the inquisitor's commissioners. Let it be remembered, that the minds of the people had been prepared by the acts of the king's emissaries, the pope, the clergy, and even himself. Let it also be remembered, that the clergy and the other orders were jealous of the power and riches of the knights; and, therefore, from that spirit of selfishness prevalent among men, they were glad to join in any scheme which appeared likely to raise themselves by the debasement of others.

As to the fact of the different countries of Europe joining

in their suppression, the same remark might be made which appeared in the opening. The kings were anxious to reduce the nobility, and seized the sanction of the pope with avidity. They, however, were not so bloodily disposed as the amiable Philip; and, therefore, only deprived them of their estates, without injuring their persons.

The probability of the pope being disposed to join unnecessarily in the suppression of an order of men, who were the servants of the holy see, was next urged. It appeared very powerful certainly. If Clement had been an Italian pope, anxious for the honour of his country, and impressed with all the ideas of the Roman dignity, it might weigh in some degree; but he was a French priest, raised to the papacy by Philip, with the sole object of aggrandizing France and its kingly power. He cared not for the papacy or its dignity, but the power and profit he could thence obtain.

Reference was then made to the knights having fled to their fortresses in Spain, to avoid the fury of the populace. Now, could that be a proof of their guilt? Would they have proved their innocence by allowing an infuriated rabble to tear them asunder? When a regular tribunal was appointed, they readily appeared before it, and suffered the punishment it awarded.

The idea of the mob being rarely, if ever, excited to violent measures without cause, was extremely droll. There never were, perhaps, such things as Grecian, Roman, or London mobs! They were always found meek and humble; or, when they did rise, it was entirely from a love of virtue, and from no wish to obtain plunder!

Probability was again used as an argument. It was not probable that an order such as this would have been suppressed, unless the order had been notoriously guilty of the crimes imputed. If this guilt was so notorious, no one could have been more aware of the fact than Philip; and it would have been unnecessary for him to have wasted the little money he had in seizing the order throughout France on the same day. Yet, with all his ingenuity in prepossessing the minds of the people against them, he found it necessary to take that very extraordinary step.

Nothing like argument had been advanced to prove the charge of heresy; and, therefore, it was needless to make any remarks on that point.

The opener, with all due deference to the authority of his opponents, would say, that the character of Philip was of great importance in the present question; and, as the example of a criminal court had been mentioned, he would meet them on that point. In a doubtful case, the character of the ac-

cuser, and the witnesses, were always to be regarded. . . . If they were such as to excite suspicion, it was certainly not unfair to allow the accused the benefit of that circumstance.

The case of Henry the Eighth proved nothing. It was undoubtedly true that the Reformation was beneficial; but it was no less true that great injustice was committed in carrying it into effect. If we were here inquiring whether the suppression of the knights was beneficial to Europe, the question would be very different; but, while it remained what it was, the arguments adduced were of no avail.

Another example was employed for the illustration of the argument, in the attornies of Norfolk and Suffolk. Now, supposing, which heaven forefend, that it should be for the benefit of society that one-half of the present existing attornies should be suppressed; however beneficial, it was clear that great injustice must be done to individuals, although the country at large would be benefited.

As to the statement, that Peter of Bologne was examined six months before the arrest of the grand master, the opener could not pretend to say whence that information had been obtained; but it was rather strange that Mons. Dupuy, the fiery and ingenious champion of Philip, did not mention it. Indeed, it seemed impossible that it should have been so; for the general assertion of all the writers on the subject was, that, after the reception of the two informers' evidence, *all* the knights were seized throughout France on the same day. The fact, however, proved nothing. As to the non-use of torture in the first instance, it was a contested point. Although it might be granted that the unhappy culprit was not placed on the rack, it did not thence follow, that the rack was not shewn him, and its use threatened.

"If their secret rites were innocent, why did they not unfold their nature?" They were forced to confirm the statement of Noffo Dei and the prior of Montfauçon; and if they had attempted to make any assertion different to that which the inquisitors required, the rack or the stake would have ended their examination.

The opponents of the opener were mistaken in saying, that the knights were put to death by all the sovereigns of Europe. It did not appear that the knights were put to death any where but in France. Besides, the opening shewed that they were completely acquitted in many places.

Some very ingenious suppositions then followed as to the probabilities of the knights being guilty of heresy. These he would leave for the opinion of the audience.

Lastly, as to the increase of the power of the crown in

the various countries of Europe, whatever might be the opinion of the other side, the suppression of a powerful body of nobility, and the reduction of them to the situation of private persons, must increase the power of the crown.

Reviewing all the facts and circumstances of the case, the speaker hoped that the arguments he had taken the liberty of advancing would entitle the knights to a decision in their favour.

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## SERENADE.

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LADY, lady, give me back  
 That poor heart you've kept so long,  
 Torn on expectation's rack :—  
 List thee, lady, to my song ;  
 Give me back that heart of mine,—  
 Send it whole, or send me thine.

Ah ! thou hast no heart, or I  
 Had not sigh'd so long in vain !  
 Then, lady, let thy captive fly  
 To his dreary home again,  
 O'er its bleeding wounds to pine ;  
 Send it, lady, or send thine.

In my soul's keen agony  
 I have call'd aloud on Death,  
 (He who oft comes unbid,) to free  
 Me, hapless, with his icy breath.  
 Alas ! he hath no frown like thine :—  
 Kill me, or send that heart of mine !

The moon-beams on thy casement shine,  
 And coldly shines, my fair, on thee ;  
 And I, who 'neath thy lattice pine,  
 So feel thy glances fall on me.  
 Couldst thou so chillingly resign  
 My heart, I'd scarcely own it mine !

But what's the moon's pale beams to me ?  
 She does but deal a borrow'd light :  
 O ! could I think the same of thee,  
 I'd live in hopes of beams more bright ;  
 Disown then those cold looks of thine,  
 Or send me back that heart of mine.

J. A. G.

## ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

IN the present day there is a set of men who are unremitting in their exertions to force themselves and their doctrines upon the public attention; and who stun their hearers, and overpower their readers, with a ceaseless repetition of the dogmas of their sect. These men call themselves *Political Economists*, and boldly announce that they "are the people;" and that (unless they are regarded) "wisdom will die with them." The world, it seems, blundered on for ages without knowing any thing of the just principles of commercial legislation; but, fortunately, in the eighteenth century, some happy sons of genius hit upon doctrines at once new and important, which, in the nineteenth century, were, by some still greater men, refined to immaculate perfection. Political Economy, we are told, is "a science of modern creation;" and this assertion not only allures by the promise of novelty, but tends also to impress us with an awful feeling of reverence for those wonderful men who could *create a science*. With all due deference, however, to these "learned Thebans," a doubt may be hinted, whether the very magnitude of their pretensions does not afford reason for suspecting their validity. In the physical sciences, indeed, the discoveries of modern times are both beautiful and useful; but it may fairly be questioned, whether, in moral and political truth, there is any "thing new under the sun." "All is not gold that glitters;" that which is announced to be a new truth, may on enquiry turn out to be an exploded error.

The important question, however, is not whether the doctrine be new or old, but whether it be true or false. If the opinions of the economists be really well founded, their novelty, should they possess any, affords no reason for rejecting them; but let it be remembered, at the same time, that their novelty alone affords no reason for receiving them. We are to follow truth wherever it may lead us; and to the claims of antiquity and of novelty we ought to be alike indifferent.

It requires no small degree of hardihood to hint the remotest possibility of error in the modern doctrines of Political Economy. Its teachers claim to themselves absolute infallibility, and treat the rest of mankind either as lunatics who have lost the use of their reason, or as children who have not yet attained it. The most amusing part of the business is, that, while they differ among themselves even upon

fundamental points,\* they invariably, in their disputes with the *unenlightened*, maintain the infallibility of their brethren as well as their own. This shews a most laudable zeal for the interest of *the craft*. When a body of men, whatever may be their differences, agree, in case of danger, to make common cause against the enemy, few will venture to attack them; since the hapless wight who assails one, brings the whole clan about his ears. In the present state of society, this *esprit du corps* is the best defence which the modern economists possess. They have fortunately *not yet* the power of persecution. If they had, there can be little reason to doubt that a new inquisition would be erected to search into political heresy, and that contumacious offenders would meet the fate of Galileo, if not of Barnveld.—Of all men, Political Economists are the most intolerant.

Not being able to repress the opinions of their opponents by the civil sword, they endeavour to console themselves by treating them with the most edifying contempt. Every one who differs from these philosophers is held up as alike deficient in ability and information. His objections are not answered, but represented as undeserving of answer. This is extremely convenient; at any rate, it saves trouble. It sometimes saves the economist from entering upon a hopeless labour, and has more effect with a certain class than the most efficient reply. When objections are contemptuously stated to deserve no answer, the vulgar disciple is generally well disposed to take the opinion of his teacher upon trust, and would feel quite ashamed to attach the least importance to that which he is told is unworthy the trouble of refutation.

“Contempt is the easiest kind of philosophy.”† If these men have truth and reason on their side, let them shew it by reply; not by evasion,—by argument, and not by clamour. Few shun enquiry, but those who apprehend that they may lose something by it.

These men have been very happy in hitting the taste of the times. It is a part of what is called “the spirit of the age” to affect profundity, and to worship abstraction. Even poets are now metaphysicians, and novelists philosophers. Political Economists have, either by accident or design, fallen in with

Some of these men tell us, that the value of an article is determined by the quantity of labour necessary for its production; others, that the quantity of labour has nothing to do with the matter. From this radical question up to the minutest point of detail, they differ upon every thing; yet—they are all right. Ricardo, Malthus, Say, Ganilh; yea, they are ALL infallible, absolutely infallible.

† Johnson.

this, and have made a vast parade of metaphysical subtlety, as well as mathematical dogmatism. They have reproduced a method of philosophizing, which it was supposed that Bacon had put to flight for ever. Sound political economy must be entirely a science of experience. These men, however, discard experience as a fallacious guide; and tell us, that hypothesis is a much better. Of the history of the human species, they are in general profoundly ignorant; of the nature of man, they practically know as little. Their opinions are not the result of extensive reading, or of any enlarged intercourse with mankind; they are founded not upon what *is*, but upon something which has possessed the minds of these persons as to what *ought to be*. As ignorant of society and its interests as hermits in the desert, they sit in their closets, and build up systems upon paper as they would work a mathematical problem, without seeming at all aware, that a very good mathematician may make a very indifferent legislator, because he has to deal with very different materials. The mathematician works with abstract signs, the nature and qualities of which are determinate and unchangeable; the statesman, with the passions and interests of men, as variable as the air they breathe. The mathematics constitute a very important branch of human learning; but it is surely too much for men to assume that, because they know that two and two make four, they are adequate to the government of kingdoms, and the formation of laws involving all the interests of the human race. In mathematical science, every thing is either absolutely true or absolutely false. In the moral problems of life, truth and error are mixed together. In moral science, therefore, he who reasons mathematically is almost sure to conclude absurdly. We know of only one state which has hitherto been governed upon mathematical principles, and for our knowledge of this we are indebted to the renowned Captain Gulliver. In the Island of Laputa every thing was mathematical, from the mandates of the legislator, and the sentence of the judge, to the cutting of a suit of clothes and the dressing of a joint of mutton. Attempts, we are told, were making to introduce these improvements into another part of the state, and with the same success which seems likely to attend the speculations of our economists. In his relation of a discourse with a great lord on the subject, Gulliver says,—

“The sum of his discourse was to this effect: that, about forty years ago, certain persons went up to Laputa, either upon business or diversion; and, after five months continuance, came back with a very little smattering in mathematics, but full of volatile spirits acquired in that airy region. That these persons, upon their return, began to dislike the manage-

ment of every thing below, and fell into schemes of putting all arts, sciences, languages, and mechanics, upon a new foot. To this end, they procured a royal patent for erecting an academy of projectors in Lagado; and the humour prevailed so strongly among the people, that there is not a town of any consequence in the kingdom without such an academy. In these colleges, the professors contrive new rules and methods of agriculture and building, and new instruments and tools for all trades and manufactures, whereby, as they undertake, one man shall do the work of ten,—a palace may be built in a week, of materials so durable as to last for ever without repairing. All the fruits of the earth shall come to maturity at whatever season we think fit to choose, and increase an hundred-fold more than they do at present; with innumerable other happy proposals. The only inconvenience is, that none of these projects are yet brought to perfection; and, in the meantime, the whole country lies miserably waste, the houses in ruins, and the people without food or clothes: by all which, instead of being discouraged, they are fifty times more violently bent upon prosecuting their schemes, driven equally on by hope and despair.”\*

One of the favourite doctrines of the mathematical economists is perfect freedom of trade. This is the sovereign medicine which is to cure all national evils, and to raise a country to the height of wealth and happiness. Has the land been desolated by war, enfeebled by famine, depopulated by pestilence? Free trade will remedy all. Men, say these theorists, will always best understand and provide for their own interests. Now, it may be asked, *Do men always understand their own interests; and, understanding them, do they always take the best means of providing for them?* If this were true, misfortune would be unknown, and all men would be rich and prosperous. But, assuming that it is so,—admitting that men are always so wise as to see their interest, and always so prudent as to pursue it, yet we know that the interest of the individual is not always identical with the interest of the community; and, if the two interests should happen to interfere, we can pretty well conjecture, if there be nothing to restrain him, which of the two the individual will prefer. The matter, then, resolves into this question,—Ought an individual to possess the power of inflicting an injury upon the community of which he is a member, and from which his person and property receive protection?

But free trade, it seems, ought to exist in all cases, because it is best to buy every thing at the cheapest market. This argument could never have been invented except by a man

\* Voyage to Laputa, &c.



profoundly ignorant of all mundane affairs. Let us suppose a merchant desirous of purchasing a certain quantity of wine: he can procure it of one dealer for 1000*l.*, and must pay for it in the usual way. Another dealer, having wine of the same quality, will not part with the required quantity for less than 1100*l.*; but he will not require payment in cash or bills; but will take from the merchant goods upon which the latter obtains a profit of 30 per cent.—Again, a buyer somewhat short of capital, pays an additional 10 per cent. for a certain length of credit; but, by the use of his money during the time, he can make 15 or 20 per cent. In these instances, and in many others that might be adduced, is it the interest of the buyer to purchase at the cheaper or the dearest market?

Somewhat, although distantly, related to the last, is another dogma, with which these men are perpetually entertaining us,—that it is desirable that the profits of trade should be as small as possible. A poetical child of sorrow exclaiming—

“My grief is great, because it is so small:”

it was suggested to complete the couplet thus—

“Then it were greater, were it none at all.”

And, if we admit this paradox, that prosperity is increased when men gain as little profit as possible by their commercial pursuits, then prosperity would be further increased if they got no profit at all; and it would be increased to the highest degree, if, instead of gaining, all persons engaged in trade were constantly losing. Here, then, the economists are reduced either to a renunciation or an absurdity.

The last-mentioned doctrine leads to the notice of another nearly connected with it, which is this; that an unlimited substitution of machinery for manual labour is beneficial, because it leads to an almost unlimited supply of goods. Machinery used in moderation is unquestionably beneficial; but, like every other good, it is capable of being abused and perverted into an evil. If we have as much of any article as we want, where can be the utility of increasing the supply of that which we know not what to do with? Adam Smith, in arguing that our trade with France is not a losing trade, is very facetious, upon the great accumulation of pots and pans, which he supposes would have taken place without it; but neither he nor his followers appear to see, that his ridicule applies to the increase, by means of machinery, of the supply of goods for which there is no demand. If it be said, that in no country have the lower orders of society as large a portion of the necessaries and comforts of life as they could consume, and as they ought to have; this is a most lamentable

adequate, but the evil arises from a defect, not in the supply, but in the distribution; and, wherever the doctrines of the political economists may prevail, were the supply increased ten thousand fold, the lot of the mass of the people would in no respect be improved.

But, while the economists are thus anxious to multiply the good things of this life, they are equally desirous of diminishing the number of those who are to enjoy them. A dreadful alarm has seized their minds of an approaching evil; and they can neither rest by day nor sleep by night, from an apprehension that, at no distant period, population will increase to such a frightful extent, that we shall either be all starved to death, or reduced to the deplorable necessity of feeding on one another. Having recourse again to their arithmetic and geometry, they prove to us that food increases in a certain proportion, and that population increases in another proportion. That it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to reconcile and apportion the supply of food with the supply of men, women, and children; that the latter is constantly disposed to outrun the former; and that the business of these philosophers is something like that of the umpire at a horse-race, by assigning to each animal a due proportion of artificial weight to put them upon something like equal terms. They speak as though, without their speculations, the world would shortly be so full of people, that they would stand upon its whole surface as they do at the pit door of a theatre on a crowded night, each man so completely wedged in by his neighbours as to have no power of turning to the right or the left. This apprehension is not perfectly new; for one, something although not precisely like it, is expressed in an old nursery rhyme:—

“If all the land was paper,  
And all the seas were ink,—  
If all the trees were bread and cheese,  
What should we do for drink?”

Mathematicians, it seems, are remarkably subject to such fears. An author, already referred to, Captain Gulliver, tells us, that in the flying island the same class of persons were visited by very similar alarms:—

“These people are under continual disquietudes, never enjoying a minute’s peace of mind; and their disturbances proceed from causes which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies: for instance, that the earth, by the continual approaches of the sun towards it, must, in course of time, be absorbed or swallowed up; that the face of the sun will, by degrees be encrusted with its own effluvia, and give no more light to the world;—that the earth very

narrowly escaped a brush from the tail of the last comet, which would infallibly have reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one-and-thirty years hence, will probably destroy us; for if, in its perihelion, it should approach within a certain degree of the sun, (as by their calculations they have reason to dread,) it will conceive a degree of heat ten thousand times more intense than that of red-hot glowing iron; and, in its absence from the sun, carry a blazing tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long; through which, if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles from the nucleus, or main body of the comet, it must in its passage be set on fire, and reduced to ashes;—that the sun, daily spending its rays without any nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated; which must be attended with the destruction of this earth, and of all the planets that receive their light from it.”\*

Such were the sources of the terror of the Laputans; and the points of resemblance between them and the modern economists are certainly many and striking. The one class were afraid of being left without light or heat from the exhaustion of the sun; the other, dread being left without food, from the failure of the productive powers of the earth. The former apprehended being burnt to death by a comet; the latter fear being suffocated by a superabundant population. The fears of the one and those of the other appear to be equally rational. It has been the will of the Supreme to place mankind upon this earth, and to command them to “increase and multiply:” surely we may trust his providence to take care of the beings whom he has called into existence.

It seems an obvious question, How came such doctrines as these to be gravely received, and in many instances implicitly adopted? It may be answered, that the larger portion of mankind take up their opinions without enquiry. It has been said that, if any one declares himself to be a great man, one half the world will believe him, and the other half will grow tired of contradicting him. These economists announced themselves as very learned and profound persons, and their hearers were inclined to think that it did not become common people to contradict them. They also very ingeniously enveloped their doctrines in such a jargon, that neither their pupils nor themselves could understand it; and with the phrases—profit of stock, wages of labour, measure of value, medium of exchange, population and production, demand and supply, value in use and value in exchange, &c. raised such a learned dust, that common sense and common information could scarcely grope their way out of it. Mankind are always prone to admire what they do not understand. That which is

\* Voyage to Laputa, &c.

unintelligible, they presume must be very fine. Thus it has been with the doctrines of the economists. A story is related of Adam Smith, which seems illustrative of the effects likely to result from the system, of which he was, to a certain extent, the founder. The doctor was standing in a tanner's yard, discoursing very learnedly upon the division of labour, and some other of his economical hobbies; when, thrown off his guard by the interest which he took in the subject of discourse, he made an unwary step backward, and in an instant found himself immersed to the chin in a tan-pit: this unlucky accident of course suspended the doctor's lecture. So long as politico-economical speculations produce no worse effects than this, they are not very injurious; but, when attempted to be reduced to practice, the evils arising from them, though somewhat similar, are far more serious. They wrap up their disciples in abstractions, and cause them to carry on their favourite theories, regardless of the pit behind them: and the misfortune is, that the legislator cannot fall into the pit without carrying numbers with him.

But the total abandonment of common sense is not the worst feature of these systems; there is another which is positively odious—their total want of good feeling. This is shewn in the very object proposed by these economists. It is not the extension of the happiness of the people; it is not the improvement of their morals, or the increase of their comforts; but the sole end which these men profess to have in view is, to ascertain the best means of accumulating wealth: this is their grand purpose, the single object of their enquiries. Their language, properly interpreted, amounts to this: wealth is the only good; therefore, let all means be used to acquire it. It matters not what consequences follow. Let thousands be doomed to perish, and millions more be sentenced to hopeless indigence; but, at all events, let wealth be accumulated. This is no exaggeration of their doctrines, although they do not thus speak out.—For instance; the sudden adoption of their theory of free trade, in a country which had previously been governed by a different system, has been objected to on account of the mischief which must accrue to all those engaged in the trade previously protected. Even if the system of free trade were the best, it by no means follows that it ought to be *suddenly* adopted, at the certainty of reducing great numbers of useful citizens to poverty and wretchedness. But this, the economist says, is nothing; it is only turning capital from one channel into another. In a similar manner, Hume proved the lawfulness of suicide. Where, said he, is the harm of it? It is only turning a few ounces of blood out of their usual channel. And where, says the economist, is the harm of the sudden establishment of free trade? It is only giving a little

capital a different turn; and, if a few thousand persons should be utterly ruined, that is no business of ours: let *them* look to that. The theory is beautiful, and that's enough for us.

The same passion for accumulation, at whatever hazard, is manifested in the recommendation of that extensive introduction of machinery already adverted to. Every thing must be produced at the least possible cost. Machine labour is, for the most part, cheaper than manual labour. Let machinery, therefore, be encouraged; and let the poor starve quietly, as they ought to do.\* 'Tis true that we cannot work these machines without some hands; therefore, regardless alike of their health, their morals, and their happiness, we will collect great bodies of labourers in our manufacturing towns, exposed to the physical and moral contagion which pervade those dens of disease and vice.† There shall they serve our

\* An unlimited application of machinery is only fit for Mr. OWEN'S UTOPIA. There it can produce no harm; and must of course be universal (spade husbandry excepted) when Mr. Owen's system becomes universal; which it will when—man ceases to be what he is, and becomes himself a machine: when all his passions shall be eradicated; when he shall neither love, nor hate, nor desire, nor dread, any thing which he at present loves, hates, desires, or dreads; when all the motives of human action shall have ceased to operate, and legislators shall manage great communities of men with as much ease as chess-players manage kings, queens, rooks, and pawns, upon a chequered board. Truly, it will be a wonderful age.

In the present state of society, however, the larger portion of the people are destined to live by the labour of their hands: however abundant the means of subsistence, they cannot obtain their share without working for it. Man is naturally selfish enough, and political economists are labouring hard to make him still more so. Those who have wealth will not part with it for nothing. Labour is the poor man's estate; and though his lot, even at the best, is hard, it is better to labour than to starve.

† Domestic bliss,

(Or call it comfort, by a humbler name,)

How art thou blighted for the poor man's heart?

Lo! in such neighbourhood, from morn to eve,

The habitations empty! or perchance

The mother left alone,—no helping hand

To rock the cradle of her peevish babe;

No daughters round her, busy at the wheel,

Or in despatch of each day's little growth

Of household occupation; no nice arts

Of needle-work; no bustle at the fire,

Where once the dinner was prepared with pride;

Nothing to speed the day, or cheer the mind;

Nothing to praise, to teach, or to command!

—The father, if perchance he still retain

His old employments, goes to field or wood,

No longer led or followed by his sons;

Idlers perchance they were,—but in *his* sight;

Breathing fresh air, and treading the green earth;

'Till their short holiday of childhood ceased,

Ne'er to return! That birth-right now is lost.—WORDSWORTH.

purposes for awhile ; and, when unfit to serve them further, we will dismiss them with bodies enfeebled by labour and intemperance, and minds contaminated by crime, to prey upon that community which they have no longer the power to benefit. It is of no consequence ; wealth will be accumulated, and all will be well.

These are the principles of political economists. Even the primitive and peaceful profession of agriculture has been invaded by these men, and has become, in their hands, a mere gambling speculation. To their baleful doctrines may be ascribed the passion for depopulating the country, by throwing together several small farms to form one large one. It may be doubted whether this system be the best, even as far as the production of wealth is concerned ; but, whether it be so or not, it is quite evident that the respectability, the morals, and the happiness, of a large class of society have been impaired by it.

“The improved system of farming,” says a periodical writer, “has lessened the comforts of the poor. It has either deprived the cottager of those slips of land which contributed greatly to his support, or it has placed upon them an excessive and grinding rent. But, as the comforts of the cottager are diminished, his respectability and his self-respect are diminished also ; and hence arise a long train of evils. The practice of farming upon a great scale has unquestionably improved the agriculture of the country ; better crops are raised at less expense : but, in a national point of view, there is something more to be considered than the produce of the land and the profit of the land-holders. The well-being of the people is not of less importance than the wealth of the collective body. By the system of adding field to field, more has been lost to the state than has been gained to the soil : the gain may be measured by roods and perches,—but how shall the loss be calculated ? The loss is that of a link in the social chain,—of a numerous, most useful, and most respectable class, who, from the rank of small farmers, have been degraded to that of day-labourers. True it is, that the ground which they occupied is more highly cultivated,—the crooked hedge-rows have been thrown down—the fields are of better shape, and of handsomer dimensions—the plough makes longer furrows—there is more corn and fewer weeds ; but look at the noblest produce of the earth—look at the children of the soil—look at the seeds which are sown here for immortality ! Is there no deterioration there ? Does the man stand upon the same level in society,—does he hold the same place in his own estimation when he works for another, as when he works for himself ; when he receives his daily wages for the sweat of his brow,

and there the fruit of his labour ends, as when he enjoys day by day the advantage of his former toil, and works always in hope of the recompence which is always to come? The small farmer, or, in the language of Latimer and old English feeling, the yeoman, had his roots in the soil,—this was the right English tree in which our heart of oak was matured. Where he grew up, he decayed; where he first opened his eyes, there he fell asleep. He lived as his fathers had lived before him, and trained up his children in the same way. The daughters of this class of men were brought up in habits of industry and frugality, in good principles, hopefully and religiously, and with a sense of character to support. Those who were not married to persons of their own rank, were placed in service; and hence the middle ranks were supplied with that race of faithful and respectable domestic servants—the diminution and gradual extinction of which is one of the evils (and not the least) that have arisen from the new system of agriculture. One of the sons succeeded, as a thing of course, to the little portion of land which his fathers had tenanted from generation to generation.

“The sense of family pride and family character were neither less powerful nor less beneficial in this humble rank, than it is in the noblest families when it takes its best direction. Put old tenants have been cut down with as little remorse and as little discrimination as old timber,—and the moral scene is in consequence as lamentably injured as the landscape!

“If the small farmer did not acquire wealth, he kept his station. The land which he had tilled with the sweat of his brow, while his strength lasted, supported him when his strength was gone: his sons did the work when he could work no longer; he had his place in the chimney corner, or the bee-hive chair; and it was the light of his own fire which shone upon his grey hairs. Compare this with the old age of the day-labourer, with parish allowance for a time, and the parish workhouse at last! He who lives by the wages of daily labour, and can only live upon those wages, without laying up store for the morrow, is spending his capital; a time must come when it will fail; in the road which he must travel, the poor-house is the last stage on the way to the grave. Hence it arises, as a natural result, that, looking to the parish as his ultimate resource, and as that to which he must come at last, he cares not how soon he applies to it. There is neither hope nor pride to withhold him: why should he deny himself any indulgence in youth, or why make any efforts to put off for a little while that which is inevitable at the end? That the labouring poor feel thus, and reason thus, and act in conse-

quence, is beyond all doubt; and, if the landholders were to count up what they have gained by throwing their estates into large farms, and what they have lost by the increase in the poor-rates, of which that system has been one great cause, they would have little reason to congratulate themselves on the result. The system which produces the happiest moral effects will be found also most beneficial to the interest of the individual and to the general weal: upon this basis the science of political economy will rest at last, when the ponderous volumes with which it has been overlaid shall have sunk by their own weight into the dead sea of oblivion.”\*

These sentiments are liberal, benevolent, and statesman-like. There is a grandeur in them worthy of the philosopher and the legislator. But the men whose opinions we are investigating “come with the spirit of *shop-keepers* to frame rules for the administration of kingdoms;”† and, if the *pecuniary* cost of production be somewhat diminished, they care not how much the *moral* cost is increased.‡

But the most striking instance of contempt for the happiness of man is to be found in the new theory of population. Under this system, a few are to riot in luxury, while the rest of mankind are to pine in indigence, or perish in despair. Manual labour being in a great measure dispensed with by another part of the system, the poor man is voted to be first a useless burden, and then a vile nuisance. This is by far the most detestable part of the system. Cupidity may overcome the natural sensibility of our nature; the selfish feelings may be frequently too powerful for the benevolent ones. The love of accumulation may make men not very delicate as to the means; but this is the first and only system, since

\* Quarterly Review, No. xxix. art. 8.

† Swift.

‡ When will men learn—

“That all true glory rests  
All praise, all safety, and all happiness,  
Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thebes;  
Tyre, by the margin of the sounding waves;  
Palmyra, central in the desert, fell;  
And the arts died by which they had been raised.  
—Call Archimedes from his buried tomb  
Upon the plain of vanished Syracuse,  
And feelingly the sage shall make report  
How insecure, how baseless in itself,  
Is that Philosophy, whose sway is formed  
For mere material instruments: How weak  
Those Arts, and high Inventions, if unpropp’d  
By Virtue.”

WORDSWORTH.



the creation of the world, which ever sought to render men selfish *upon principle*; which taught them that charity was criminal, and that, by persecuting the poor, they were doing the state service.\* Surely such a doctrine requires only to be exposed to be abhorred. Degrees in wealth and comfort there will be, and perfect equality of property is but the dream of fools, or the cant of knaves; but it is too much for those who are "clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day," to say to their indigent fellows,—This world and its good things are for us, and you have "neither part nor lot in the matter;" and, when the famine-worn wretch asks only to live, to tell him that he has no right to live,—that the "table's full," and that "at nature's feast, there is no room for him."†

A writer, already quoted,‡ has classed the discussions of poli-

\* The system of those metaphysicians, who refer all actions to self-love, affords no exception to this remark; for even these persons have recommended benevolence as conducing to self-gratification.

† *Massinger*, no less than a hundred and fifty years ago, seems to have anticipated the character of a Malthusian philosopher in the person of LUKE, in his comedy of the *City Madam*.

*Luke.* I will sit  
Alone, and surfeit in my store, while others  
With envy pine at it. My genius pamper'd  
With the thought of what I am, and what they suffer  
I have marked out to miserie.—*Act 5, scene 1.*

I can brook  
No rival in this happiness.—*Act 5, last scene.*

*Sir John.* Should I present  
Your servants, debtors, and the rest that suffer  
By your fit severity, I presume the sight  
Would move you to compassion.

*Luke.* Not a mote.  
The musick that yon Orpheus made was harsh  
To the delight I should receive in hearing  
Their cries and groans.

Ha, ha, ha!  
This move me to compassion? or raise  
One sign of seeming pity in my face?  
You are deceived: it rather renders me  
More flinty and obdurate. A south wind  
Shall sooner soften marbles, and the rain  
That slides down gently from his flaggy wings  
O'erflow the Alps, than knees, or tears, or groans,  
Shall wrest compunction from me. 'Tis my glory  
That they are wretched, and by me made so;  
It sets my happiness off. I could not triumph,  
If these were not my captives.

‡ Quarterly Reviewer.

tical economists with the scholastic questions, which were agitated in the middle ages. Inasmuch as they are idle and useless, they are worthy of the association; but,—as they tend to the destruction of all the charities of life, to set man against his fellows, and render him selfish, reckless, and cruel;—as they are calculated not merely to impoverish the stream of benevolence, but to dry up the spring;—they deserve to be classed with the most immoral productions that ever issued from the press.

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## LYRICAL STANZAS.

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I HEARD the melody of sound  
Breathe like the roses' soft perfume,  
Brought, by the wafting air around,  
From the adjoining room.

I rose to see who 'twas that played, —  
I saw two earthly angels there,  
Bright as gay Flora, when arrayed  
In all the full-flush'd year.

One lady was in purest white,  
Possess'd of every Grecian grace;  
Glanc'd sprightliness, like living light,  
Her motion, speech, and face.

She is a lady full of mirth,  
Of wit and raillery, —  
A smiling Venus upon earth  
For laughing gaiety.

But there's a charm belongs to her,  
By Cytherea unpossest,  
Which shines o'er every beauty far,  
And makes a lover blest.

But ask the moon,—she will explain  
The poet's mystic measure;  
None, save the ladies of this strain,  
Possess such vestal treasure.

Why should I now her face portray,  
Her neck of fairest mould?  
How waved her hair in wanton play,  
Her eye in brightness roll'd?

Full-willing yield I to her lover  
Of every featured grace to tell;  
Since, doubtless, he can more discover  
Than I, without his spell.

Now to the other lady, I  
Transfer the wand'ring song,—  
Beams sober lustre in her eye,  
Few words are on her tongue.

Her features, though alive to mirth,  
Are all averse to folly,—  
Her semblance I know not on earth,  
Save lovely Melancholy;

Who often meets the thinking race,  
Wandering through the eve serene,  
What time you well may mark her trace  
Her footsteps o'er the moonlight scene.

Array'd in flowing vest of white,  
With her black hair contrasting well,  
And with her eye of ebon, bright  
As that of the Gazelle.

Soft features, languishing with mildness;  
Reserved and awful modesty;  
The smile of melancholy wildness;  
Are hers,—and kindred sympathy.

And now, ye ladies bright and fair,  
In these two portraits of my mind,  
Cannot each shew the likeness here,  
Which is for her designed?

Truly have I not drawn you both?  
Think ye one is my fav'rite care?  
To hint so much I should be loth,—  
The poet loves whate'er is fair.

H.

ON THE

## ETYMOLOGY OF THE ENGLISH VERB.

## PART I.

IN examining this class of words, it is intended to separate the inquiry into two parts:—first noticing the general origin of our verbs; and, secondly, in a subsequent paper, observing the grammatical inflections to which they are subject.

In considering the general origin of English verbs, it is proposed first to observe the principal sources from which they are derived; secondly, to examine the principles on which compound verbs are formed; and, lastly, to make some remarks on certain verbs of a somewhat eccentric character.

The term by which this part of speech is distinguished is particularly expressive, and indicates it of no ordinary importance. All oral signs of our ideas are words, but this is called *the word*, or verb.

“As nouns denote the subjects of discourse,” says Bosworth,\* “so verbs affirm their accidents or properties. The former are the names of things, the latter what we say concerning them. These two, therefore, must be the only essential parts of speech; for, to mental communication, nothing else can be indispensably requisite than to name the subject of our thoughts, and to express our sentiments of its attributes or properties. As the verb essentially expresses affirmation, without which there could be no communication of sentiment, it has been hence considered as the principal part of speech, and was therefore called by the ancient grammarians *TO PHMA*, *verbum*, *verb*, or the *WORD*, by way of eminence.”

It is to be regretted, that grammarians are far from agreeing in their definition of the verb.

“A verb,” says Mr. White,† “is a word whereby something or other is represented as existing, possessing, acting, or being acted upon, at some particular time, past, present, or future, and this in various manners.” The objection to which definition is, that, in attempting a complete description of the verb, it has said too much; for every mood cannot be said to point to “particular time.”

Dr. Beattie calls this part of speech “a word necessary in every sentence, signifying the affirmation of some attribute, together with the designation of time, number, and person.”

\* Elements of Saxon Grammar, part ii. ch. 5.

† A Grammatical Essay on the English Verb, 1761.

"According to this definition," says Pickbourn, "neither infinitive moods nor gerunds, nor supines, nor participles, are verbs; for they neither contain an affirmation, nor signify time, nor are limited either to number or person."

Dr. Priestley describes the verb as "a word that expresseth what is affirmed of, or attributed to, a thing;" which definition "seems to include not only verbs, but likewise all adjectives and abstract nouns signifying qualities."\*

Dr. Lowth, however, with much more simplicity, says—"A verb is a word which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer;" which is the definition adopted by Lindley Murray in his deservedly popular grammar. "It includes," observes Pickbourn, "nothing more than what is essential; and is, therefore, equally applicable to the verb in all languages, and in all its various forms." This, as a general definition, we admire; but it may be questioned whether it be strictly applicable to the English verb, seeing that with us *suffering* is rather expressed by auxiliaries than by any form of the verb itself: but further remarks on this part of the inquiry may be more proper under the second division of the subject.

It will be found that the verbs, as well as the nouns of our language, are derived from various sources. Without indulging in minute details, of which our limits will not admit, we may refer to the principal sources, the Saxon, French, Latin, and Greek languages, affording a few illustrative examples of each.

I. *Saxon*.—We have about 4900+ verbs in our language, of which nearly 1600 are monosyllables, and more than 2000 are dissyllables; and of these a considerable number are of Saxon descent. We shall content ourselves with a few examples.

<i>To bake,</i>	from Bacan.	<i>To dip,</i>	from Dýppan.
<i>bathe,</i>	Bæpan.	<i>drive,</i>	Drufan.
<i>bear,</i>	Bæpan.	<i>do,</i>	Don.
<i>bid,</i>	Beoban.	<i>fill,</i>	Fýllan.
<i>break,</i>	Brecan.	<i>feed,</i>	Fæban.
<i>bring,</i>	Brungan.	<i>fret,</i>	Fnetan.
<i>burn,</i>	Bæran.	<i>get,</i>	Gezan.
<i>come,</i>	Cuman.	<i>give,</i>	Gýfan.
<i>dare,</i>	Deapan.	<i>grind,</i>	Grunban.
<i>deal,</i>	Dælan.	<i>have,</i>	Hæbban.

\* Pickbourn's Dissertation on the English Verb, p. 164.

† Mr. Murray has said—"The whole number of verbs in the English language, regular, irregular, simple, and compounded, taken together, is about 4300. The number of irregular verbs, the defective included, is about 177.—Gram. 27 Ed. p. 118.

To <i>help</i> , from	Helfan.	To <i>sit</i> , from	Sittan.
<i>hold</i> ,	Healdan.	<i>slay</i> ,	Slagan.
<i>let</i> ,	Lætan.	<i>sleep</i> ,	Slæpan.
<i>lead</i> ,	Leban.	<i>slay</i> ,	Slagan.
<i>love</i> ,	Lufian.	<i>speak</i> ,	Spæcan.
The auxiliary <i>may</i> ,	Magan.	<i>spill</i> ,	Spillan.
<i>meet</i> ,	Metan.	<i>spin</i> ,	Spinan.
Defective, <i>must</i> ,	Mort.	<i>stand</i> ,	Standan.
<i>name</i> ,	Naman.	<i>stretch</i> ,	Streican.
<i>plight</i> ,	Plihtan.	<i>swing</i> ,	Spingan.
<i>read</i> ,	Rædan.	<i>teach</i> ,	Tæcan.
<i>ride</i> ,	Ridan.	<i>tear</i> ,	Tegan.
<i>say</i> ,	Sæggan.	<i>think</i> ,	Denkan.
<i>see</i> ,	Seon.	<i>thirst</i> ,	Dýrrean.
<i>send</i> ,	Sendan.	<i>wake</i> ,	Wacan.
<i>seek</i> ,	Secan.	<i>will</i> ,	Þýllan.
<i>set</i> ,	Settan.	<i>work</i> ,	Þræcan.
<i>shine</i> ,	Scinan.	<i>write</i> ,	Þrcan.
<i>sing</i> ,	Singan.		
To <i>abide</i> , from	Bidan.	To <i>busy</i> , from	Býrgan.
<i>arise</i> ,	Aþrpan.	<i>hunger</i> ,	Hýrgan.
<i>reckon</i> ,	Reccan.		

From the few examples here given, it will be seen, that, although we retain many of the verbs of our forefathers, yet we have dropped their verbal terminations, *an*, *ian*, or *gan*, which, although it may have given a greater air of simplicity to our verbs, has not rendered them more perfect; for these terminations, Mr. Turner has shown, were expressive abbreviations of other verbs.

It was a general principle in the formation of Anglo-Saxon verbs, that these syllables added to nouns converted them into verbs,—as, *luf*, *love*; *lufan*, *to love*: and it is curious to observe, that a contrary practice prevails with us; for, rejecting these verbal terminations, we, allowing for the change of orthography, employ the same word both as a noun and a verb in numerous instances. This will be evident from a reference to the list already given:—*burn*, *dip*, *drive*, *fill*, *feed*, *grind*, *help*, *hold*, *love*, *name*, *ride*, *sleep*, *spin*, &c. &c., which are nouns or verbs, according to their situation in a sentence. “In some languages, as in the Hebrew,” says Mr. Turner,\* “the verbs are very often the nouns applied unaltered to a verbal signification. We have examples of this sort of verbs in our English words, *love*, *hate*, *fear*, *hope*, *dream*, *sleep*, &c. These words are nouns, and are also used

\* History of the Anglo-Saxons, vol. ii. Appendix, ch. 1.

as verbs. Of verbs, those made by the simple application of nouns in a verbal form, the Anglo-Saxon gives few examples." The propensity among us to verbalize nouns is frequently displayed in familiar conversation, particularly by the uneducated, who, for want of the knowledge of legitimate terms, thus hastily express their ideas.

II. *French*.—"In searching for the original nouns from which verbs have been formed," observes a most able inquirer,\* "we must always consider if the verb we are inquiring about be a primitive verb, or a secondary verb, containing either of the prefixes, *a, be, ge, for, on, in, to, with, &c. &c.* : in these cases, we must strip the verb of its prefix, and examine its derivation under its earlier form. The verbs with the prefix are obviously of later origin than the verbs to which the prefix has not been applied."

No inconsiderable number of our verbs are of French origin.

The abbreviating principle conspicuous in the formation of verbs from the Anglo-Saxon source, is also exemplified in verbs of French descent.

To <i>aid</i> , from	<i>aider</i> .	To <i>merit</i> , from	<i>mériter</i> .
<i>ally</i> ,	<i>allier</i> .	<i>oblige</i> ,	<i>obliger</i> .
<i>assist</i> ,	<i>assister</i> .	<i>pay</i> ,	<i>payer</i> .
<i>abate</i> ,	<i>abbatre</i> .	<i>pass</i> ,	<i>passer</i> .
<i>annul</i> ,	<i>annuller</i> .	<i>range</i> ,	<i>ranger</i> .
<i>admire</i> ,	<i>admirer</i> .	<i>sup</i> ,	<i>supper</i> .
<i>alter</i> ,	<i>altérer</i> .	<i>solicit</i> ,	<i>soliciter</i> .
<i>chase</i> ,	<i>chasser</i> .	<i>tax</i> ,	<i>taxer</i> .
<i>consider</i> ,	<i>considérer</i> .	<i>tremble</i> ,	<i>trembler</i> .
<i>doubt</i> ,	<i>doubter</i> .	<i>repent</i> ,	<i>se repentir</i> .
<i>employ</i> ,	<i>employer</i> .	<i>join</i> ,	<i>joindre</i> .

In many examples, the origin, although evident, by a greater change in the orthography, is not so conspicuous,—as,

To <i>appeal</i> , from	<i>appeler</i> .	To <i>repair</i> , from	<i>réparer</i> .
<i>control</i> ,	<i>controller</i> .	<i>reveal</i> ,	<i>révéler</i> .
<i>declaim</i> ,	<i>déclamer</i> .		
To <i>abut</i> , from	<i>aboutir</i> .	To <i>contrive</i> , from	<i>contreveuer</i> .
<i>allege</i> ,	<i>alléguer</i> .	<i>count</i> ,	<i>compter</i> .
<i>attack</i> ,	<i>attaquer</i> .	<i>domineer</i> ,	<i>dominer</i> .
<i>attain</i> ,	<i>atteindre</i> .	<i>dance</i> ,	<i>danser</i> .
<i>abound</i> ,	<i>abonder</i> .	<i>dispatch</i> ,	<i>dépêcher</i> .
<i>contain</i> ,	<i>contenir</i> .	<i>espy</i> ,	<i>épier</i> .

\* Mr. Elphinston's Analysis, vol. i.

To *escape*, from *échaper*.*frizzle*, *friser*.*glean*, *glaner*.*grapple*, *grapper*.*levy*, *lever*.*marry*, *marier*.*move*, *mouvoir*.*munch*, *manger*.*paint*, *peindre*.*puff*, *bouffer*.*pout*, *bouder*.*pelt*, *peloter*.*receive*, *recevoir*.*restrain*, *restreindre*.To *scald*, from *échauder*.*sprain*, *épreindre*.*spel*, *épeler*.*shock*, *choquer*.*skim*, *écumer*.*summon*, *semondre*.*tarnish*, *ternir*.*taste*, *tâter*.*tarry*, *tarder*.*trail*, *trainer*.*tumble*, *tomber*.*turn*, *tourner*.*warrant*, *garantir*.*waste*, *gâter*.

Some few, we observe, while, agreeably to the general abbreviating practice, they drop the terminating syllables of the original language, yet, strangely and needlessly, prefix a preposition in passing to us: thus we have, *to anoint*, *avenger*, *betray*, *conceal*, *deliver*, *enamel*, *endow*, *enjoy*, *embroil*, *inhabit*, *inherit*; from *oindre*, *venger*, *trahir*, *celer*, *livrer*, *émailler*, *douer*, *jouir*, *brouiller*, *habiter*, and *hériter*.

To *dote* and to *rob*, from *radoter* and *dérober*, on the contrary, have dismissed both the incipient and terminating syllables.

While we have borrowed freely from French verbs, we appear to have formed verbs from French participles,—as, from the present participle in *issant*, such as end in *ish*:—

To *polish*, from *polissant*.*advertise*, *avertissant*.*banish*, *bannissant*.*burnish*, *brunissant*.*furnish*, *fournissant*, &c.

III. *Latin and Greek*.—That we have borrowed freely from the Latin, will be evident by merely consulting the long list of our verbs which terminate with the letters *ate* and *ct*. A few examples only are subjoined:

*Abrogate*, *communicate*, *consolidate*, *consecrate*, *create*, *dedicate*, *emulate*, *eradicate*, *exculpate*, *fumigate*, *indicate*, *masticate*, *nominate*, *operate*, *palliate*, *regulate*, *supplicate*, *terminate*, *violate*, *vituperate*.

*Afflict*, *correct*, *exact*, *instruct*, *predict*, *retract*, *transact*.

From the Greek, Camden instances the following:—

To *call*, from *Καλέω*.*creak*, *Κρέκω*.*cut*, *Κόπω*.*gallop*, *Καλπάζειν*.*hang*, *Αγχίσθαι*.*kiss*, *Κύσσειν*.To *lap*, from *Λάπλω*.*mock*, *Μυκάω*.*rap*, *Ραπίζω*.*raz*, *Ραζίζω*.*scoff*, *Εκόςπλω*.*see*, *Ζέω*.



We proceed, secondly, to examine the usual modes by which our verbs are compounded. These modes are either by the use of prefixes or terminations, or both.

The usual prefixes are, *a, ad, be, co, con, counter, de, dis, e, en, ex, for, fore, in, inter, mis, over, per, pre, re, sub, super, trans, under, with*; which may be thus classed.

Such as are of themselves independent English words,—as, *over, under, with*; or nearly so,—as, *gain, from against; fore, from before*.

Such as have been introduced from the French,\* or from the Latin through the medium of the French language,—as, *a, ab, ad, co or con, de, dis, e, en, ex, in, inter, mis, per, pre, sub, super, and trans*.

*Be* and *un* have descended to us from the language of our forefathers.

It is probable that the compounds thus formed originally expressed the meaning of the words of which they were compounded, at least in the languages in which such combinations were formed; for, it will be obvious that the transplanting of words from one language to another is not confined to primitive words. We have compounds of this description which unite the ideas of the component terms,—as, *foresee, instil, overset, underrate*; but a variety of causes, in process of time, prove destructive of this propriety and simplicity, introducing figurative meanings, arbitrary meanings, and even employing them without any meaning, as we have seen in those compounds from the French,† which, after prefixing the preposition, express no more than the simple words did in the language from which they were borrowed.

It may be desirable to make a few remarks on the influence of the prefixes in the composition of words, which may prove interesting and useful, at least to such as are inquisitive, yet unaccustomed to verbal analysis: in doing which, it must not be forgotten, that that universal principle, the love of harmony, powerful in proportion to the musical taste of the people, by adopting the orthography to the sounds into which inharmonious compounds naturally glide, not unfrequently obscures the component parts of the compound word.

*A, ab, ad*.—Most of the verbs formed by the aid of these particles were transplanted into the English language in a state of composition, and mostly retain their original meaning; and, it may be presumed, it was for the purpose of enriching the language, both in sound and sense, that they were introduced.

\* Elphinston's Analysis, vol. i. p. 181.

† See p. 76-7.

We observe some few words in which the prefix appears to have no other effect than by lengthening them to adapt the sound the better to the sense,—no inconsiderable use, it is confessed, in the language of a highly-civilized people. Of this class are, *abash*, *abate*, *abide*, *amaze*, *awake*, *award*.

It is to be regretted that a practice, which the instinctive love of appropriate terms may have originated, should not be so controlled by judgment as to be restricted to similar cases. We have, however, *arouse*; which, being a sudden act, would be better denoted by a monosyllabic term. A few years since, to *ameliorate* would not have been considered a legitimate term, nor had it a place in our dictionaries; recently, however, it is supplanting its more classical parent *meliorate*, and has found a place in some of our late vocabularies: whether, however, this new compound is the offspring of carelessness and ignorance, or the result of the principle to which we have briefly alluded, we shall not undertake to determine; but, as to *make better*, to *soften*, to *improve*, are generally the result of persevering labour, we may content ourselves with the reflection, that, though it may be of somewhat spurious origin, it has the plea of specious sound.

*Be.*—This prefix, “like the French *à* or *en*,” says Elphinston,\* “copiously communicates or deeply involves in an action, a thing, or a quality,—as, *bedaub*, *besprinkle*, *bewail*, *bewilder*, &c.,” with this one exception, *behead*, in which it frightfully expresses privation.

*Con, co.*—*Con* is an inseparable Latin particle, and, for the sake of harmony, drops the final consonant before a vowel or an *h*; or exchanges it for *l* or *m*, when the following syllables begin with those letters. “It signifies,” says Ainsworth, “*simul*, as, *conjungo*; sometimes *contra*, as, *contendo*; sometimes *valde*, as, *concrepo*.”

*Counter*, from *contra*.—Both these are used as prefixes, and denote opposition of meaning,—as, *countermand*, *counteract*, *contradict*, *contravene*.

*De, dis.*—The former is employed before a vowel, the latter before a consonant. These Latin prefixes, and the English *un*, Elphinston† has denominated “our inseparable prepositions of privation or denial; and, though correspondent to the French *de* or *dis*, of no such promiscuous service.”

“*Un*, undoes or takes away; *dis*, denies or divides. Thus, *undo*, *undeceive*, *unbury*, *unleave*, *unman*, *unhallow*, &c.; *disbelieve*, *disjoin*, *discourtenance*, *dismay*, *disrobe*, *disfranchise*, *dispirit*, *disable*,” &c.

\* Analysis, vol. i. p. 182.

† Ibid. vol. i. p. 182.

"Some verbs admit either privative in its way. Thus, to *unpeople*, *unburden*, *uncover*, is to remove the people, the burden, the cover; whereas, to *dispeople*, *disburden*, *discover*, are the opposites or reverses of—to people, to burden, to cover. So, to *unqualify* bereaves of qualification; and, to *disqualify* conveys disqualification. We say, in fine, *unclose* in the literal sense, and *disclose* in the figurative,—as, we *unclose* our lips in order to disclose our mind."

*E*, *ex*, out of.—These Latin particles retain their meaning with us. The latter is used before the vowels, as well as before *c*, *f*, *h*, *p*, and *t*,—as, *examine*, *exonerate*, *exult*, *exclaim*, *exfoliate*, *exhaust*, *expend*, *extend*, &c. The former before other letters.

*En*.—The free use of this preposition as a prefix, with its primitive meaning, plainly proves that we have borrowed freely from the French. It becomes *em* before *b*, *m*, and *p*.

*For*, says Elphinston,\* "follows its French parent in the sense of *from*, *out*, or *away*: thus, *forbid*, *forbear*, *forswear*, *forsake*, *forgive*, *forget*, with the old participle, now only a participial, *forlorn*."

*Fore* has precisely the meaning of *before*, of which it is an abbreviation,—as, *forewarn*, *foretel*, &c.

*In*, before the labials *b*, *m*, and *p*, is rendered *im*. It is used in two senses. It compounds literally in some few examples,—as, to *instil*, *infuse*, *imprint*, *inlay*; but, ordinarily, it is the adopted negative participle of the Latin,—as, *incapacitate*, *invalidate*, &c.

*Inter*, between or among, is a separable preposition in the Latin, but an inseparable prefix with us.

*Mis* invariably conveys the idea of error,—as, *misapprehend*, *misbehave*, *misconstrue*, *misjudge*, &c.

*Over* "combines transition, inversion, superiority, or excess,—as, *overflow*, *overthrow*, *overtop*, *overdo*, *overbear*, *overtake*."

*Per*, through, and *pre*, before, preserve their meaning with us,—as, *pervade*, *preordain*, &c.

*Re*, again, is a most useful and elegant prefix, and has the same meaning in the English as in the Latin and French languages. Its importance in promoting perspicuity and elegance of style would be forcibly seen, if we were constrained otherwise to express the idea it conveys,—as, in *reanimate*, *reconsider*, *renew*, *return*, &c. &c.

*Sub*, under, *super*, above, *trans*, beyond. These classical prefixes need no comment.

\* Analysis, vol. i. p. 181.

† Elphinston's Analysis, vol. i. p. 181.

**Un.\***—This is an inseparable particle, of a privative or negative signification. It is not necessary to instance many examples,—*undo, unhang, unloose, unhallow*.

The following adverbs are also employed in forming a few verbs:—*back, up, † out*. The former affords but two examples, the two last several,—as, *back-bite, back-slide; upbear, upbraid, uphold, uprear, &c. out-do, out-go, out-wit, out-strip, out-run, &c.*

We next proceed to notice the terminations of our verbs. Many languages have peculiar endings, by which, at least, their regular verbs are distinguished: thus, the terminations of the present tenses of Latin verbs are denoted by *o, eo, or, io*. The English, however, except in the past tenses of its verbs, have no such uniform distinctions.

The unfettered nature of our verbs in this respect will strikingly appear, if we but take a view of their variety of endings:—

To <i>holla</i> , }	To <i>die</i> .	To <i>rear</i> .
<i>say</i> , }	<i>speak</i> .	<i>bless</i> .
<i>stab</i> .	<i>tell</i> .	<i>cut</i> .
<i>physic</i> .	<i>tumble</i> . }	<i>have</i> .
<i>lead</i> .	<i>warm</i> .	<i>saw</i> .
<i>flee</i> .	<i>scan</i> .	<i> vex</i> .
<i>puff</i> .	<i>go</i> . }	<i>cry</i> .
<i>dig</i> .	<i>mow</i> . }	<i>buzz</i> .
<i>push</i> .	<i>leap</i> .	

From which it appears, that every letter serves as a termination, except *i, u, and j*; and with the sounds, although not with the characters of the two former, many end. With the last, not only no verb, but no English word terminates.

We have, nevertheless, certain expressive terminations with which many end; so that it is not difficult to classify a large proportion of them, particularly of such as are of foreign origin.

The terminations alluded to are, *le, en, er, ise, ate, e*.

*Le*, pronounced *el*; and *er*.—Mr. Elphinston, with great propriety, calls them “diminutive and frequentative endings of our verbs, whether verbally or nominally sprung;” in proof of which he produces the following striking examples:—

wrest,	wrestle.	bib,	bibble.
set,	settle.	prate,	prattle.
pop,	popple.	wade,	waddle.

\* Dr. Jamieson traces this particle to the Greek *ἀνυ*.—*Hermes Scythicus*, ch. i. p. 16.

† Elphinston has said, “Up compounds but two: *uphold, upbraid*.”—*Analysis*, vol. i.

warp,	warble.	full,	juddle.
shove,	shuffe.	fain,	new-jangled.
grope,	grovel.	draw,	drawl.
dwine,	dwindle.	spit,	spawl.
hiss,	{ whistle.	wink,	twinkle.
whiz,	{ whistle.	whirl,	twirl.
buz,	bustle.	run,	{ tremble,
pose,	puzzle.		{ rumble.
sprig,	sprinkle.	hang,	dangle.
clink,	jingle.		
mix,	mingle.	chat,	chatter.
main,	mangle.	beat,	batter.
scrape,	scrabble.	spit,	{ spatter,
cook,	coddle.		{ sputter.
stray,	straggle.	split,	splutter.
strive,	struggle.	fly,	
writhe,	wriggle.	flit,	
and, perhaps,		fleet,	{ flutter.
brawl,	brangle.	gild,	glitter.
rail,	wrangle.	clack,	clatter.
reel,	rumble.	smack,	smatter.
feel,	fumble.	stick,	stutter.
hand,	{ handle,	ly,	{ loiter,
	{ dandle.		{ linger.
nib,	nibble.	fail,	falter.
crumb,	crumble.	hiss,	
curd,	curdle.	whiz,	{ whisper.
whiff,	whiffle.	whine,	whimper.
rough,		smile,	simper.
for,		sing,	simmer.
ruff,	{ ruffle.	glimpse,	glimmer.
suck,	suckle.	stand,	stammer.
jog,	joggle.	climb,	clumber.
drive,	drivel.	jibe,	{ jibber,
nest,	nestle.		{ jabber.
bog,	boggle.	wave,	waver.
just,	{ jostle, or	mold,	molder.
	{ juttle.	wild,	wilder.
throat,	throttle.	hind,	hinder.
wad,	wattle.	out,	utter.
fond,	fondle.		

Although some of the above are obsolete, or only used by the vulgar, we have preferred transcribing them, as exemplifying the progressive formation of many very useful verbs.

*En* appears to be merely a harmonious particle, added to nouns both substantive and adjective, for the purpose of verbalizing them after the manner of the Anglo-Saxon *an*,—thus,

From *fight*, to *frighten*.  
*strengthen*, *strengthen*.  
*hearten*, *hearten*.

From *less*, to *lessen*.  
*cheap*, *cheapen*.  
*harden*, *harden*.

*Ise* or *ise* are energetic particles both in sound and sense, at once converting into action the objects or qualities to which they may be applied,—as,

critic, *criticise*.  
 author, *authorise*.  
 modern, *modernise*.  
 equal, *equalise*.

Latin, *latinize*.  
 patron, *patronize*.  
 eulogy, *eulogize*.  
 stigma, *stigmatize*.

*Ate* is a termination by which Latin verbs are readily anglicised, more elegant, but less energetic, than the termination preceding, although of somewhat similar meaning: 650 of our verbs have this ending.

*E* final, Elphinston observes, has frequently the same effect; but it must be remembered, that the *e* final was, before the time of Chaucer, followed by *n*; and, therefore, whatever the *e* final may seem to denote, is rather to be attributed to the termination *en*, once *an*, with which our verbs formerly ended,\*—as,

breath, *breathe*.  
 cloth, *clothe*.

calf, *calve*.  
 half, *halve*.

*Ct.*—One hundred of our verbs terminate with these consonants, and they are mostly of Latin origin; indeed, there can be little doubt that the abbreviating principle, before referred to, originated this ending, by dropping the final syllable of the Latin *supines*,—as,

To *refract*, from *refrango*, *refractum*.  
*retract*, *retraho*, *retractum*.  
*restrict*, *restringo*, *restrictum*.  
*predict*, *prædico*, *prædictum*.

It only remains that we make a few remarks on the verbs *to be*, *to make*, and *to get*; which are, either from their etymology or use, of a somewhat peculiar character.

\* "The Saxon termination of the infinitive in *an*," says Mr. Tyrwhite, "had been changed into *en*, to *loven*, to *liven*, &c., and they were beginning to drop the *n*, to *love*, to *live*."—*Essay on the Language and Versification of Chaucer*.

This remark will be confirmed by a reference to Chaucer's works:—

"Som tyraunt is, as ther ben many on,  
 That hath an herte as hard as any ston,  
 Which wold hau lette him sterven in the place  
 Wel rather than han granted him hire grace,  
 And hem *rejoycen* in hir cruel pride,  
 And rekken not to ben an homicide."—*Marchante's Tale*.

The great irregularity of the auxiliary verb *to be*, deserves distinct attention. It is composed of words which do not possess the slightest resemblance; for instance, *am*, *are*, *is*, *was*, *be*.

Mr. Bosworth\* has extracted from Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons, and from the valuable manuscripts of the late Mr. Webb, some curious particulars concerning it, which may not be unacceptable.

The Anglo-Saxon verb *to beon*, from which our auxiliary is derived, is traced to no fewer than five sources.

The latter gentleman considers that the verb *to be* does not contain the modern philosophical abstract idea of being, or existence in itself, but that the abstract idea is a refined and improved addition to its primitive meaning, produced by our association of ideas. That the various roots from which this variegated verb has sprung, originally signified to grow, to dwell, to stand, &c.

In order to convince himself, suspecting that this verb, in most languages, possessed more than ordinary analogy, he wrote it in parallel columns in as many languages as he was acquainted with; and states, that the first glimpse of light on the primitive meaning of any part of the verb was caught from the Italian past participle *stato*, *been*, which is evidently derived from the Latin *status*, *stood*. This word occurs in that part of the verb where we say *been*, and answers the same purpose. That circumstance led to the notice of one similar in the imperative of the Latin *sum*, *I am*, which is *Sis*, *es*, *esto*, &c., where *Esto*, *este*, *estate*, are evidently derived from the Latin preposition *ē*, out, from, and *sto*, *I stand*: so the Latin imperative is either *be* thou or *stand* thou.

He observed further, that the Spanish verb *estar* may be used in all its moods and tenses indifferently with the verb *ser*, *to be*.

The use of these observations was to convince him that abstract being was not the primitive meaning of this verb, but that its diversified words proceeded from as many sources, and being ultimately collected into the form of one verb, they were made to conform to one meaning.

The Saxon *beo*, the direct parent of *to be*, he considered as coming from the Greek verb *βίωω*, *I live*; which, pronounced as other nations would pronounce it, would have a kindred sound.

*Am* he traced to the Greek verb *εἶμι*, signifying *I am*, which, by a little adaptation of its pronunciation, would not be so dissimilar. *Eim-i*; *is*, he traced at once to the

\* Elements of Saxon Grammar, part ii. ch. 5.

second person of the same tense, *ec*, which would only require the omission of the incipient letter to make it *is*.

*Was*, he conjectured to come from the Gaelic *fas*, to grow, *f*, *v*, and *w*, being letters of the same organ, and often interchanged.

Concerning *are* and *were* he was not so decided; but thought it probable they might come from the Icelandic and Danish *er* and *wer*.

The only observations which remain, relate to the verbs to *make*, to *get*; which, if they do not prove useful, may, at least, afford entertainment. The vocabulary of the uneducated is usually scanty, hence their wants are expressed by but few verbal signs; and, as intercourse with them is both unavoidable, and, on many accounts, desirable, it sometimes requires circumspection not unduly to be influenced by their customs. The person of cultivated taste avoids the too frequent application of the same terms, desirous that his style should be harmonious as well as intelligible. Those, on the contrary, who are strangers to such feelings of delicacy and propriety, content themselves if they are but understood, and therefore are regardless of wearing out a word by excessive use. The multiplied meanings of the verbs in question doom them to this lot, particularly the latter.

To the verb *make*, Dr. Johnson has assigned fifty-nine significations, which may moderate our surprise at its frequent use; accordingly it is not difficult to substitute it, in some of its forms, in connexion with suitable nouns, for most verbs in the language.

This is still more remarkably so with the verb to *get*, which, although given by the same authority but in eighteen significations, from the general nature of those significations, will be found of very universal application. To any one who has overlooked this circumstance, we would recommend the observance of how frequently this verb is used in the course of an hour in familiar conversation.

The accommodating nature of this verb is well illustrated by the following imaginary letter to a friend, which appeared some years since, in a singular work, entitled "Aristarchus:"

"I *got* on horseback within ten minutes after I *got* your letter. When I *got* to Canterbury, I *got* a chaise for town. But I *got* wet through before I *got* to Canterbury; and I have *got* such a cold as I shall not be able to *get* rid of in a hurry. I *got* to the treasury about noon, after I had *got* shaved and dressed. I soon *got* into the secret of *getting* a memorial before the board, but I could not *get* an answer then; however, I *got* intelligence from the messenger, that I should most likely *get* one next morning. As soon as I *got*



back to my inn, I *got* my supper and *got* to bed : it was not long before I *got* to sleep. When I *got* up in the morning, I *got* my breakfast, and *got* myself dressed, that I might *get* out in time to *get* an answer to my memorial. As soon as I *got* it, I *got* into the chaise, and *got* to Canterbury by eight, and about tea-time *got* home.—I have *got* nothing more particular for you ; and so—adieu.”

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### TO A LADY.

DYING sighs,  
Tearful eyes,  
Souls about to sever—  
Flaming darts,  
Broken hearts—  
These things I leave for ever.

But I send,  
From a friend,  
Wishes pure and glowing ;  
May you find  
Heart and mind  
With peace and joy o'erflowing.

While you live,  
May you give  
All your thoughts to virtue ;  
Then when time  
Steals your prime,  
Nought shall have power to hurt you:

J. B.

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### EPIGRAM.

“Without our sex,” proud Phillis cries,  
“Adam could not taste paradise :”  
Without her sex, then let her know,  
He’d tasted paradise—till now.

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## ASTREA: A POEM;

## ADDRESSED TO MYRA.

## THE SEVENTH CANTO.

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."—GENESIS ix. 6.

"What we sow, we shall reap; and the seeds whereof earth is not worthy

"Strike their roots in a kindlier soil, and ripen to harvest."

SOUTHEY—*Vision of Judgment.*

## I.

SABINA, from her window, looked abroad  
 Upon the distant scene of hill and wood;  
 The sport suspended, she had 'vantage ta'en  
 Of brief retirement from the giddy train:  
 To her the prospect could no cheer impart,  
 A boding heaviness subdued her heart  
 She knew not why—and many a thought distrest  
 Flash'd o'er her brain, and labour'd at her breast.  
 Ye faithful consorts! feel ye not the same  
 Dart in suspense along the trembling frame,  
 While fond affection leagues with fonder fear,  
 And forms strange images of tender care?—  
 But her's was more—'twas preternatural pain;  
 She mused, in doubt to go or to remain—  
 When, lo! a hideous sight to blast her view,  
 And prove her terror's secret warning true,—  
 The murderer past, with wild and phrensi'd stare,  
 And in his grasp the blood-red dagger bare:  
 He roll'd his eyes on her, and gazed with dread—  
 Then turn'd—and, like a sprite of evil, fled.  
 What burning thoughts then crowded fast on thee,  
 Sabina! and o'erwhelm'd thy spirit, like a sea?  
 "His blood-red steel—his mad distempered glare—  
 His bosom stain'd—his dark mysterious air;  
 What means it all?—good heav'ns, uphold me now,  
 Or I shall fall beneath the threatened blow:  
 My husband—oh, my husband!"

—then amain

She flew—she saw his blood—she found him slain!

## II.

Frantic she gaz'd, nor shed her eye a tear,  
 For pangs intense had dried the sources there;—  
 What power upheld her soul, and winged her flight  
 To fetch her son to this delirious sight?  
 Her brain was throbbing—madding—and, all dumb,  
 Awfully calm, she brought him to the room;—  
 The Son beheld his Father in his blood—  
 He clenched his palms, and raised his eyes, and stood  
 Without a word—full of one thought—while she  
 Gazed on the slain and him in agony;  
 And that deep sympathy—that once but blessed—  
 The consciousness of misery increased.

## III.

Wild were the accents of most wild despair  
 From his wrung soul, who stood a statue there :  
 Then spread on the paternal corse,—like rain,  
 Outgushed the bitterness of heart and brain.  
 But other thoughts Sabina's mind upheld,  
 Which rous'd him up, like thunder when reveal'd—  
 "Haste! haste!—arise, my son! nor weep in vain,  
 Nor waste thy breath to mourn a father slain;  
 I saw his murd'rer—haste! to vengeance speed—  
 Arise—pursue—avenge—this cursed deed!  
 Away, my son——"

"O, mother! where?—oh! where?"

The frantic mother pointed—

"There! there! there!  
 Heaven will direct thee! I can say no more—  
 Behold thy father weltering in his gore!——  
 —He's gone—he's gone to lay thy murderer low,  
 And make him such as thou—as thou art now!  
 Why did he not, when thee he rest of life,  
 Bosom the dagger in thy wretched wife?  
 Wife?—no wife now!—thy lonely widow I!  
 Now thou art dead, I will be dead to joy;  
 But not to close thine eyes, catch thy last breath,  
 And smooth the rugged passage down to death—  
 This is a pang! yet I will press a kiss;  
 To have stolen it not unfelt it had been bliss.  
 'Tis well—one solace now why should there be,  
 Now thou art not, to comfort me for thee?"

## IV.

So saying, on her bleeding lord she prest  
Th' unfelt embrace, and strained him to her breast.  
Such thoughts of anguish harrow'd up her soul,  
As quite subdued her to their wild control,  
And left her void of sense—a fearful pause  
In nature, and suspension of her laws.  
Now up she starts, as when a serpent stings,  
The peasant from his dreary slumber springs.

“My son! my son!”—

—and from the scene of death,  
That spectacle of blood, she hasteneth.  
Distracted—furious—in her face was fear,  
Her eye was anguish, and her brow despair.  
Those friends she met, who shared her joy so late,  
Upon each visage blank amazement sate:  
The frantic widow, hapless mother, they  
Prevented in her miserable way;  
Hegesias and Egeria, 'mong the train,  
With interrupted utterance thus began—

“Alas! thy son pass'd by, with all that showed  
The fierce avenger of some deed of blood—  
Poor Iphigen! she stay'd him in his course,  
He seem'd to know her not—and threatened force;  
She pleaded her true love, to learn the cause,  
And clasp'd his knees—‘No time for am'rous pause—  
Behold it there!’—he cries, and bursts away,  
Fierce as a storm, impatient of delay.”

Sabina rav'd—“Behold it there, indeed!  
Do you not know who made my husband bleed?  
’Twas he! ’twas he! who broke upon our cheer  
With the dark matter for Aristes’ ear.  
Come! come! behold the friend you loved so well,  
Behold my husband weltering where he fell!”

## V.

They went—they saw him lying, bathed in blood—  
Nor long that object Iphigen withstood;  
Her weaker frame, o’erpower’d by strong alarms,  
She shrieked, she fainted in her mother’s arms;  
And she had fallen with the lovely maid,  
But for Hegesias present to her aid:  
Supported on her breast, she held her child—  
Sabina view’d them, then with utterance wild:

"Ay! ay! each other ye may thus sustain,  
 But my support is overthrown and slain:  
 Once I could lean on his sustaining breast,  
 As she on yours—in his embraces blest;  
 But see, 'tis o'er!—And hath this scene of dread  
 Rapt thee of sense and motion, gentle maid?  
 Who was to him the dearer—she or I?  
 Her spirits shrink from this, and mine defy.  
 My heart-strings are of steel! else they should break  
 If she be thus—and would for thy dear sake.  
 Where is my vaunted love? 'tis passed away  
 E'en as the breath hath parted from thy clay;  
 Cold as thy clay it is!—I lov'd thee not—  
 I did—I did—be death my instant lot!  
 Break, break my hard heart, and dissolve this life!  
 Conclude this outward and internal strife!  
 No—let me live! to weep his fate for aye,  
 For tears eternal should bedew his clay!"

Phrensied she tore her hair.—Why should I dwell  
 On sorrows that are past the muse to tell?  
 Let fall the Grecian painter's veil—No power  
 Of friendship might console her in that hour.

## VI.

The assassin gain'd—not high in guilty pride—  
 With pangs unfelt before, the lofty Ide;  
 And, as he went, he often look'd behind—  
 He heard th' avenger's voice in every wind;  
 The sun fell cold, as shock'd at his dread crime,  
 And icy, like the wintry moon, on him—  
 The earth with hollow human voices spake,  
 Accusing echoes, for Aristes' sake.

"Why is all this?—my blood chills in each vein,  
 And tumults wild distract my burning brain!  
 His ghost torments me with repeated cries,  
 And claims my blood for his the sacrifice:  
 Heaven thunders in my ears its judgments dread,  
 Because by me the good Aristes bled;  
 His virtues—O! against my soul they plead,  
 Augment my misery—make me damn'd indeed!  
 No! on the tyrant should the thunder fall—  
 Conscience convicts me—I should bear it all.  
 If tyrants had no tools for their commands,  
 Their proper deeds must soil their proper hands.  
 On me! on me!"—

A voice like thunder pealed;  
 It startled him—and Lausus stood revealed:—

"Turn, blood-hound, turn !—tara thee, thou fiend of hell,  
By whose black hand my virtuous father fell !"

"Behold, th' avenger comes !"

—the murd'rer cried,  
Yet rous'd his courage, and his foe defied ;  
But much he shrank in body and in limb,  
For guilt already had nigh conquered him ;  
The thought of vengeance nerv'd his foe amain—  
The thought of vengeance for a father slain.  
Blood would have blood—the shedder bit the dust—  
And murder speeds to Hell, and so shall lust.

## VII.

"Ghost of my father ! now thou art avenged,  
Thy murderer's triumph is to mourning changed ;  
But yet what is his life compared with thine ?  
A caittiff's with a father's all divine  
For virtue and compassion ?—it had been  
A sentence and a punishment more keen,  
He should have wearied out his life, and felt  
The thorns of conscience that must torture guilt.  
Thou, murderer ! I've been merciful, but He  
In Heaven will not forget to punish thee !"

"O, spare thy fearful words !" the assassin said—  
"I look upon eternity with dread ;  
But, by the power whose awful frown I fear,  
To doom me soon to darkness and despair,  
'Twas from no hate, but at a monarch's hest,  
I raised the hand of blood against the Best.  
Fired not thy mother's beauty Candia's king ?  
He was the serpent—I was but the sting !  
He multiplies his venom at his will ;  
Though one is crush'd, yet fear another still."

Thus dying, the assassin *then* revealed  
What with revenge Sabina's bosom steeled,  
And such a doom for Antilistos wrought,  
As equalled the extent of vengeful thought.

Tears, as he heard, gushed forth from Lausus' eyes,  
And diverse passions in his mind arise—  
Then not alone he mourned his father slain ;  
Was not his very vengeance e'en in vain ?  
Then, in his rage, he threw his weapon down,  
And, wild in spirit, turned and hurried on ;  
His mother was among his thoughts—and he  
Did haste to sooth her in her misery.

## VIII.

A pensive dawn of gladness o'er his mind  
 Shed a faint sickly glow and undefined,  
 As he beheld the Garden of that day  
 Of happiness—so sadly past away!  
 That thought o'ercast the struggling glimpse of joy  
 With the black now—the dark futurity.  
 So on he passed; but, lo! he stops again,  
 And weeps beside an Orange-tree amain:  
*That* was his father's favourite, nursed with care,  
 And still he blest it as it grew more fair;  
 He thought upon the innocent delight,  
 That filled his Father's eyes with pleasure bright,  
 As, tending it, he saw its fruit of gold  
 Adorn the branches, and the plenty told.  
 Intensely now he mused in silent grief,  
 Till streamed a shower of tears to his relief;  
 And, in that point of time, along his brain  
 Did roll his youth of bliss, his age of pain.  
 But now he passes—yet again returns—  
 Then filially solicitous he burns;  
 Now passes once for all, while cloudless Eve  
 Presented pleasures he might not receive.

In happier times, he had stayed to view, alone,  
 The broidery o'er Sol's western chamber thrown—  
 No more—'tis past, 'tis past away—oh, shroud  
 Thy parting glory, Phœbus, in thick cloud;  
 Be coloured like his woe!

He stops once more—  
 'Tis at the bower of pleasure, gone and o'er!  
 There had his Parents proved of wedded joy  
 The hours of paradise without alloy;  
 There he to Iphigen trilled many a lay  
 Of guiltless love, and gazed his soul away.  
 Thoughts of past joy but more his woe increase—  
 Sweet mixed with gall turns but to bitterness!  
 So many thoughts of bliss then crost his mind,  
 That he must enter there, belike to find  
 Full satisfaction, in a frenzy quest,  
 Those joys were most assuredly suppress;  
 And then he found whom he had meant to seek—  
 His Mother slumbered—ashy pale her cheek—  
 Nor breath from her wan lips beseeemed to rise,  
 Nor stirred a vein, nor changed her fixed eyes;  
 Of death the very symbol she appeared—  
 As pale stood Lausus, nor a motion dared;  
 But watched her silently with awful dread,  
 Like sculptured mourner o'er the marble dead.

## IX.

Long had Sabina's grief scorned friendship's balm—  
Till, spent, it sunk into a sudden calm  
Of weariness and deep despair, that will  
Shew something of the former tempest still.

"Within that arbour," wildly sad, she cried,  
"His faithful spirit still may love to bide!  
He, while on earth, loved there with me to be,  
And there, perhaps, his spirit waits for me—  
I'll meet him there!"—

Then from the sanguine scene,  
To where her former paradise had been,  
With phrenetic wild tenderness she went,  
Nor would to friendly fellowship consent:  
She kiss'd each flower, bedew'd it with a tear,  
And mourned she found not her Ariates there;  
Till faint and fainter grew the power of grief,  
And pitying heaven in slumber sent relief.

END OF THE SEVENTH CANTO.

## SONG—BACCHANAL.

BEAUTY'S charms may please,  
And so may honour's feather;  
And friendship (by degrees)  
May strengthen in fine weather:  
Wisdom is coy hearted,  
And glory must be won;  
But true pleasure is imparted  
From rosy wine alone.

Then why should men thus sigh  
For beauty, fame, or power,  
Since two with him must die,  
And one may last an hour?  
There's nothing 'neath the sun,  
So binds warm hearts together,  
As the streams from grapes that run;  
And may they run for ever.

J. A. G.



## DISCUSSION :

ARE FAIRS AND SIMILAR AMUSEMENTS INJURIOUS TO  
THE MORALS OF THE LOWER ORDERS?

THE Opener of the present question, and those members who supported him, maintained that fairs and amusements of a similar description are injurious to the morals of the lower classes of society. The following is the substance of the arguments which were advanced in support of that opinion.

It is well known that fairs are places to which few but the lowest and most degraded classes of individuals resort. A great proportion of these consists of thieves and vagabonds, who gain a livelihood by plundering the rest of society; and they can never find better opportunities of carrying on their depredations than at such places as fairs, where the objects of their plunder are overwhelmed with intoxication, and thereby rendered incapable of resistance. We seldom, we may say, never hear of a fair being held without numerous robberies having been committed; and not only are men deprived of their property at these resorts of thieves, but murders also, of the most atrocious kind, are frequently perpetrated. Why should we, therefore, consider it desirable to give these robbers such opportunities for carrying on their depredations on society, as they have at fairs and similar places of amusement, if such they can be called? They should rather be termed places of plunder and crime of every description. They afford, indeed, great amusement to those who reap such plentiful harvests from them; but it is such amusement as leads them ultimately to forfeit their lives to the laws of their country. Would it not be better if those laws were such as to prevent crime from being committed; by withholding the opportunity, than to hold out inducements to robbery and murder, and then to inflict the punishment of death in the way of retaliation? Our opponents cannot deny, that fairs hold out such inducements. Let them show us, if they can, where there are greater inducements, and better opportunities for the commission of crime. Such places are infested, not merely by a few pick-pockets, but by numerous gangs of the most inveterate and determined banditti, who would sacrifice the lives of their victims rather than fail of stripping them of their property. What is there of pleasure in fairs sufficient to counterbalance these monstrous evils, to which those who frequent such places of amusement are momentarily subjected? Nothing, indeed, beyond the satisfaction which some of the lower

orders of society find in revelling in drunkenness, and in indulging their grovelling propensities for every description of vice.

Drunkenness itself, which constitutes one of the chief characteristics of fairs, is a vice sufficiently degrading to stamp such places with ignominy. When they are held in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, it is well known that the streets so swarm with drunken men, prostitutes, and pick-pockets, that it is not only disgusting, but also dangerous, to pass along them; and that, at such times, it is impossible for respectable females to leave their houses. It will, perhaps, be said, that the lower class of people would find plenty of opportunities for drunkenness, if fairs did not exist. But our opponents must admit, that the same evils are not so likely to ensue when intoxication is indulged in at public-houses, scattered in different parts of the town, as when thousands of individuals collect within a very small space, with no other object in view than that of indulging themselves; not only in drunkenness, but also in every other vice to which it leads. Youth of both sexes are led away by such allurements, and can too often date the commencement of a vicious and criminal career from them. They become associated with those who have already been inured to mischief; and are led on, step by step, until they at last end their lives on the gallows. These are not imaginary evils resulting from fairs. They are evils which occur as often as fairs themselves. There is nothing more calculated to deprave the minds of youth, especially of the lower orders of society, whose moral education has been neglected, than the alluring objects presented to their senses at such places, and the example held out to them by those who have adopted vice as their profession. Reason and judgment are here subdued by the force of passion, and passion itself rendered ungovernable by intoxication; so that the subject of it is drawn on imperceptibly, till he finds himself at last too far advanced in the career of crime to recede. The fear of punishment, as well as the dictates of morality and religion, are forgotten; and the love of idleness and pleasure, strengthened by the examples which are before him, induce him to consider plunder as an easier and more eligible method of obtaining a livelihood than honest industry. Fairs, of all amusements, are the most likely to deprave the minds of youth. They have here every opportunity of becoming allied with others that have already commenced the practice of vice. They are frequently unprotected either by relatives or friends, and they become an easy prey to the temptations and allurements placed before them by their new associates.

We have heard of various instances in which females, who before had borne respectable characters for industry and virtue, have had sufficient reason to deplore having ever frequented such amusements as fairs,—who have been drawn from a life of honest industry to one of vice and infamy ; and who have proceeded from vice to crime, till their lives have been sacrificed to the vengeance of the law. It is for our opponents to point out the good, which is connected with fairs, that can preponderate over these evils. We perceive nothing in them but temptations calculated to destroy every principle of virtue, and to lead those who frequent them to habits of idleness and depravity.

The time which is spent at fairs might be employed for purposes far more rational. It would be more beneficial to the poor themselves, as well as to society, if the former chose such amusements as are rational, and calculated to invigorate their health without depraving their morals, in preference to such as are to be found at fairs. What amusements do fairs afford? The chief enjoyments which those who frequent them receive, arise from drunkenness and licentiousness. Another class of amusements consist in picking pockets, in the commission of desperate robberies, and the lowest gambling. These are the amusements which we generally read of in the public prints, after the fairs are over. The results of them are to be found at the different police-offices, in Newgate, and finally on the scaffold.

It will, perhaps, be said, that the music, and the different descriptions of shows, afford amusement. With respect to the former, there is nothing very melodious in the trumpet and large drum used at such places ; and, if those who go there are drawn by the charms of their melody, they may indulge their ears daily in the streets with music equally enchanting. If they go there to see the animal creation, which is the only sight at fairs worthy of the attention of a rational being, they may indulge their curiosity to a much greater extent by going to Exeter Change, where they may venture without any risk of being plundered of their property, or corrupted in their morals. As for the other species of *shows* exhibited at fairs, they consist of nothing but buffoonery of the lowest description, or of *sleight of hand*, which afford excellent instruction to pick-pockets and gamblers. Fairs form the best schools to which this class of the community can go, in order to render themselves perfect in the knowledge of their arts ; and as they, like other classes of society, place their hopes of future eminence in the perfection of their knowledge, they very wisely endeavour to carry away as much of it as they can.

od. The question under discussion does not require of us to maintain that fairs should be put down by magisterial authority. It merely asks whether they are injurious to the morals of those who frequent them; and that they are so, has been already shown; unless our opponents can bring forward some striking proofs of good resulting from such places of amusement, of which we are yet ignorant, so as to counterbalance the numberless evils notoriously connected with them, the society might justly come to the conclusion, not only that they injure morals, and therefore it would be better to avoid frequenting them, but even that they ought to be put down by legislative power. But we will not go so far at present, as it is not required of us, as to suggest the use of legislative authority to do away with these nuisances, especially as other means may answer the purpose of doing so. Our opinion of the lower classes of the people of England is not so bad, as to suppose that they would not be contented with amusements of a more manly and rational nature, than the gratification of their sabbath propensities, if they were pointed out to them. Let their attention be first drawn to intellectual amusements, such as are calculated to improve their morals, and render them worthy of the name of rational beings. Let this be done, and we shall find that fairs, especially as they exist at present, will soon die a natural death. In order to accomplish this end, let mechanics' institutions be formed in different parts of the country, so as to teach the lower orders of society the principles of truth and knowledge. If this were done, we should find that the mechanic would prefer spending his leisure hours at such places of instruction, to revelling in drunkenness, and in other species of depravity, at fairs. Nothing, perhaps, can injure society so much, as to allow the lower orders of people to remain only half civilized. According to the present state of society in this country, the children of the poor are sent to charity-schools, where they learn to read and write. Until very lately, they had but little opportunity to improve their minds by adding to their original stock of knowledge, because they were destitute of any place where they might apply for intellectual instruction. Nothing can prove more satisfactorily the desire of the lower classes of individuals of obtaining a knowledge of the principles of their trades, than the rapidity with which mechanics' institutions increase all over the country. Engagements of this description, if properly encouraged, would render it unnecessary to use any authority for putting down fairs. Those who used to frequent such places as the latter, when once they have tasted intellectual enjoyment, find it their interest to render themselves masters of their arts, and

make their homes comfortable for themselves and their families, rather than subject themselves to be plundered of their property at fairs, or to spend their money in the licentious gratification of their passions.

Although we consider intellectual improvement of the first importance relating to the poor, yet we would by no means deprive them of amusements of any kind, provided they be innocent and rational. Let them be such as would be conducive to their health, and not those found at fairs, whose very tendency is to injure both mind and body. Health is seldom the result of drunkenness, and the pleasure attending it, if there be any, is of short duration; whereas, if the poor were to choose such manly exercises as cricketing, wrestling, rowing, throwing an iron bar, or others of a similar, or a lighter nature, they would conduce to the preservation and improvement of their health; and they would be able to reflect on such amusements, when past, without any upbraiding recollections. But, when they have spent every farthing of their money at fairs; and when, in addition to that, they have debased their minds, and ruined their health, by revelry and debauchery, what must be their reflection when such *amusement* is over?—when hunger begins to invade their families, and they have nothing to satisfy its cravings?—and when illness deprives them of the hope of being able, for some time, to relieve the distresses of those who look up to them for support? Instead of endeavouring to excel one another in debauchery, let the lower orders be taught and encouraged to excel each other in bodily strength, in agility and dexterity of limb, and particularly in intellectual and moral endowments. Mind and body would thus be alike improved, individual happiness would be promoted, and the state, when necessary, would be able to oppose its enemies by “men of iron.”

Upon the whole, looking upon the evil tendency of fairs in general; reflecting upon the numerous vices, robberies, and murders, committed at them; upon the depraving influence which they have upon the minds of youth of both sexes; and not being able to perceive any good which can result from them, while there are several other species of amusements calculated to promote the pleasures of the poor, without depraving their morals; we are necessarily led to the conclusion, that Fairs are injurious to the Morals of the Lower Orders.

THE ADVOCATES OF FAIRS argued to the following effect:—We hold it to be indisputable, that the poor *must* have some amusements; nay, that THEY OUGHT TO HAVE AMUSEMENTS. Fairs seem to be a species of amusement adapted to their

minds and habits: this is the case, or they would not frequent them. Unless, therefore, their evil tendency can be decidedly shewn, all interference for their suppression is uncalled for, improper, and mischievous. *The amusements of the poor have as good a claim to be respected as the amusements of the rich.* Let no one presume to invade them merely because they are peculiar to the poor.

What are the mighty reasons urged against the continuance of fairs? First, those who frequent them sometimes get intoxicated. Really, it might be supposed that intoxication was unknown, except when fairs induced men to depart from sobriety. Is there no intoxication at any other times, or in any other places? Is a drunken man so rare a spectacle, that we must go to a fair to see one? Are the streets of the metropolis quite free from such persons, when there are no fairs; that is, during the greater part of the year? On the contrary, are not instances of the most brutal intoxication frequent *even on the SABBATH-DAY*, when fairs are never held? Men will occasionally degrade themselves by excessive drinking whether fairs exist or not; and, to abolish them on this account,—to forbid to the decent and the orderly the amusement of a fair, because persons of a different character are brutal and disorderly at fairs and *all other places*,—is at once revolting to reason and repugnant to justice.

Females of improper character are to be found also at fairs. Alas! such are to be met with in all places of resort. The theatres abound with them; the churches are not exempt from their presence; the public streets are crowded with them: and are we to be told, that it is an objection to fairs that such characters infest *them*? If fairs are to be suppressed on this account, then, to make the reformation complete, must *all* places of amusement be shut up,—the temples of public worship must be closed, especially of an evening,—even the streets themselves must be vacated by the respectable part of society, and every house declared to be under a strict blockade.

But fairs are attended by pick-pockets.—True! so is a concert—a public lecture—a horse-race—a lord mayor's shew—an execution—a procession of charity-children round the boundaries of a parish—a review—a proclamation of peace—an election—a public funeral—an auction—the ascent of a balloon—a rowing-match—an illumination—a ship-launch; in fact, wherever great numbers of persons are collected, pick-pockets will naturally resort. But what then? Are we to forbid persons assembling for a laudable or innocent object, because thieves may intrude among them? If so, let us at least be consistent. Let it not be permitted to men to assemble for any purpose, social, commercial, political, or

religious. Let the Bank, the Exchange, the courts of law, be closed; for those who live by plunder frequent them all.

But upon what authority did the opponents of fairs represent murder as of frequent occurrence at those places? From the manner in which it was spoken of, one would suppose that it was as common as cakes and ale. If so, we may expect, after next Bartholomew Fair, to see in the London Gazette a regular list of the killed, wounded, and missing. But where are the instances? Strange, if they are so numerous, that we could not be favoured with the mention of *one*! That murder generally, or even frequently, is committed at fairs, we boldly deny; and, although it were presumptuous to affirm that no instance of it is to be found, we yet feel considerable confidence in challenging the recollection of our opponents to produce one. Of the terror that pervades our streets during the continuance of a fair in the vicinity of London, we, though inhabitants of the metropolis, must profess ourselves utterly ignorant. We walk the streets at such times as freely, and with as great a sense of security, as at any other.

Of the shows exhibited at fairs, one has been admitted to be in itself unobjectionable: our opponents have been kind enough to allow us to take a peep at the wild beasts. The tigers, the wolves, and the hyænas, are, it seems, very harmless company; but then we ought not to go to a fair to visit them, because we may see them with much more moral safety at Exeter Change. Now, it is pretty clear that it is only the inhabitant of London, or its neighbourhood, that has this opportunity. Unless the country labourer gratify his curiosity when these animals are brought almost to his door at the village fair, he is not likely to gratify it at all; for it would be scarcely worth while for a labouring man in Cornwall or Northumberland to make a journey to London merely for the purpose of visiting Exeter Change. But there is another reason which may induce a poor Londoner to prefer the fair to the Change. The beasts, when abroad, are less fastidious as to their company than when at home. When they are making their progress through the provinces, he who has much curiosity and little money may enjoy the same pleasure for sixpence, which, when the illustrious animals are settled at their head-quarters in the Strand, would cost about seven times that sum. This is surely a consideration to him who has to support a wife and family upon three shillings and sixpence *per diem*. He is naturally unwilling to pay the total returns of one day's labour, however anxious he may be to "see the lions;" and who shall blame him?

The rest of the amusements of a fair have been condemned *in toto*. They consist principally, it is said, in "buffoonery of the lowest description." We cannot, indeed, say much in

favour of the histrionic powers of the itinerant Thespians, who exhibit at these places. But is low buffoonery peculiarly the delight of the lower orders? Do their betters exhibit a more correct taste in their amusements? Have not the audiences of our metropolitan theatres long been content to be pleased with precisely the same kind of low buffoonery a month or six weeks after Christmas in every year? Are there any symptoms of the taste of these persons improving? Is it, or is it not true, that in an establishment that has been pompously denominated "the national theatre," a French buffoon has been retained to delight those (certainly not of the lowest class,) who pay seven shillings each for admission into the boxes,—first, by performing with astonishing accuracy all the evolutions of that wooden hero Mr. Punch, and subsequently by shewing how nearly a rational creature (*if such*) can imitate that respectable animal an ape; and all this for the *very moderate* remuneration of *a hundred and fifty pounds per week*? If this be true, let the middle and the higher classes look at home, instead of reprobating the low buffoonery which pleases their inferiors at a country fair.

The tricks of the juggler have been supposed by our opponents to afford excellent instruction for pick-pockets, and fairs have in consequence been deemed the best schools to which students in that art can resort. It is worth observing, that this is the only objection which has been taken to any of the exhibitions of a fair *on moral grounds*; and it is quite impossible to suppose that this was seriously intended. No, no!—thieves do not resort for instruction to Mr. Gygell or Mr. Ingleby. The juggler's spectators are very different persons. They are, for the most part, not very wise, but very honest people, who seek only to gratify that love of the wonderful, which seems inherent in human nature.

Some of the opponents of fairs have conceded (not very consistently with their other opinions on the subject,) that it is unnecessary to have recourse to legislative or magisterial interference for their suppression. They would teach the people better; and, in the *first place*, they would make them *intellectual*. It is taken for granted, that if intellectual and sensual amusement were both presented to them, that they would prefer the intellectual. Let us see how the fact stands with regard to those who have the option. Let us look at the middle classes, who have usually a tolerable education; and at the higher orders, who have generally a good one. Now, do the great majority of those classes exhibit much of intellectual taste? Do the middle classes devote their leisure to the cultivation of their minds?—No! their recreations are eating, drinking, and card-playing. Do the



higher classes, after they quit the school or the college, spend any large portion of their time in the studies of their youth? Do they not more frequently devote the whole of it to pursuits the most sordid and illiberal? And, with these things before us, can we entertain any very sanguine hopes of making the lower classes of society prefer the intellectual to the sensual? Man has too much of the animal in his composition for such a result to be general.—Those who would abolish fairs, would give us mechanics' institutions. This, like any other substitute, will do extremely well for those who like it; but what is to become of those who do not? No one can choose an amusement for another; for the same thing which affords great delight to A, is a great burden to B.—A part of the labouring population will find amusement in mechanics' institutions; but another part (and the larger part, for the number of the intellectual in any class of society is small,) will receive no pleasure from listening to lectures on the gases, or expositions of the law of gravitation. The refined taste and philosophic organization of those who oppose fairs prevents them from being pleased with the amusements which are to be found at such places; but those who frequent them *are* pleased, and they will not be pleased with any thing better. The project of making all mankind intellectual, is perhaps the most hopeless that was ever formed by man.

*Mechanics'* institutions? And why not *ploughmen's* institutions? Is that harmless and meritorious class of men engaged in agriculture—a class as numerous as it is respectable—to have no amusements? And, if they are to have any, what are they to be? We hear nothing of any institutions for them.

But the opponents of fairs will not confine the poor entirely to the “feast of reason.” They will allow them certain bodily exercises. They have no great objection to a game at cricket, a match of wrestling or rowing, pitching the bar, and so forth.

It is impossible here not to advert to one advantage of fairs and similar amusements; an advantage which they alone possess. They are amusements not only for men, but for women and children; and the poor man may enjoy them in the company of his wife and family. Now, the athletic sports which have been mentioned may not be amiss for the male sex; but wherein do they furnish any amusement for the other? Are females to become cricketers and fives-players? Are females to contend in throwing the iron bar, to wrestle for a new hat, to row for a coat and badge, or to enter the lists at single-stick, the first broken head to decide the bout? But, after all, where is the superior morality of

such amusement? Was drunkenness never heard of at a match of cricket, or wrestling, or rowing?

It is not here quite irrelevant to ask, why all this care for the morals of the poor? Would it not be well to devote some small portion of it to the regulation of the amusements of the rich? Do *they* want no reformation? What do our opponents think of the magnificent gaming-houses which adorn and disgrace the metropolis? What of that marvellously moral amusement the Italian Opera? Do no tainted characters gain admission within its immaculate walls? Or, passing from the audience to the stage, is every thing there perfectly unobjectionable? The style of dancing, for instance. What have they to say to the morality of a masquerade? What, to Sunday concerts, and Sunday at homes? Why will they confine their meritorious exertions to the poor? As far as morality is concerned, the rich have at least as much occasion for charity.

There are, indeed, persons who would afford to the poor no amusements at all; and the time seems fast approaching when their opinions will be pretty generally received. Labour is to be the unmitigated portion of the poor man,—nothing but labour. Industry he is to exhibit, but it is *not* to be *cheerful* industry. His station in life, which condemns him to subsist by the labour of his hands, is also to doom him to dwell in the cave of Trophonius. He must divest himself of feeling of every kind. Whatever his privations, he is not to complain,—whatever his exertions, he is not to enjoy. If he is hungry, he is to be whipt. If he is merry, he is to be sent to amuse himself at the tread-mill, that notable engine devised by the *humanity* of prison reformers for his recreation. Whether he stay at home or go abroad, it is difficult for him to keep clear of the Vagrant Act:\* and, as to amusement, that is a thing which he is not even to think of.

\* "Vagrancy appears from the returns to admit," as Sir Thomas Brown says, "of a very wide solution." By them we perceive that a magistrate may, if he pleases, commit to the House of Correction under the act, for the following, among other offences:—For begging alms, or begging *ad libitum*; for lodging in the open air; for sleeping in out-houses; for sleeping in ale-houses; for sleeping any where; for not having money to pay your reckoning; for *threatening* to leave your family; for playing at unlawful games; for wandering about as minstrels; for being sprightly in a workhouse; for not giving a good account of yourself when drunk; for being mad; for being idle; for doing nothing when you have nothing to do; for speaking improperly to the master of a workhouse; for being a street-walker; for speaking your mind to a landlady; for breaking out of a cage; for *returning to a parish*, after being sent to jail as a vagrant; for being found in a ditch without any visible means of subsistence; for *pretending* to be a gypsy; for being pennyless; for wandering abroad; for selling parish breeches; for taking steps to procure a new pair of leather breeches; for being in a state of pregnancy, and unable to proceed; for

It is not quite clear, indeed, that he has a right to take a walk without asking leave.\*

On the Continent, the poor have their seasons of enjoyment; and the village green is frequently the scene of festivity and mirth: but, in this country, it seems that no such thing is to be permitted;—a smile is to be petty larceny, and a horse-laugh, felony without benefit of clergy. It was not so of old in “merry England.” The Christmas merry-makings, the Maysports, the sheep-shearings, the Harvest homes, and all the other periodical returns of festivity, spread contentment and joy over the face of the country. These seasons were red-letter days in the poor man’s calendar, and inspired him with a feeling that those above him cared for his happiness. He respected himself the more because he was cared for by his superiors; and was not only more happy, but more honest. What have we gained by consigning the poor to perpetual sadness?—a discontented and repining population, instead of a cheerful and happy one. Is the change worth the trouble which it has cost to make it?

But by what title is it, that one class of society presume to forbid all amusement to another? Have not the poor an equal right with the rich to be as happy as they can? Is he who has little, to be restrained, by those who abound, from enjoying, in his own way, the small portion which he possesses of the good things of this life? Is enjoyment to be forbidden to laborious industry, and allowed only to opulent idleness? But you will give the labourer other amusements. It is not in your power! You may *command* him to be amused, but you cannot be obeyed. Why interfere at all? Will you admit *his* interference with *your* amusements? Will you give up Catalani and Pasta, because he admires them not? No! surely. Let *him*, then, continue to follow his own amusements, and do *you* adhere to yours; but do not exercise an impertinent

being *deaf and dumb* and hungry, and not giving a good account of yourself; for imitating of fits, &c.

“The above are vagrant crimes, or rather crimes which make a poor man a vagrant.”

Addenda:

“Having no means of gaining a livelihood at *Chelmsford*.”

“Lodging under *hedges*, not having a legal settlement *there*.”—

“In the following commitment, we are not informed whether Mr. Cole was overseer or churchwarden.

“WILLIAM COLE, having neglected to provide for and maintain himself, and has expended the *parish money* in drinking and other unlawful purposes.”—*London Magazine*, January 1825.

\* It is not many years since a man named GEORGE WILSON was apprehended for the crime of—*walking on Blackheath*.

“I’ll walk to Blackheath, but I mustn’t walk on it.” LISTON, *loc.*

and vexatious interference, which you would refuse to submit to. To suppress the public amusements of all classes, might be unwise, but would not be unfair. To prohibit those of one class only is monstrous. Shall the rich man lounge at an opera, and the poor man be denied permission to laugh at a fair? Where is the fairness, where the justice, where the charity, where the common sense, where the common decency of this?

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L I N E S

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

DR. ABRAHAM REES.\*

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SHALL titled folly claim the tribute lay—  
Shall ruthless conquerors rest beneath the tomb,  
That rears its trophies to the eye of day;  
And not one sacred leaf of laurel bloom  
Over the relics of the wise and good?  
What is the boast of birth—the pomp of power—  
The wreath of victory, dearly bought by blood?  
The curse of earth—the phantom of an hour!

\* The Philomathic Institution has recently had occasion again to lament the loss of a distinguished friend, Dr. Abraham Rees, many years a member of the society, who departed this life on 9th June last, in the eighty-second year of his age. He was an honorary member of this Institution for upwards of twelve years.

This learned gentleman was a native of North Wales, and the son of a respectable dissenting minister. After having successfully laid the foundation of his excellent education, he was removed to the vicinity of the metropolis, and pursued his studies for five years at the dissenting college at Hoxton, under the superintendence of those distinguished divines, Dr. Jennings, author of a valuable work on Jewish antiquities, and Dr. Savage. The success with which he availed himself of the advantages to which he was thus introduced, was best displayed by his appointment to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the former: and perhaps it is scarcely possible to imagine a more flattering mark of approbation, or to contrive a more appropriate reward, with which to honour a laborious and exemplary pupil. The duties of this office he discharged for twenty years,—indeed, until the dissolution of the establishment; and, on the formation of the dissenting college at Hackney, he was appointed to fill the divinity chair. Very important must be the services such an individual, in such influential stations, had it in his power to render to the cause of literature, by exciting in the minds of those committed to his care an increasing desire for knowledge; and, by the judicious and ample gratification of that desire, preparing them to become the enlightened teachers of the several societies and congregations over which they were destined

While thousands sleep unregistr'd, unknown,  
 Whose spirits past a blessing o'er the earth ;  
 Whose lives were spent for others' weal alone,  
 And pour'd around the light that mark'd their birth.  
 If man may claim remembrance in the grave,  
 Be it the sage who shed his mental light,  
 And lent the beam that heaven had given, to save  
 His wandering race from ignorance and night.  
 If partial hand may mould the featur'd bust,  
 Or private friendship raise the marble urn,  
 To show the form, or consecrate the dust  
 Of some lov'd being, who can ne'er return ?  
 Shall not the grateful voice of public fame  
 Call from the mouldering records of the dead,  
 And speak with trumpet tongue, a REES's name,  
 And claim a wreath to twine his honour'd head ?

to preside: accordingly, we find that many were the eminent characters he had the honour and happiness to prepare for useful life.

With his theological opinions and ministerial labours, an Institution, which requires no other qualification in its members than moral excellence, combined with literary talent, can have nothing to do. Suffice it to say, that after the termination of his collegiate appointments, he became the minister of a congregation meeting in Southwark, and subsequently of that assembling in the Old Jewry, more recently removed to Jewin-street, which station he held for more than forty years. His influence in the denomination of Protestant dissenters, to which he was attached, was such as might have been expected from his character and ability.

As a literary man, he is rather known as an editor and compiler than as an author,—a remark which will not operate to his disparagement, when the qualifications necessary for able analysis and abridgment are considered; and, especially, when the degree of perfection to which he carried those powers in his extensive compilations are witnessed. He was, however, the author of four volumes of Sermons, and had been a frequent contributor to the Monthly Review. His enlarged edition of Chambers's Cyclopædia, in 4 vols. folio, was executed with the greatest judgment and ability, and procured him deserved celebrity. But the herculean task by which his name is destined to be perpetuated, is his New Cyclopædia, in 45 vols. quarto. For this elaborate undertaking his previous editorial labours had doubtless prepared him, and in its completion he necessarily received important assistance from contemporary scholars,—still, it was a stupendous undertaking; and to have lived ably to complete it, would have been sufficient alone to have conferred and secured literary distinction.

During the progress of these various labours, he was rewarded by numerous literary honours. Through the recommendation of the celebrated Dr. Robertson, principal of the University of Edinburgh, he was presented with the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity; and, after the publication of his edition of Chambers's Dictionary, he was unanimously elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. On the establishment of the Linnæan Society, he was admitted a fellow, and also of the New Royal Society of Literature; while numerous were the literary and scientific bodies, both at home and abroad, that enrolled his name in the list of their members: indeed, it may be truly said, that such an individual rather conferred distinction on the societies with which he was connected than received it from them.

Yes! long as worth or wisdom shall be dear!  
 Long as below the beams of science last—  
 His name—his virtues shall be cherish'd here,  
 While fond remembrance can recall the past.  
 One feeble lay at least shall speak his praise,  
 Whose mind capacious soar'd the fields of light;  
 And pour'd on man his intellectual rays,  
 And plumed his wings for loftier—prouder flight,

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ON THE

PRINCIPAL CAUSES OF THE DARKNESS OF THE  
 MIDDLE AGES.

THERE are many who, when they hear of the darkness of the Middle Ages, imagine that, during that eventful period, all was ignorance and superstition; that men thought of nothing but overrunning each other's countries, or cutting each other's throats; that all trades and manufactures, all arts and sciences, had fled from the face of the once-civilized world; that every comfort, and every pleasure, were banished from society; that every feeling of humanity was extinct; that every mental faculty was asleep; and that all men, then living, were brutes. Against such exaggerated notions of the middle ages, I enter my feeble protest. It is true that, if we compare these ages with those of Greece, from the time of Solon to that of Alexander and the Ptolomies, or with those of Rome, from Cæsar to Trajan and the Antonines; or with the condition of some of the more enlightened nations of present Europe, they *were* dark: yet it is equally true, that, although the plastic arts were then neglected, most of those which are indispensable for the wellbeing of a civilized state were preserved and even perfected; and that, if a few were lost, many were invented which proved of more benefit to society; that, if some branches of literature remained uncultivated, such as natural philosophy, oratory, &c., others were never entirely thrown aside. Speculative philosophy and history, for example, almost always found their votaries, although the style in which they conveyed their ideas was not the most elegant; and the ideas they recorded were rarely original. The middle ages were the ages of poetry and romance, particularly among the infant nations of the north, who, in the vigour of their youth and freedom, represented

the mythology of their ancestors, their own conquests, and the feats of their individual heroes, with an energy of feeling, and a chasteness of expression, in which they often approached the natural poesy of early Greece more closely than has been done by the best of modern imitators. At a later period, the Troubadours and Minstrels sang of lady love, and of the perfections of Chivalry,—of Arthur and Charlemagne, and their heroes,—with a sweetness and grace for which our modern poets may envy them.

Those were ages of general fermentation ; when barbarous nations left their ancient woods to conquer a tottering empire, and found new kingdoms in its place ; when a new religion, coming from the East, combatted and overthrew the ancient pantheon of Greece and Rome ; and then, becoming itself enfeebled and darkened by the effeminacy of the Italians, and the polemic garrulity of the Greeks, was re-invigorated by the accession of the free and unsophisticated minds of the north. They were not the ages of idle speculation and endless writing, but those of vigorous action and intense feeling, more peculiarly among the nations of Teutonic race ; they sang to excite each other to deeds of heroism, and their warlike exploits gave new occasion for their bards to sing.

The misfortune was, that learning was confined in all countries to a few ; and those, for the most part, secluded in convents. The great were engaged either in conquest or self-defence ; or, weighed down by despotism, they tried to forget the degradation of the empire in the pursuit of effeminate pleasures ; and the mass of the people, following the fortunes of their leaders, were either oppressors or oppressed, plundering or being plundered, and content if they were able to say their prayers and sing the national songs, in which they found both their solace and their glory. Learning and the fine arts are tender plants ; ages are required to nurture them to maturity, whilst a few years may destroy them ; but, above all, they require, as the *sine qua non* of their existence, the repose, security, and abundance of peace, and the spirit-stirring influence of liberty ! They sank in Greece during the troubles of the civil wars ; they decayed in Rome under the oppressions of the emperors ; and, long before the barbarians of the north and east invaded the empire, and devastated the provinces, the number of authors had diminished, the spirit of originality and invention was lost, and almost all literary productions were tame and servile imitations. The appearance of Christianity, the combat of the new religion against the old, roused the dying spirit for a time, and prevented the literature of the empire from expiring by inanition. But the combat was not absolutely of a literary turn ; both

Christian and Pagan writers seemed to care far less for the manner than for the matter which they conveyed; and their disputes turning upon a few particular points, it was the more natural that in the great and prolonged struggle, all those branches of literature, which did not bear immediately on the subject, should be neglected. When the Christian religion became at last triumphant, and was raised on the throne of the Cæsars, we cannot wonder that its followers should look, for a while, with a kind of disdain upon the literature of their still resisting antagonists, especially as every branch of it was interwoven with that mythology, which it was their aim to destroy; and St. Jerome, therefore, expressly interdicts the study of profane writers, unless it were for religious purposes.

It was also during that great struggle that the empire was sinking deeper and deeper. The more distant provinces had long since fallen into the hands of the barbarians, who, in their first fury, destroyed many monuments of art and literature, of which they understood neither the meaning nor the value. At last, Italy itself, and Rome with it, fell into their hands. But the Goths, who invaded, and took possession of, that country, had been christianized before. It is therefore probable, that their ravages upon literary treasures were not more cruel than those that have often been committed in modern times, and by some of the most civilized nations. But such ravages were generally more extensively injurious before the invention of printing, when the existing copies of literary works were few; and sometimes, in one conflagration, all that remained of the mind of a great philosopher, historian, or poet, was consumed, and lost for ever to posterity! Indeed, Theodoric, the Gothic king of Italy, was a patron of learning, and encouraged it, at least among the *natives* of his own empire; and he is particularly praised for having removed an onerous duty from the Egyptian papyrus, which had been imposed on it by preceding emperors to the detriment of learning. The period which really barbarized Italy began with the expulsion of the Goths, and the sway of its fairest portion by Byzantine eunuchs; and it was consummated there, as well as in Spain and Gaul, by the subsequent ravages of the Lombards, Vandals, Franks, and Huns. Learning, which still went on vegetating in the eastern empire, then fled from those countries to the convents. In Britain, it was found by the Saxons, and received by them, two centuries after, with love and veneration. Thence it also went back to the Continent, where it met with encouragement from Charlemagne, as it had in England from the immortal Alfred. It was fostered in



Germany by the Saxon and Suabian emperors, several of whom spoke not only Latin, but Greek; and, from the commencement of the tenth to the beginning of the twelfth century, Germany was the most powerful and most civilized state in Europe. But still learning was but a hot-house plant, preserved in a language which even at Rome was no longer used or understood by the people, and which, amongst the nations of Teutonic race, was always a foreign one.

The Bible had been first translated, and was known in the western world, only in Latin; the fathers of the western church had left their works in Latin; the liturgy was in Latin. Need we therefore wonder if the clergy continued to consider it as almost a sacred language; and treated the languages spoken by the nobles and princes of their respective countries, with that scorn which a scholar of the present age might show towards the slang of hackney-coach men and prize-fighters? They thought them barbarous, incapable of cultivation, and unworthy of being used as a vehicle of information, religious or literary. Thus the laity were deterred from acquiring any kind of knowledge, as it was all locked up in a language, the acquirement of which, even with our improved systems, is the work of years of intense application. The study of it was therefore left almost exclusively to the clergy, to whose province it seemed naturally to belong, and who, when they had once discovered the advantages they derived from the superiority of their knowledge, were unwilling to relinquish it.

It is therefore no wonder that in the western empire and states, emperors, kings, nobles, and even bishops, were long content, *pro ignorantia literarum*, as the phrase generally runs in the documents of that period, to sign with a cross instead of writing their names. Of this we find a memorable example in the minutes of the council of 821, which conclude with this famous passage: "the emperor, and almost all the princes of France and Germany, signed the resolutions of this council, each by affixing his cross."

This may appear startling to us at a time when kitchen-maids discuss politics, and "operatives," (for there are now no journeymen,) are taught astronomy; but it is nevertheless a fact, and one which may be fully explained by the causes to which we have just alluded. But of these causes, the latter can only be applied to the circumstances of the western world, where new languages were forming or being introduced. In the East, the Greek language still prevailed, at least at Constantinople and in the other great cities of the empire. Yet, even there, that ignorance of letters prevailed also in such a literal sense, and to such a degree, that many of the acts of

councils and other documents, are signed by emperors with a cross; and Justin I. as Procopius, a cotemporary of this emperor, assures us, was unable, during ten years that he reigned, to learn to sign the four letters, J. u. s. t., of his name, and at last had recourse to a piece of tin, in which the letters were cut out, and which served as a guide for his unsteady pen. Nay, even Constantine Palæologus, the last, and one of the greatest, of the eastern emperors, could not write his name.

What then could be the cause which produced even there such a degree of ignorance? They had the lessons and example of antiquity before them, almost undiminished and unimpaired; the language of literature was the language of the country; there was wealth, there was commerce, there was an abundance of population. The introduction of Christianity may, as we said before, in the first instance, have been a check to the belles lettres and scientific literature, but it could not be permanent, as we know from experience. Indeed, learning was never despised, although it was not generally cultivated. There are numerous instances of such large prices having been paid for one MS. as would now purchase a library of several thousand volumes. Thus we find, for instance, that a countess of Anjou gave for a copy of the sermons of a bishop of Halberstadt, which, if they were in existence now, would probably finish their career in the shop of a cheesemonger or a trunk-maker, 200 sheep and 50 quarters of corn; and when Louis XI. borrowed the works of an Arab physician from the medical faculty in Paris, he was obliged to pledge with that learned body the greater part of his plate, besides giving the security of a very rich individual, that he would return them. Covetous as the monks generally were, and desirous of worldly possessions, nothing could purchase the benediction of the church for the living, and her prayers for the dead, more readily, than the donation of a MS., whether religious or profane. These monks too, at least many of them, and especially the Benedictines, made it a point of honour to preserve those codices of antiquity that chanced to fall into their hands, and frequently to multiply them, by making copies of their contents; although on the other hand it must be confessed, that in many instances the contents of such codices were erased, and legends of saints and similar trash inscribed on the parchment on which they had been written.

Now, if we are asked, what can have been the principal cause of the far-spreading ignorance of those ages, under all these circumstances, we answer with Muriatori—the *want of paper*, and the expensiveness of parchment. The ancients used both these materials, the former being the well-known papyrus of Egypt. This was then, at least, during the most flourishing periods of their literature, abundant; and being

used for every common purpose, parchment, which was the material mostly employed for library books, was less expensive, although costly enough to place books, generally speaking, only within the reach of the rich. But during the 4th century, the manufacture of papyrus seems to have declined, perhaps, among other causes, on account of the heavy duty which the emperors had imposed on it; and from which, as was stated before, it was relieved by Theodoric the Goth.

Whether this liberal step on the part of that great monarch, had any immediately salutary effects on literature, we are left to conjecture. But it is certain that, from the 7th century, the time when the Saracens had conquered Egypt, papyrus ceased to be in general use in Europe, and from that time that comparative darkness of intellect, and absence of literary pursuits with which the middle ages are reproached, became complete and universal; and continued so, with few intermissions, till about the beginning of the 9th century. Till then the absence of papyrus naturally enhanced the price of parchment, the manufactory of which was, no doubt, also stopped in many places by the calamitous irruptions and wars which desolated Europe at that period. Many literary works which had been preserved during former invasions, perished then; and of the few that remained, it was difficult to procure copies, for want of materials to write on; and books, being thus rendered exorbitantly expensive, the means of study were taken from the clergy, as the absence of literature in the vulgar tongues formed a bar against the studies of the laity. Men like to be rewarded for their labours; and we may instance as a case in point, that people are generally disinclined to study Hebrew, because that language has no literary productions besides the Bible,—and to learning Arabic, on account of the scarcity and dearth of Arabic books in Europe. Is it indeed probable that, during the times when such immense prices were paid for books of every kind as we find on record, the monks would have erased the classic writings of Greece and Rome for the sake of the parchment, if writing material had not been exceedingly scarce? Is it possible, otherwise, to think, that such a sacrilege should have been committed within the very walls of Constantinople, as we know was done at the beginning of the 12th century, with copies of Polybius and Diodorus Siculus? Cotton-paper, or *charta bombacina*, was invented somewhere in the lower empire, or at least introduced there, about the year 1100; but it does not seem to have come into universal use, (owing, perhaps, to a primary want of perfection in its manufacture,) till nearly a century after. In the mean time, however, the different languages of Europe, which had hitherto been considered as vulgar, had gained such ascendancy, that even the

clergy had been compelled to make use of them in some of their instructions to the people. Alfred began the great work in England; and Charlemagne led the way after him on the continent, by ordering the collection of all the songs then extant in the Frank dialect, the compiling of a grammar, and the promulgating of laws in it. Thus, another dialect or branch of the German language was reduced to writing, and employed in public documents. The example was followed about a century after in the Romanic, or Provençal, and somewhat later in Italian and Spanish; the Gothic, which had been previously written in Dacia, Italy, and Spain, having in the mean time perished with that nation. It may be supposed that these changes in the different countries were attended with a corresponding revolution in the minds of the people, even before the general introduction of paper. This, as already stated, took place about the latter part of the 12th century. From that period we may trace a rapid improvement in the European mind, more or less accelerated and developed by accessory and local circumstances; which, however, to trace, would rather belong to a general history of literature, than to a limited essay. From that time, authors of more or less repute, rose almost in every country; the poets mostly writing in their native tongues, but the great majority of those treating on arts, sciences, and literature, still employing Latin. We see the public and legal documents gradually improving in grammatical correctness, and, what is of more importance in our view, as it indicates the general advance of the people in knowledge, the signatures of names are increasing, and the ominous crosses are disappearing, more and more. During these centuries of gradual improvement and of numerous inventions, the linen-rag paper was invented or introduced, which being made of a very cheap material, and the invention being taken up with that zeal which novelty necessarily produces in times of a general mental fermentation, was manufactured at a much cheaper rate than it is now. Books were thereby multiplied, and learning still more propagated; when the great foundation on which the stupendous edifice of European civilization was to be raised, was completed by the invention of printing; and, at the same time, Constantinople being taken by the Turks, the remaining treasures of ancient literature were added to those already possessed in the west, and by that sudden accession a new stimulus was given to learning, which has ever since been on the increase, and is becoming more and more adapted to that purpose to which all human efforts should tend—the universal happiness of our race.

## THE VOICE OF DEATH.

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"WHOSE is the voice that bursts by day—  
 Whose is the voice that rings at night—  
 That slave and king alike obey;  
 That wakes distress—despair—affright—  
 That calls the great—the proud away;  
 And summons hearts and souls of might?—  
 Death answers—"It is mine!"

My call resounds o'er sea and air;  
 And shakes the very ends of earth;  
 Awakes life's last and worst despair,  
 And sheds a cold and midnight dearth,  
 Where all was joyous, bright, and fair—  
 All who e'er had, or shall have birth,  
 I summon to my shrine.

I speak! the monarch quits his crown,  
 Amidst plebeian dust to lie;  
 The giant ones of earth are thrown  
 From their exalted place on high;  
 The conqueror my command must own,  
 And drop his sword, and close his eye—  
 My fiat is divine!

Insatiate over earth I rove;  
 I call—the mother yields her child;  
 Resigns it from her breast of love,  
 By anguish wrung, with terrors wild;  
 Me prayers ne'er moved, nor tears beguiled;  
 And thus my despot power I prove—  
 All of this world are mine!

My sentence speeds—the lover sees  
 The darling of his soul expire;  
 Friend drops from friend, as autumn's breeze  
 Bereaves the woods of their attire:  
 Where'er I shed my breath, I freeze  
 The bounding heart—the eye of fire,  
 That never more shall shine!

My voice is fate! If I but speak—  
 Earth parts and tombs a thousand souls!  
 Over the seaman's blanching cheek  
 The ocean at my bidding rolls;  
 Volcanoes burst my wrath to wreak—  
 One voice alone my will controls;  
 But his command is mine.

My voice is in the thunder's roar !  
The lightning executes my will ;  
And stretches on the smitten shore,  
The blacken'd body, cold and still ;  
And war, that stains the earth with gore,  
Obeys but my command to kill ;  
Fearful and brave are mine.

The gay—the beautiful—the young—  
If I but whisper, meet their doom :  
All whom the bard hath vainly sung—  
All who have name on marble tomb—  
All on whom other's hopes were hung ;  
'Tho' rich in worth, and bright in bloom,  
I scorn to draw a line.

Amidst the banquet rich and rife ;  
Where bowls are full, and features glow ;  
I speak ! I claim the forfeit life !  
The scene is changed to fright and woe !  
I bid the desperate lift his knife ;  
And dare uncall'd, unshrived to go,  
To brave the wrath divine.

From east to west—from pole to pole,  
I call my victims and they come ;  
Although, to show I spurn control,  
I oft' refuse the call of some,  
There does not live on earth the soul  
That may refuse my summons home :  
The choice of time is mine.

I call the guilty ones away,  
Nor yield one hour to calm their fears ;  
In vain they tremble, turn and pray,  
To me—to me, whom groans and tears  
Ne'er won to grant another day  
To wash away the crimes of years ;  
The shrieking soul is mine !

I call'd the heirs from Egypt's land ;  
And all the babes that Herod slew :  
I bade the surges whelm the band  
That Pharoah down to ocean drew ;  
Mine was the sudden—dread command,  
That o'er Assyria's legions flew—  
I spake—and they were mine !

Whose sentence makes that wailing cry—  
That heart sent sob—that lengthen'd groan—  
That shriek of fear that rends the sky ?  
Who bids the widow weep alone—  
The orphan heave the hopeless sigh—  
Who wakes the universal moan ?  
That ruthless voice is mine !

Despair is in my lightest word;  
 Palace and cot I fill with woe;  
 Where but my whisper hath been heard,  
 It rings the knell of all below:  
 My summons man hath ne'er deferr'd—  
 I speak not twice to bid him go,  
 He knows that he is mine!

J. B. 9

## DISCUSSION:

**IS IT TRUE THAT, AS THE BOUNDARIES OF SCIENCE ARE  
 EXTENDED, THE EMPIRE OF IMAGINATION IS  
 DIMINISHED?**

It is difficult (said those who maintained the affirmative,) to prove that which is almost self-evident. Knowledge and Imagination are incompatible with each other. In certain degrees, indeed, they may exist together; but in their fullest extent their co-existence is impossible. We cannot fancy except concerning things of which we are ignorant. If we were ignorant of every thing, we might imagine any thing. On the contrary, if we were acquainted with all the powers and properties of nature, we could not fancy that things were otherwise than we knew them to be, and the province of imagination would be at an end: conjecture would be lost in certainty—the possible in the true—the indistinct, the visionary, the unknown—in the palpable, the tangible, the demonstrable. Knowing all things, we could have nothing to imagine. This perfection of knowledge, indeed, is not attained, nor is ever likely to be attained; but every degree of approximation to it diminishes the empire of the imagination,—the gain of one is the loss of the other.

In whom is the power of imagination the strongest? Is it in the sage who has carefully disciplined his reasoning powers to discriminate truth from error,—who has pursued nature into her inmost recesses,—who has submitted her to the severest interrogation of experiment, and wrung from her a reluctant confession of her most secret operations? No; to such a one imagination would be useless,—would be mischievous. It would seduce him from the stern pursuit of truth; and in proportion as his speculations became more

amusing, would they be less valuable. The philosopher has rarely any taste for the charms of poesy: The mightiest efforts of the sons of song usually appear to him but laborious idleness,—their sweetest strains but a babble of idle sounds. A learned mathematician, after reading Milton's sublime epic, coolly observed, that he did not find that the author had proved any thing.

In youth the imagination is most active. Fancy spreads its brightest and warmest tints over the untrodden path of life. The experience of manhood sobers the mind. Knowledge puts imagination to flight; we know, therefore, we no longer fancy. *The individual is a type of the species.* Before science has revealed to man the world as it exists, he forms a world for himself, brighter and fairer, and more magnificent. But here, as with the individual, the dreams of youth vanish before the realities of experience. They depart, occasionally indeed to be recalled, like the fond recollections of early life, which sometimes refresh the spirit and swell the heart of the individual; but never again, as once, to occupy the mind, to lead captive the senses, to satisfy the soul; never to be unaccompanied by the reflection that, all is empty, and vain, and false.

The multiplicity of knowledge distracts and divides the attention. Men have no time to be imaginative, when they are required to be conversant with every description of facts. When the facts relating immediately to man himself,—those of history,—facts which the imagination can ennoble into the loftiest poetry; when the knowledge of these is not enough, but we are required to be conversant with chemistry, and galvanism, and mineralogy, and geology, and zoology, and meteorology, and a thousand other studies which relate entirely to things without, we have no leisure to look within; and the imaginative faculty decays and perishes for want of exercise. These great collections of facts, also, render ineffective the imaginative powers where they are possest. The hapless owner of them finds that they give him little influence over his fellow-men. He may people the earth with fantastic creations,—may give to every tree a spirit, and to every spring a tutelary deity. He will gratify no one but himself. The world will listen to him with coldness, and marvel at the perversion of his powers. He arouses no sympathy. The fashionable fact-mongers will tell him that these things are impossible; that they have traversed the woods, and fathomed the waters, and penetrated into the bowels of the earth, and that they have never met with either sylphs, or gnomes, or dæmons; and that, after a careful enquiry into what nature



has done, they see reason to conclude, that such intelligences are not among her productions.

It is an axiom in criticism, that a certain portion of obscurity is essential to sublimity. The extension of knowledge is gradually removing from us this source of mental gratification. We are admitted behind the scenes, and we no longer wonder at any thing. There is a well known adage, that "*familiarity breeds contempt*;" it is universally true. The hero with whom we are constantly associating, is to us no hero. When the mysteries of nature are revealed, they are sublime no longer. When we perfectly understand, we cease to admire. "Philosophy, which has led to the exact investigation of causes, has robbed the world of much of its sublimity; and by preventing us from believing much, and from wondering at any thing, has taken away half our enthusiasm, and more than half our admiration." Whatever may be gained to the other parts of our nature by the progress of science, the imagination is decidedly a loser.

BUT WHILE SOME WERE FOUND to argue that matter of fact was rapidly invading the territories of imagination, and threatening the destruction of her dominion; THERE WERE OTHERS who not only hoped, but believed, that she would fill her throne with as much glory as ever, in despite even of the progress of science and knowledge. Nay, that these would only remove some of the dim stones that of old were found in her coronet, and supply their places by diamonds of the purest water.

To a certain extent it was admitted, and we could well afford the admission, that where we knew, we could not fancy; but in most cases we should find that even truth would afford a wider scope for the imagination, than the errors which it exploded could do. It would turn fancy from the dark and narrow path in which she had been bewildered, into a boundless field of light. It would dry up the rivulet, but unfold a river leading to an ocean without shore, and without limit.

The discoveries of astronomy were of this description. What could the imagination do with the stars, seen only as so many spangles of gold, placed to adorn the arch of night? Prove them to be worlds, and a field is opened to the speculations of fancy, which she herself would hardly have ventured upon, without the testimony of science. The advance of

Edinburgh Review, vol. 24, p. 25.

knowledge would not destroy the operation of the imagination; it would only direct it into new channels. Where it was before circumscribed, the mounds of ignorance would be now broken down: where it once trod with hesitation and difficulty, it would now walk abroad with free and unfettered limbs. The clouds that once presented a barrier imagination feared to pass, were now dissolved, and the realms of space opened to her flight.

The imagination is perhaps the strongest faculty of the human mind. It is the one which is least dependent on education, and less controlled by circumstances than any other with which we are endowed. Cultivation may guide, and direct, and improve its powers, but cannot impart them. It is a gift, and is not to be acquired by labour: the perseverance of a whole life will not bestow it on him to whom nature has denied it. Inculcated taste may prune its exuberances, and judgment, matured by time, may direct its flight; but in its nature it is self-existent, and where largely bestowed, generally reigns paramount. It indulges its revels in despite of the mathematics and the sciences, and even in defiance of the sober rules of reason.

Is fancy to direct her flight only by the rules of geometry? What has she to do with demonstration? It is enough that she says, let it be, and it is. She is herself a creative faculty, and she reigns despotic over her own universe. She pours her light upon the canvass of the painter, and the colours stream from his pencil in forms of ideal life and beauty: the scenes which she pictures in his mind, are transformed in all the seeming realities of existence to his picture. From the shapeless mass of stone she brings to view the images of life, and action, and passion; by her magic touch, the cold marble seems to live, her own creation. Under the dominion of her potent rule, the poet brings before our mental vision the inventions of his mind: his ideal beings come before us as so many wild and fantastic realities; we follow his characters through every possible variety of action, and we gaze upon his scenes as if they really existed before our eyes; he unfolds to our view prospects and descriptions, that never had any existence but in his own imagination. And is it likely, then, that a power so potent, with resources so exhaustless, should find her stores diminished by those very means that enlarge all the other faculties of the mind,—that those very causes that add to the general store of intellect, should diminish the empire of imagination, and lessen her means of display,—that the mind by attaining a greater stock of ideas should become more fettered, more narrowed, and be less disposed to take those daring flights, because her wings have been strengthened,

and the scene of her operations enlarged; that she will be likely to display less, because more has been given to her? Surely this will be very difficult of proof.

The imagination is a faculty that is scarcely bound by any rules: her dominions extend almost to the boundaries of frenzy, and if not carried into that region, she is still within the pale of her own legitimate authority: hence it appears, to be, an idle fear that any thing in itself rational, can narrow her empire. The fact more likely is, that science will tend to establish and consolidate her power: it will put more effective forces at her disposal, and at worst, can only deprive her of a few inefficient allies; while new resources will be opened to her command, upon which she will be enabled to draw largely for every noble and ambitious purpose, and her throne, instead of being established in error and delusion, will be more and more consolidated in truth and reason.

It may appear that, by the progress of truth and science, imagination will be deprived of the aid she has been accustomed to receive from the superstitious fears and feelings of mankind. Happily, these are among the worst of her means; and can be spared with the least injury to her fame and power. It has been by means of these, that crafty men have been enabled, in all ages of the world, to tyrannize over the uninformed mass of their fellow-creatures; by conjuring up ideal terrors, and by threatening them with unearthly visitations, they have embittered their days, and filled their nights with dreams of horror; and, acting upon their wild and uncultivated imaginations, they have subdued the whole mind to the thralldom of superstition. The progress of science, it is true, may have diminished the operations of the fancy in this particular, but, for all proper and legitimate ends, they are still as available as before; and, though they are now received only as fictions, and creations of the brain, imagination may still impress them into her service, and use them at will,—she may still launch out into the ocean of romance, and give to those “airy nothings, a local habitation, and a name.” At her bidding, they may act their wild and terrific parts, without calling down the thunders of criticism, or threatening the reason of those who gaze or read. We are not, indeed, at this era, to be scared with the superstitious horrors of former times; nor are we, because imagination chuses to make use of beings that have no existence, called upon to believe in their reality; nor, because we cannot believe them, must we deny the fancy to wield them to her purpose, in the productions of poetry, fiction, and romance. The witches of Shakespeare may pronounce their wild incantations on the stage, without being hissed off,

because the belief in witchcraft is exploded by the light of superior information; and the ghost in Hamlet may still stalk the tragic boards, and produce all the effect intended, and all that ought to be produced, though it may not appal the mind so much as in those good old times, when the belief in spectres formed a part of the received creed of man; when the apparition of Mrs. Veal might come for no other purpose than to recommend Drelincourt on Death, without being suspected of any sinister design, though we fear it will never more promote the sale of a single copy of that spiritually recommended book. We know that the tragic scene is altogether the creation of the poet's brain, and that the supernatural machinery which he finds it convenient to make use of, is as fictitious as those other means which he thinks proper to employ. It is true that, the taste of the times has in part prohibited the introduction of supernatural personages in the regular drama, but this arises simply from an alteration in the public taste, and is not because the boundaries of science are enlarged. In works of fiction of all kinds, the mind is as free to indulge the full scope of imagination as ever; it may avail itself of every thing which it is in the power of the wildest fancy to invent, and some of our modern romances are not the worse received, nor the less read, because they depict scenes which we know to be impossible. The recent production of Frankenstein is an instance in point: what can be further from truth than to suppose a man creating a living being by his own single power! And yet this piece was not condemned on account of its gross violation of probability; those who read it, and see it, do not stop to enquire what relation it bears to the demonstrations of modern science; nor how far it accords with the increased light of knowledge: they take it as it was intended, and it is a proof of the toleration that is allowed, and the latitude that is bestowed on the imagination, by the general consent of mankind.

It may be said that science and knowledge, by introducing more correct modes of thinking, will have a tendency to banish these vagaries of fancy,—that they will less and less accord with the sobriety of truth, which is lessening the dominion of extravagance, by making its absurdity the more unbearable. If it does accomplish this (which is even doubtful,) it will rather be a benefit than an injury: if truth should be found to prune these wild exuberances of fancy, it will render her a service,—it may direct her flight, and restrain her within bounds, but it will not pluck one feather from her wing; and will leave her strong enough to soar as far as it is desirable she should soar; but it never will, and never can, prevent her flight. An enlarging region is open to her

attempts, and always will be; and though it may throw over her the reins of judgment, that very circumstance will be an advantage rather than a detriment; and will but make her efforts more pleasing to correct taste. But is even this the fact? Does our daily experience prove it? Is the painter, the poet, the dramatist, or the romance writer, found to be more scrupulous now, of availing himself of the powers of his imagination, than he was in olden times? Do not the traditions, even of those very days of superstition, find their way as readily into the pages of the poet, as ever they did? Are not local superstitions as much made use of as ever they were?—do we reject them as poetry, because we do not believe them as our ancestors did? Look at the most popular of all modern works of fiction, the Scotch novels, and say whether it is so or not! There is scarcely one of these works which has not a character displaying some sort of supernatural knowledge,—the intuitive prognostication,—the visions, of the second sight,—the spell of the magician,—all are brought into action; and, though science may pour its light upon the page, it will not divest these beings of their dark grandeur, nor dispel the awful clouds that envelope them; nor is there found a reader the less, because of the marvellous scenes they display. They still triumph over truth and science, and work their magic spells in their despite.

The same remarks apply to the introduction of the fabulous deities into works of imagination. Without believing in the mythological personages of the Greeks and Romans, the Egyptians, or the Hindoos, they are all available for the purposes of fancy, and may all pass like magic figures over the poet's page. Though we have divested them of real existence, they are yet allowed "to come like shadows and so depart." The pages of Homer and Virgil are not the less pleasing because their deities have gone to that bourne, from whence not even such gods as they ever return. Minerva still holds her shield before the man she designs to protect; Juno flashes her jealous ire; and Jove with his frown, appals the assembly of Olympus. The whole train of fairies and gnomes may yet dance in revelry on the moonlight green, without being put to flight by the beams of science, or the torch of truth. All these are now, what they ever were in the minds of the wise, the creations of imagination; it is by her will alone they are called from the vasty deep; and they never were properly intended to address themselves to the judgment, but to the fancy. They are the holiday sports of the mind, when, escaping from reason's school, she roams in wild disorder; indulging all her playful faculties, surrounded by the beings of her own creation, personifying even her own

faculties, investing the very elements with forms of life, and allegorizing the virtues, the vices, and the passions of the soul of man: When she penetrates into the depths of the earth, or soars to the region of the clouds, when, with "her eye in a fine frenzy rolling, she glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;" she finds wisdom in forms of nature—

"Books in the running brook,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Nothing escapes her power! She seizes every thing, and moulds and uses all to her will.

How little, then, is it that science will deprive the imagination of the power of employing!—and what little she does rob her of is perchance better lost than found: but, if it has taken a little from her, how much has it given to her!—How has it enlarged the field of her operations!—what new subjects has it opened to her grasp!—what hitherto undiscovered regions has it presented to her view! For her service, science has explored the heavens, and spread out the skies as a mantle in which she may enrobe herself. To add to her stores, it has penetrated into the dark and unknown regions of the earth,—has past the burning line, and braved the fies of the North Pole.—Science for years has been collecting riches for the imagination to work upon; it has heaped up treasures for her use, and has been collecting materials of which fancy may build a temple to her own glory. The more the scenes of nature are disclosed, the more available are they for the purposes of imagination; the more hidden and undiscovered they are, the less are they at her command. But science has been the pioneer to go before and clear her road; and now earth and heaven and ocean are submitted to her examination, and subjected to her power. There she may revel more freely, and more largely, than when opposed by the clouds of ignorance, and shut out by the barriers of prejudice. For the purposes of description, and similes, and allusions, all the discoveries of science are ready at her call; it has arrayed all things in light, that she may turn the eyes of men upon them, as to the sun, when in his golden car he drives over the eastern hills; or the moon, when she shakes from her silver mantle a shower of light on vale and hill.

The sciences, instead of diminishing the sphere of her operations, become even themselves the finest subjects for the display of her power; instead of narrowing her sphere, they have enlarged it beyond all former bounds. The sciences are full of poetry: if the sublime and beautiful be the proper field for the imagination to indulge in, what is more sublime, what so beautiful as science? Reflect for a moment on the discoveries

of astronomy, and deny, if you can, that it has given more grand ideas to the mind than any other subject of human thought. What scope has fancy, now that she sees so many worlds shining above!—now that we know their distances and their magnitudes, the duration of their years; and the length of their days; now that we see the planets circled by moons; and the fixed stars probably circled by planets; now that myriads upon myriads are discovered, that never revealed themselves to the unassisted eye, and of whose existence, but for science, we should know nothing! What new and mighty subjects are presented to the imagination!—subjects of the most sublime, and striking, and awful kind: from what source will you draw such fine, such grand ideas, as from the science of astronomy? We might instance numerous others,—we might expatiate upon electricity, upon geology, upon geography, and optics—upon botany and aerology—upon the powers of the steam-engine; all affording matter for poetry of the most legitimate description, and offering to the imagination subjects for the finest thoughts that the mind of man is capable of conceiving; and the more they are understood, the more their mysteries are unfolded, the better will the fancy be enabled to describe them in new and glowing colours, and find in them the highest scope for the display of her powers.

We may be sure that youth will still indulge its airy pictures; still imagine a world of bliss and beauty, and love, and friendship, lies before him. The experience of others will not convince him of the fallacy of his dreams,—his own must do that; and he will still give the reins to his imagination, though the world were ten times wiser than it is. Poets will still picture their airy creations, till age hath dulled their powers,—not science invited them to demonstration. If learned sages, indeed, were to be the only dispensers of imagination, the supposition of its decay might be well founded: in him, the eternal solution of problems might strip the wings of fancy bare; but we look to others for the emanations of fancy. He has chosen his path—others will choose theirs; and, so long as the faculty of imagination exists, votaries and admirers will never be wanting: a shrine so bewitching will never be without priest or worshippers. That the imagination would be at an end, if all the powers and properties of nature were fully understood, is what we cannot conceive. The speculations of pseudo-philosophers, and the dreams of the orists, might indeed find an end; and the extinction of their fancies would be no great loss to the world. But the imagination has other resources than natural philosophy, and over which even the laws of nature have little or no control. Should she still persist in making the stars the arbiters of

fact, good taste itself would hardly deem such poetic licence a high crime and misdemeanour. If there were nothing more left for science to discover, imagination would prove her supremacy, by showing that the bounds of her empire have not been, nor can be, reached: the exercise of her powers is too bewitching to admit the assertion that they will ever decay from non-employment.

(1) That obscurity is essential to the sublime, may be admitted to a certain extent; but, suppose the phenomena of storms, earthquakes, and volcanoes, to be perfectly discovered, is the imagination ever after denied to describe them, with all the dark and awful sublimity in which they appear? May the giants never more heave Etna from its fiery bed? Is the genius of the tempest never again to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm." Oh, certainly not; the giants are out of date; truth has demonstrated that there never were any; and it is now proved that no genius whatever rides on the clouds at all. In fine, will this potent faculty, that has hitherto spurned all restraint, now begin to obey the rule thus laid down? Will she smother her fire with the demonstration that two and two make four? Is the sublime description in the Book of Job, in which obscurity is the grand feature, less enjoyed on account of the advances of science since that was penned? Will not other bursts of inspiration be as independent of truth?

It will not be denied, that the more the human mind is enlarged, the more every one of her faculties will be individually improved; the more the general stock of our ideas is increased, the more scope will be given to the imagination; and that science does enlarge the collective intellect, it is hardly necessary to affirm, and surely not necessary to waste time in attempting to prove. The improvement and consolidation of the judgment, the understanding, and the memory, will not lessen the fancy; though they may correct it—they will not annihilate it; they may make it burn with a more pure and steady flame, but will not extinguish its light; but will rather afford it fuel to "brighten onward to the perfect day."

IN REPLY, the following observations were made:—It has been conceded, that imagination "is a gift;" that "it is not to be acquired by labour;" and that the perseverance of a whole life will not bestow it on him to whom nature has denied it. It can gain nothing, then, from science? But is it able to retain its ancient domains, in spite of the advance of the latter? No; for it is admitted again, that the progress of science may deprive the imagination of part of the



aid, at least, which she has been accustomed to derive from superstitious fear and feeling. But this is said to be an advantage. "Her throne, instead of being established in error and delusion, will be consolidated in truth and reason." Be it so. Grant that imagination gains in stability of empire, in proportion as she loses in extent; still our question must be answered in the affirmative. The empire of imagination is diminished. Whether it be beneficial or injurious, is of no importance. Diminished it is. The evil effects of superstition have been urged. No one defends superstition. Science may have done well in putting it to flight; but the imaginative faculty has been abridged in its exercise, and this is all that we contend for.

The witches in *Macbeth* may still perhaps "perform their wild incantations on the stage, without being hissed off;" but they are indebted for this toleration to the name of Shakespeare. Even as it is, though they do not call down disapprobation, they rarely fail to excite levity. The feeling which predominates in the audience is the very opposite of that which the author intended to excite. The ghost of Hamlet's sire still stalks abroad, but he meets with little more respect than the witches. What would be the fate of any of these supernaturals, if introduced in a modern tragedy? They would speedily be sent to the world of spirits, from whence they came. They would "strut and fret their hour upon the stage" during the first night, "and then be heard no more."

It is indeed allowed, that the introduction of the supernatural into the regular drama is now prohibited; but this, it is said, is owing to an alteration in the public taste. Truly, it is; but what has caused this alteration in the public taste? What, but the progress of science? The wild and the wonderful are no longer credited; therefore, the exhibition of them no longer excites our feelings. Knowledge has clipped the wings of imagination. We are not affected by that which we believe to be impossible. The exhibition of *Aladdin* excites wonder, but not sympathy. Observe an audience when *Macbeth* returns from the murder of *Duncan*, and compare their visible excitement with the want of sympathy so manifest during the incantations of the witches. In the former instance, they credit the probability of a murder being committed under such circumstances, and their hearts tell them that the poet's delineation of the feelings of the murderer is true. The workings of pity, and the agitations of terror, are evident. In the latter instance, the unmoved countenance, or the half-suppressed titter, sufficiently indicates the state of their minds. Yet these scenes were once

awful and appalling. What has caused the change? It is this. Our forefathers believed in supernatural agency. We have rejected the belief. What, therefore, was to them solemn, and even terrific, has become to their descendants wearisome, if not ridiculous. These observations of course apply to the instructed classes of society. The lower orders, who are unenlightened by modern science, still delight in "gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire."

Frankenstein and the Scotch novels have been adduced to show, that the taste for the marvellous is not extinct. Frankenstein will not, for a moment, answer the purpose for which he has been called. There is nothing supernatural in his whole history; there is no intercourse with the spiritual world. His "delicate monster" is the most material of all materialities,—neither angel, nor demon, nor man; but the product of mere organization,—a vile lump of earth, with nothing spiritual about him. Frankenstein succeeds, not by any superhuman assistance, but from his proficiency in anatomy and physiology. He is the pupil of modern science, with as little of the imaginative as may be; and he does no more than some modern philosophers have supposed possible to be done. Dr. Darwin and others, who enquired how men were made, until they almost persuaded themselves that they had been in the manufactory, have conjectured that the feat of Frankenstein might be achieved. It is obvious that these men, with Frankenstein their pupil, dwell at the very antipodes of the imaginative. Prometheus stole fire from heaven to animate the man which he had formed; but these persons propose to bestow the living spark upon a filthy mass of clay, without either "airs from heaven, or blasts from hell."

With regard to the Scotch novels, we readily admit that what is now deemed superstition is frequently conspicuous in their pages; but they are popular not in consequence of this, but in spite of it. Their numerous and transcendent merits are allowed to atone for this defect. The author has been publicly reprov'd in reviews for this defiance of the spirit of the age; and no one praises Guy Mannering or the Bride of Lammermoor, without informing you that he does not believe in astrology, or intimating that the old prophecy and its fulfilment, in the death of the master of Ravenswood, is but a silly business.

To the assertion, so often repeated, that science, by repressing the extravagance of the imagination, renders her service, we again answer, it may be so; but still the latter loses ground. A nation may be benefited by being deprived of a

useless or expensive colony, but unquestionably the extent of its dominion is diminished.

But it should be recollected, that the imagination is not confined in its operations to the gloomy and alarming. Spiritual agency may be either for good or for evil, and science has banished both. We lose at once the "spirits of health" and the "goblin damned." The playful, the joyous, the benevolent, depart with the dark, the gloomy, and the malignant. We can never have another "Midsummer-Night's Dream," even if we possessed an author with the genius to write one. We can never have another gentle Ariel. Science has taken possession of the human mind, and will admit of no divided empire. Fact has overcome fantasy. The spell is dissolved; the magician's wand is broken; and all the lovely visions of fancy have melted into "thin air." If Ariosto and Spenser were now living, they would find their "occupation gone." Tales of love and enchantment, they would learn, were out of date. Would they be listened to, they must discourse of the wonders of the Steam-engine, or proclaim the glories of the spinning Jenny.

It is pretty clear, then, that from the progress of science, imagination has lost much. Has she gained any thing to compensate this? It is said that she has; that the sciences have opened an extensive field for her excursions. It might be sufficient again to state, that the exercise of imagination is properly confined to that which we do not know. Where we are ignorant, fancy has uncontrolled indulgence, and we may elevate our fancy into faith upon very slight grounds. But when we *know*, we *can* fancy no longer. We may indeed *pretend* to fancy: like children, we may *make believe*. But the mind rejects such cold and lifeless creations, and men turn with disgust from that which they regard almost as an insult upon their understanding. Thus it has fared with the machinery of poetry and romance. Men have got too knowing to be deceived by it. Those fictitious works, which delineate only human beings and human passions, have still some effect. They are untrue, but they are not incredible. The circumstances *have not* happened, but they *might* have happened. The mind, therefore, credits them, "with all the credit due to" that which professes to be fictitious. Even these works have much less effect than formerly. The multiplicity of knowledge which may now be attained diverts man from that which is unquestionably the most important—the knowledge of his own nature. He has too many other things to attend to. But the airy beings to which poetry gave birth have not even this claim to his attention: they are

nothing to him, nor he, to them. Philosophy has now taught him that they never existed, and never could exist; they are, consequently, no longer delightful, but wearisome. The well-trained puppet of science receives with lowly reverence and dutiful thankfulness, the instructions of his tutors, without enquiring whether he gains or loses in point of pleasure; congratulates himself and his acquaintance, with astonishing complacency, upon "the wonderful age we live in;" and despises with contempt the fanciful and the supernatural, as only fit to amuse such barbarians as were the cotemporaries of Shakspeare, and Bacon, and Raleigh, and Cudworth, and Milton.

We have gone too far to be pleased with any thing but dry fact, or that which presents the appearance of it. The perfection of knowledge is the destruction of imagination, and every approach to it steals something from the bright world of fancy.

But, to return to the assertion, that science, by extending our knowledge of the natural and material world, has increased the resources of imagination. Some of our modern hobby-horses were named as furnishing abundant materials for the fancy to work upon. The steam-engine, that handy servant of all work, that spins thread without lumps, and carries us to Margate in six hours, was thought to have great power in this way; a seventy-horse power at the least. It seems, indeed, to be not altogether without its capabilities. We might have a melo-drame, in which a steam-engine should act a principal part. The "Cotton Spinner and his Men" would sound as well as the "Miller and his Men;" and, in the last act, the bursting of the boiler might be as good a joke as the blowing-up of the mill. But, after all, there is not much poetry in smoke and smother.—*Geography*. How so? We may imagine what we will in *terra incognita*; but we derive this privilege from the deficiency of geographical knowledge, and not from its perfection. If we are taken into a dark room, we may form any idea we please of the furniture; but, when a light is brought in, we can only believe it to be such as we see it.—*Optics*. There is no poetry in a forty-foot telescope.—*Botany*. Oh! yes—we have the loves of the plants.—And why not *Geometry*? for, have we not, also, the loves of the triangles?—Why not *Chemistry*? Might we not have the loves of the acids and alkalies?—*Geology*. This, perhaps, is the least unpoetical of all, for this reason—that we know nothing about it. We may talk of this theory, or of that; we may class ourselves into *Wernerians*, and five hundred other sects, (high and low-heeled shoes, bigendians and smallendians, black mutton and white;)

but, in truth, the only thing we know is, that we know nothing. If we could get into the secret of making worlds, we need not be at the trouble of fancying how they might be made; but present appearances are not very promising. — *Electricity.* Here we must pause a moment; for we recollect, in a very interesting volume,\* a short poem on this subject. We do not consider the subject a poetical one; but we do consider it as affording a striking instance of the triumph of genius over a decidedly unpoetical one. How has this been achieved? By introducing man as the victim of the destructive agent, which gives name to the poem. This is done in more than one place, but we will only quote the following:—

“When like a small dark cloud that sails on high,  
The only object in th’ expanse of sky;  
Some solitary vessel breasts the main,  
Where desolation seems to hold her reign—  
Where cries for help, whatever woes assail,  
Must die unanswered on the passing gale—  
Far from all land where human hand might aid;  
By hope forsaken, and by fate betray’d—  
Who can depict the mariner’s despair,  
Who sees his bark, his sole reliance there;  
Smitten by lightning in its fiercest ire,  
And bursting out in flames of quenchless fire;  
And shedding o’er its waves the awful ray,  
Himself of either element the prey!  
His only refuge the unfathom’d deep—  
Death in the burning bark—or desperate leap!  
Can language paint his anguish, as he sees  
The flames swift spreading in the fanning breeze;  
While driven from spot to spot they close him round,  
Till not a plank to bear his foot is found:  
He strains his eye across the dark blue wave,  
In hope some vessel may approach to save—  
But finds an utter blank on every side!  
He sees the arch’d horizon meet the tide;  
But nothing—nothing that to him can give  
The faintest hope an hour shall see him live.  
In desperation wild, he thinks of those  
Far absent friends, in safety and repose;  
And deems perchance, ev’n then they pour the prayer  
For his return—whose doom is sealing there!  
The flames approach—they reach—they scorch his brow!  
His mind resolves—no choice is left him now—  
But in the deep to seek a milder death,  
And in the world of waters yield his breath!

\* The Deserted City, Eva, and other Poems; by Joseph Bounden.—  
Printed for Longman and Co.

Perchance, more kind, the spark at once may fly,  
 To where the stores of warlike powder lie—  
 Then one dread flash illumines the startled tide—  
 The vessel, rent like fax on every side,  
 In thousand fragments floats upon the waves,  
 As if to mark her recent inmates' graves.  
 Death comes—but does not stay to shake his dart—  
 Before 'tis seen, the life has left the heart!  
 'Tis not a doom of lingering, harrowing woo:  
 When fear shrinks back—but cannot shun the blow:  
 It does not wake one passion from its rest;  
 But, like a light extinguish'd, leaves the breast.  
 The spirit is not slowly wrench'd away,  
 Loth to forsake its tenement of clay;  
 Trembling to launch upon the dread unknown—  
 'Tis one half-instant shock—and all is done!  
 A moment past—a vessel bounded there,  
 With sails and colours glitt'ring in the air;  
 In giant bulk, with more than living pride,  
 She dash'd the surge aside, and spurn'd the tide!  
 And there were living men, who saw with glee  
 How safe she bore them o'er th' unfathom'd sea:  
 And from her decks laughter and shouts arose  
 From hundreds, who defied all mortal foes;  
 And in her bosom, there were living things,  
 Horses and kine, and fowls with untried wings;  
 And stores the hand of toil had wrought for gain—  
 She seem'd a town transported o'er the main!  
 A moment past—she thus was proudly seen—  
 A mighty object sea and sky between—  
 The lightning flash'd—the thunder o'er her past;  
 There was a sudden crash—a fiery blast—  
 A smoke envelop'd her—it roll'd away—  
 Some scatter'd fragments on the billows lay—  
 And, save those fragments, there was nothing more  
 Left of the ship, nor of the freight she bore!"

The beauty and power of this will be readily admitted:  
 but it will be observed, that the poet is indebted entirely to  
 nature, and not at all to her expositors. If electricity had  
 never been known but by its dire effects; if science had never  
 investigated its nature; if Priestley and Franklin had never  
 been born; the terrific sublimity of the storm would have been  
 the same; and the fine description just quoted might not only  
 have been written, but have been read with as much pleasure  
 as now.

But *Astronomy* was dwelt upon as particularly friendly to  
 imagination. Surely, true astronomy could not be meant!

The Copernican system has destroyed the poetry of the heavens. Look at the nineteenth Psalm,—“The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work. IN THEM HATH HE SET A TABERNACLE FOR THE SUN, WHICH IS AS A BRIDEGROOM COMING OUT OF HIS CHAMBER, AND REJOICETH AS A STRONG MAN TO RUN A RACE. HIS GOING FORTH IS FROM THE END OF THE HEAVEN, AND HIS CIRCUIT UNTO THE ENDS OF IT.” How beautiful, how magnificent is this! The sun quitting his resting-place, and rushing with the alacrity of a bridegroom, and the vigour of a giant, to execute the counsel of the Holy One; travelling (with reverence be it spoken,) like HIM, of whom he is the type and emblem, “in the greatness of his strength;” rejoicing to perform the “work which has been given” him “to do;” and diffusing light and life over universal nature. But what is the sun in the scheme of modern astronomy? A mere speck in the universe,—surrounded by distant systems, with which it is totally unconnected, and which derive from it neither light, nor heat, nor happiness; and even occupying a very subordinate station in the system with which it is connected,—that of a mere centre, round which other bodies are to revolve. Who does not see how much poetry has lost by the discoveries of science? Never again can such poetry as is to be found in the commencement of the nineteenth Psalm be written. Never—never again can such poetry be enjoyed as it was ere the beautiful had given way to the true.

The general cultivation of the mind affords no pledge for the culture of the imagination, but the contrary: the memory may be exercised, while the imagination decays. The direct tendency, indeed, of the cultivation of the first is to repress the latter. Amidst the general advancement of knowledge, imagination has kept retiring, and will continue to do so. Science and imagination have nothing in common with each other. Science has to do with fact; imagination with invention. Science is conversant with matter; it is “of the earth, earthy.” Imagination is spiritual, and communes not with the gross and the material. Science may continue to expound the laws of the material world, until we have nothing left to learn; but that which refined, and elevated, and spiritualized man, will, in the meantime, decrease in power and in amount, until the hour, when science being perfected, the imagination shall be silently extinguished. Whether, on the whole, we shall gain or lose by this, is not the question. Such is the tendency of the advancement of knowledge! “It is knowledge that destroys enthusiasm, and dispels all those prejudices of admiration which people simpler minds

with so many idols of enchantment. It is knowledge that distracts by its variety, and satiates by its abundance, and generates by its communication that dark and cold spirit of fastidiousness and derision, which revenges on those whom it possesses the pangs which it inflicts on those on whom it is exerted.\*

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SONNET

ON A PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

FAIR forms! by fancy's magic pencil traced;  
Oh, that ye were as lasting in your bloom  
As ye are lovely now,—but there's a tomb  
Digg'd by the hand of time in earth's drear waste,  
To whose oblivion all your beauties haste:  
The sparkling rays that now those eyes illumine,  
The lapse of years shall silently consume;  
The vivid landscape, sunny, clear, and chaste,  
Shall fade into a desolated realm:  
Years with their wintry hand shall strip these trees  
Of all their foliage, and these fair flowers whelm  
In desolation. Pictures bright as these,  
In olden time have charmed—but now are not;  
All—all of earthly touch must sink forgot.

J. B.

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SONNET—DEATH.

WE know that thou art potent, and canst make  
The mighty deeds of conquerors thine own;  
If thou but touch them, how the gods do quake,—  
Their sanguine triumphs for their victor sown!  
Titles and honours in thy grasp decay;  
Beauty thou giv'st to worms obscure a prey:  
One ruthless, wide destroyer, art thou!  
And thou the rash in purpose canst dismay.  
E'en he that from the rock's precipitous brow,  
Poor wretch! darts wildly to the gulf below,  
Would (desperate) shun thy sudden, cold embrace.  
Yet what are all thy conquests!—all thy power?  
Thou *settest free* the captive in thine hour;  
The lifeless form is all that's left thy car to grace!

J. A. G.

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\* Edinburgh Review, vol. xxi. p. 17.



## THE INFLUENCE OF MARRIAGE ON LITERARY PURSUITS.

LET not the profound metaphysician, the soaring poet, or the investigator of science, deem this subject unworthy of attention. To a society composed of persons who are, or ought to be, fond of literary pursuits, it is a theme deserving of at least some regard. Can it be uninteresting to a young man, who feels that writing and reading are to him as necessary as the air he breathes, to learn whether or not he can indulge these his darling passions, if he enter into the holy estate of matrimony. He only, who is tempted to this idle trade, either by real or fancied genius, knows how irresistible the passion becomes, and how painful its repression in an ambitious mind: and, if such a person, upon mature deliberation, should decide upon the impossibility of surrendering this his darling recreation, or we should rather say, this prime object of his life, under whatever circumstances he may be placed; he would, at any rate, do well to consider, before he entered into engagements which possibly might war against his literary hopes. By being deprived of opportunities of engaging in that which was ever his felicity, his own peace may be wrecked; or, by obstinately indulging in it, he may greatly lessen the happiness of another, which ought to be as dear to him as his own. If marriage and literature be incompatible, (and in many circumstances they are so,) let him who wishes to unite them, chuse which he will consent to sacrifice, and resign himself to his fate: he should not attempt to mingle fire and water, lest haply the explosion should drive the house out at the window; but of two evils chuse the least. If they cannot dwell together in unity, let those, whose souls are devoted to literature, rout out the soft affection from their hearts, and rest content in single blessedness. Or, if the letters of beauty should be too powerful, they had better resign the charms of authorship, and discard the sacred Nine, as fomentors of jealousy, and disturbers of domestic peace. In respect to those by whom the deed is done, since that cannot be recalled, they must resign their hopes of literary fame, and burn their papers, an offering to the household goddess, upon the domestic hearth. On the other hand, if, upon mature deliberation, and when each has weighed and decided for himself, it should be found that the twain may be one, let those who are already married congratulate themselves on the possession of two blessings at once,—literature and a wife; and those who are not, hasten to become possessed of the double felicity. Let it not be imagined that any thing which may be said should be intended to cast discredit on the conjugal

state—be the design far from us! Rather let literature perish!

The enquiry concerns but a few, comparatively; but those few are of some importance to the nation, and their happiness is of great consequence to themselves. The many will still go on, marrying and giving in marriage, and becoming the tenth transmitters of foolish faces, to the end of the chapter: and it is needful they should. All writers and no readers, would make an author's occupation worse than it is even now: happily, this consummation is not likely. So far from wishing to disparage matrimony, we have even, at times, almost envied the prisoner his chains, and wished those we loved best were in the rosy fragrant fetters bound; though at other times we have been obliged to come to a very different conclusion, and to congratulate ourselves on the preservation of our rights and liberties. Still we view the subject with unfeigned respect, not unmixed with some portion of awe. Even were that state, what some malicious wags have despitefully represented it to be, we should be afraid of saying too much about it; since it has been said, that they who ridicule the misfortunes of others, are often justly visited by fortune with a like calamity: and as none of us know what we are born to, it is at least best to be cautious in what we say, lest some fair should hereafter loudly revenge the supposed insults of her sex.

To use the words of Sir Roger de Coverley, much may be said on both sides of the question. But truth compels us to say, that, in respect to literary pursuits, we fear marriage cannot, at best, offer advantages equal to the obstacles that it throws in its way. We premise that we now consider the subject equally as it concerns those whose time is principally occupied in business or profession, and those who wholly devote themselves to literature in the pursuit of fame or profit. The former have, consequently, but a small portion of leisure to devote to it; and, whether that small portion is not likely to be still further abridged by the cares and duties attendant on this state, we leave for the candid to determine. If it be not so, we invite those who can speak from experience to tell us so; but we beg to say, that we shall require proofs as well as assertions. If they point us to what they *have* done, as testimonies of the fact, we shall admit that they have done much and well; but we must still be allowed to suppose what they *might* have done, had the case been otherwise. Let it not be said that some cannot be qualified to discuss this subject, because they have not experienced the state themselves. They have eyes and ears; they have seen and been told; they witness what takes place in other houses besides their own. From this they can draw a comparison between the bachelor

and the husband: they observe (and more narrowly than is sometimes supposed,) which has the greater opportunities for literature; which has the greater command of his time; which is the more able to do as he likes. And all must allow this to be a very good way of coming to a just conclusion. Experience is all very well, but it may chance to be bought at a very dear price, and it is especially so when it comes too late, and when it is impossible to profit by it or retrace our steps; and that such is the case with some kinds of experience, cannot be denied.

When it happens, and we wish it did happen oftener, that a literary man chooses a partner of a congenial turn of mind, and who is able to assist him in his pursuits; then he finds marriage to be no drawback upon his successful progress. Gessner bears honourable testimony to his wife on this subject, and tells us that he caught much of his inspiration from her; and that she greatly contributed to the development of his powers. When weary, she solaced him; when desponding, she inspired him to new attempts, and plumed his wings for another flight. That it is not oftener thus, is perhaps to be attributed to the flimsiness of female education. Who can doubt either the taste, the feeling, or the genius of the fair sex, were they properly developed; when we consider how eminent many of them have become in the range of literature, and how well able they are to contest the field with the lords of the creation. But, on the other hand, the biography of men of letters, gives us more examples of opposition than encouragement on the part of their better halves. In this case, however, much of the blame may justly attach to themselves; for having chosen partners of opposite tastes to their own. Milton, from sudden fancy, chose a wife, who soon ran away from her studious husband. Moliere fell into the same error. The wife of Bishop Cooper one day consigned the MS. of his Lexicon, the work of many years, to the flames. Montaigne protested he would not marry again, even the goddess of wisdom herself: and Bishop Newton declared that he found the study of classic authors ill agreed with butcher's and baker's bills.\* If Rousseau had cause to make complaint on this subject, he might thank himself for it, for having chosen a low and illiterate woman. Others have acted more wisely, who, not being able to meet congenial partners, had the philosophy to resist mere beauty and blandishment. Thus Boyle, Bayle, and Hobbes, Hume, Gibbon, and Adam Smith, made up their minds to celibacy. Addison, misled by ambition, acted less wisely; but Lucan, and Pliny the younger, and Klopstock, found their best encouragers in

\* D'Israeli's Literary Character.

the wives of their bosom. But, after all, it is the heart, and not the judgment, that will decide this question.

If we look to the opinions of the ladies themselves, we are afraid they will be of our own on this subject. Take the examples of those who have shone most eminently in the walks of literature, and we shall find that they have generally been spinsters: the masculine genius of Joanna Bailey, the sterling sense of Hannah More, the elegance of Ann Seward, and the excellence of a Smith, these were all displayed in the single state; and many more as illustrious examples, might be cited. Can it be supposed that the endearments of a family were not appreciated by their minds? Is it not conclusive that they deemed the matrimonial connexion to be too much opposed to their favourite pursuits, to promise happiness to themselves or their partners? Do they not seem to have thought that they could not sufficiently abstract themselves from their books or their MSS. to attend to the domestic duties which that engagement would bring with it? We speak not now of household occupation,—we will suppose that they have servants to perform this; but the possession of a servant or servants does not exonerate the mistress of the family from all duties and all cares. If she cease to trouble herself, the servants will very soon cease to trouble themselves, till all the troubles fall on the head of the husband of the blue-stocking recluse, or absentee. Was it matrimony that made the once Miss Burney write so much worse afterward, and sunk her fame in the name of D'Arblay? These are serious questions, and not easily to be answered in the negative.

The man who devotes himself to a life of literature, must not expect to gain fame or profit, by allotting an hour or two a day to this purpose, while his wife is engaged in her own peculiar occupations: to excel, he must sacrifice days and nights; and it is ten to one but his wife will, in this case, soon prove jealous of Minerva and the Muses; and, when that passion once obtains admission, farewell to happiness. There is no one to be jealous of the bachelor! If to employ our time as we like be a privilege, then the bachelor must have an undoubted advantage. He can do as he likes,—the married man cannot do as he likes, that is, not always; we are not now speaking of such men as Sir John Brute, nor Jerry Sneak, but a kind and sensible man, and such a man we must suppose to be sometimes obliged to give way to his wife. Both ought reasonably to yield to the other's wishes; but he who has not these battles to wage (whether that be a misfortune or not, we do not decide,) such a person must infallibly have more leisure, and leisure is the very germ of literary excellence.

We once knew a very venerable and respectable minister, who used to study in the morning before he rose. This would be deemed a very unsocial proceeding on the part of a husband: and we doubt if the attempt would be productive of much good; as he might sometimes meet an interruption, that would very much disturb the arrangement of his ideas; nay, instead of planning a poem, or an essay, he might suddenly find himself listening to a lecture, and have all his thoughts put to flight in the twinkling of a frown. Besides, if our ideas run in the clearest channels in the morning, as some affirm, an interruption at such a time is the most mal-a-propos of all. Pope used to ring for a candle in the middle of the night, when any thought occurred which he did not like to lose; but, had there been a Mrs. Pope, it is probable that she would very soon have put an extinguisher upon his nocturnal light, and put out his inspiration at the same time. The man who has little leisure may make his book the companion of his meals, and feed both body and mind at once; but, if there be a presiding mistress at the table, he may be told, and in a sharp key too, that the tea and the muffins are getting cold; and, if he did not meet these interruptions, which indeed would be often unavoidable, it would have an unsocial appearance; and some one might think that he loved reading better than hearing his wife talk; a very likely mode of making some people talk still more. A man, when he finds himself in a happy mood for writing, may shut himself up, and not be at home to any visitors; but it is quite clear that he cannot be denied to his wife; she not only knows that he is at home, but she is at home herself: and it may happen that that very circumstance may induce him really to go out, when he could have been writing at home. Besides, a married man has just twice as many persons to call on him as a single one: in addition to his own uncles, brothers, and cousins, there are those of his wife; and, though he may venture to be denied to his own, it is quite clear that he must not refuse to see hers.

We know we cannot at all times command our thoughts: we cannot think or write as we would at all times: and therefore it is particularly important, that, when the mind is in the vein, it should be allowed its full and uninterrupted flight. In such auspicious moments, nothing should check its course; no dark cloud should come across its sunshine; no rattling storm should startle it from its reverie. The bachelor here is safe: he may bar his door and trim his lamp, and, with "his eye in a fine frenzy rolling," give the reins to fancy, even till the midnight hour has long gone by; nor lose one glowing thought, nor damp one spark of his celestial fire.

A person differently situated cannot do this so freely. In the midst of a soaring flight, he may be broken in upon, arrested at his utmost need; one link may be dashed from the chain of his ideas, and the connexion may be lost. In the middle of a fine sentence, he may be saluted with, "My dear, do you know how late it is?" or "I wish you would give over for to-night." The fire may be purposely let out, to cool his ardour; and we know that cold may freeze ideas, as well as congeal spirits, and then what can he do but obey, and leave his papers, casting "many a longing, lingering, look behind." In the morning he may attempt to finish the interrupted work, but it is vain; a confused recollection of what he intended to have penned comes upon him, and he either casts it aside in despair, or concludes it so coldly, so differently, that it appears to have been begun in Asia, and finished in Lapland.

But, in order to lead to matrimony, some previous courtship must take place; at least, this is generally the road to it. It is true, that such things are sometimes settled in a very little time, but usually not: it may last for seven years, or seven days; but, whatever may be its duration, it is clear to every one acquainted with the subject, that this is so much time lost to literature; for it is next to impossible that a mind occupied in one sole absorbing idea, can study any thing else with the least good effect whatever. Nothing is talked of, nothing thought or written about, nothing dreamed of, but the one fascinating object. Then there will be no poetry (except a love sonnet, which nobody reads,) no history but the progress of the passion, no eloquence but the art of soft persuasion, and making say—yes; nothing beyond this can be looked for during this tumultuous period. With a mind absent, and a heart estranged, what can literature expect? If the courtship be unfavourable, fear and disquietude will distract,—if propitious, hope and joy will claim all the faculties. But the day comes, and the season of joy may be equally fatal to mental occupation; and this lasts a longer or shorter time, according to circumstances. Who can look for study immediately after this, at least, for one sweet revolving moon? And when this fairy scene has closed, (for close it will,) then the new cares, the new occupations, and the new troubles, which it often brings with it, direct the mind into quite a new channel; books are obliged to be neglected, and the pen laid aside, perhaps for ever. In many instances the obstacles fatal to study, are ever on the increase. The small branches of the family shoot out, with all the cares, all the noise, and all the fever, attendant on these events; and more than stoic must he be, who could abstract

himself from them, and devote himself to his books. No, in many instances, literature must perish amidst such a conflicting variety of sensations as these things are calculated to excite, and the domestic clatter which mostly accompanies them. The study must indeed be in a very remote part of the house, if the man of books would really enjoy a quiet hour. And what renders the case more desperate is, that these unfavourable symptoms are apt to increase, growing with his days, and strengthening with his years; until at last the hapless student finds himself surrounded by children, instead of books and papers.

And what is the shoal upon which the happiness of wedded life is so often wrecked? What but the conduct of the parties themselves, neglecting, or refusing, to pay each other those thousand little attentions which constitute the principal charm of the engagement, and tend to keep alive the flame of love in the heart of each? After so much pains have been taken, to please and attract on one side, and to win on the other, the falling-off afterward is more severely felt. And is not literature, by abstracting the attention of one or the other, likely to increase the evil? The prize, if it be one, has been gained, and there is little fear of its being lost; and the man again betakes himself to those occupations, which were his delight before, and which had only been suspended, not renounced. The wife in consequence is much aloof, and thinks herself neglected: coldness succeeds to love, and, if war do not commence, it is only because there may be little chance of a victory, or that even a victory might be inglorious.

To a literary character his study ought to be a sacred place, secure from attack, and beyond the reach of invasion: no hostile looks ought to flash there; no discordant sounds should be heard to echo within it. It should be liable to no interruption; but whether wife and children can legally, morally, or possibly be banished thence, is a very nice point to decide. In point of law it does appear to us that the mistress of the house cannot properly be debarred visiting any part, room, or portion, of the aforesaid premises, at all seasonable or unseasonable hours of the day and the night; and Brother Jonathan does find it very difficult to keep the said apartment from being whitewashed, at the proper period, to his great annoyance and hindrance. Beside, if there were any room from which a wife were to be excluded, very strange surmises might arise respecting that room, as to what was going forward there; and the injunction not to go there would only increase the desire to penetrate the mystery. Very few men there are who would not feel their curiosity whetted by such a system of secrecy,

and, therefore, we may leave it to be conjectured how many wives would rest satisfied under it. So that, in fact, in every literary man's house there would be a performance, though upon a more limited scale, of Blue-Beard, or female curiosity. The study of a married man can never be quite secure from interruption; if the mountain will not go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain; and if the husband does not go to the wife, the wife must go to the husband. It is true that ladies of good sense will exercise this privilege with due moderation; but the right exists and may be enforced; and some, though we hope not many, might use it tyrannically; and, if it be not claimed, the man of letters is in constant fear of it. If the sudden opening of the door might act like an electric shock upon his ideas, and scatter them, swift as lightning, like leaves before a tempest. The lady may deem it needful to consult him respecting various matters, and perhaps opinions may differ on certain points, and a portion of eloquence may be necessary to overcome the objections which one party may feel to what is proposed: one argument may give rise to another; reply and rejoinder may follow in quick succession; and it may happen that the lady's visit to the library, or study, may last a very considerable time, produce a very considerable sensation, and leave a very unattractive effect behind. And, as children are much given to imitation, they may soon learn to follow the example of their mother, till the study may become more like a levee-room than a spot sacred to meditation.

But literary pursuits are not always followed at home. Meetings with learned men, and attending societies, such as the Philomathic, may cause a man to be more abroad, and out later than may be agreeable to the wife. And, if the person should have been engaged all day in his business, can he, when evening comes, shut himself up in his room, or go out immediately? If he refuse his company to one who has the greatest right to it; during the few hours that remain, he would be pronounced a Turk by all the sex. The plea of affection, or the frown of dissatisfaction, may be too potent for him to resist. Is this a fancied case? we would it were so.

It is for many reasons necessary that a man, who devotes himself to composition, should be as calm and placid as possible; that his thoughts should be undisturbed, and his memory as clear as the noon-day sun. Now, it must be allowed that any thing which tends to excite a ferment in the spirits, to make the blood run with increased velocity, and thus to discompose the mind, must be unfavourable to study. But as we wish to state the matter fairly, to "extenuate nothing, nor set down ought in malice," it may sometimes hap-



pen that a little tempest of this sort may help to rouse the stagnant faculties, and prove a very healthful exercise in the end. As storms in the atmosphere have a tendency to clear the air, so a breeze passing through the mind may make it clearer and sharper, after it has subsided. Continued tranquillity is not good for any one. A little bustle, a little agitation, are necessary to banish torpor: and thus, in matrimony, when the negative and positive electricity meet together, an explosion is the consequence. But, after a time, the equilibrium is restored, and, provided that the concussion do not happen too often, it may be productive of no great harm. It is said, that a writer ought to know every thing in order to excel; and matrimony will certainly let him a little into the secret motives of human actions, so needful to an essayist or a poet; and if it do no more than sharpen his wits, it will be something in his favour. It may also be advantageous in another way: some men fly to the bottle to drown their sorrows—the literary man may fly to his books for a like purpose, and sooth himself with the charms of learning, since some others have failed to delight. He might then, perhaps, succeed pretty well in a poem on the passions, or an essay on patience.

Married people either live happily together, or they do not. If the former, then we are bound to conclude that they are much together, and the attentions which the husband pays his wife, is at least so much time lost to literature; he will talk with her, walk with her, or ride with her; and it is clear, that he cannot then be writing or reading. It is true, these things are more indulged in at first: after a certain time, the ebullitions of passion settle down into the natural temper of the individuals, and then each is seen in a light, never observed before. But, whether they live happily or otherwise, it can hardly promote literary pursuits, unless in some rare instances. The disturbance of mind arising from unhappiness cannot have a very favourable effect, for, though it may drive him from his wife, it may not always drive him to his books.

There is a common saying, that two heads are better than one, but this adage must be taken with some limitations: however true it may be in some cases, we are much afraid it is not true in literature; and especially when the two heads happen to belong to different sexes, and when one may chance to belong to a wife and the other to a husband. Nature is infinitely various in all her works; there are no two heads that think alike on all subjects. When their thoughts happen to run in parallel lines, that is to say, when they agree on all subjects, it may be advantageous to both; but, as this is so very seldom the case, we are afraid, that, in regard to literary

pursuits, one head is better than two. It will perhaps often happen, that the ideas of two persons will fly off at opposite angles, than that they will run parallel; so that the one cannot go along with, and assist the other. That two heads may be better than one sometimes, and on some subjects, cannot be denied; but, as every one in life has his separate troubles, when the troubles of two or more come to be placed on one pair of shoulders, they must rather act as a weight to press downward, than a stimulus to excite forward; and that there appears good reason to doubt whether, on this subject, two heads are better than one.

But are we writing a dissuasive from matrimony?—Hymen forbid, and useless would be the attempt, if it were made—and useless would it deserve to be. What is literature when it comes into competition with beauty and love? A feather in the balance; a bubble on the air. Place lovely woman, the solace of life, and the sunshine of home, in one scale, and books in another, and the heaviest tomes would soon kick the beam. We have only enquired how far such an engagement may excite or retard literary pursuits. There are but few at all interested in the enquiry, and those few will be little moved by the decision. None but the most abstracted and ardent votary of literary fame, will give up the endearments of affection, the feelings of the husband and the father, for a pursuit so difficult, so deceptive, and so unsatisfactory. The intimations of literature are too often like meteors, that shine an instant and disappear for ever; and he who follows her alluring invitations, will often find that he pursues a marshy vapour, that cheats him onward, and leaves him at last in the darkness of despair: and it is not for such a phantom as this that we would persuade man to resign the delights of affection, and the best enjoyments of life.

## SONG.

DARK was the dreary day  
Henry was forced away:  
Doomed to face death in the rage of the fight—  
Feeling too much to speak,  
Fast down Eliza's cheek  
Flow'd the full tear, as he quitted her sight.

Slowly the tedious years,  
Chequer'd by hopes and fears,  
Roll'd on in that gloom that no sun could remove—  
Destined at last to meet,  
Oh! how divinely sweet  
Flew each bright day on the pinions of love.

## NOAH.

## PART I.

DESCEND, celestial Wisdom, from on high,  
 Thy prime abode; daughter of Deity!  
 Deign to inspire the lofty theme: unfold  
 Bright visions of the past—that past that lies,  
 (Save in brief records from the Hebrew's pen,  
 Heaven-taught,) dark as futurity to man.  
 Remove the midnight veil that time hath drawn  
 Over departed ages. Thou beheld'st  
 Earth in her day of youth, when all was fair,  
 And excellent—thou saw'st her time of woe,  
 When floods pour'd over her, and darkness wrapt:  
 Thou wast at her formation—who but thou  
 Canst call the features of that by-gone time!

Roll on, thou mighty Orb—thou that dost bear  
 Man, cities, empires, continents, and seas,  
 As swift as lightning through th' infinitude.  
 Embrace thy giant orbit as with arms  
 Clasp the heavens; where thy changing robes  
 Of airy texture beautifully float;  
 Gilt by the morning sun, or by the moon  
 Silver'd, when she erects her midnight throne.  
 Roll on securely—urge thy hills, thy woods  
 Amongst the stars: impelling by thy might  
 Thy captive planet through the sky, a slave  
 Bound to thy car of light. Into thy deeps  
 Look fearless down; for there thine oceans lie  
 Vanquish'd, and chafe with idle wrath their shores  
 Over thy fields, thy cities, and thy hills,  
 They shall not roll again: their waves are stay'd;  
 The boundaries of their foaming empire fix'd  
 By the one hand Omnipotent! No more  
 Shall they wage war against the peopled plains,  
 Triumphant o'er thy desolation. Now,  
 Bound like the dragon in his den they lie,  
 Powerless but for thy good. What'er thy crimes  
 'Tis their's no more to wash thy guilt away.  
 A fiercer element shall smite thee when  
 Thou comest next to judgment—then thy plains,  
 Thy mountains, shall send up their smoke to heaven  
 And every valley be a lake of fire.

When thy seas boil, and their encircling sands  
 Run glass along the burning shore, and thou  
 With thy consuming forests tinge the moon;  
 Thyself one huge volcano through the sky  
 Hurl'd blazing—then thy final hour shall be—  
 But not till then shall rain whelm thee more.

Change inexpressible hath been thy lot,  
 And wonders past imagining; when first  
 O'er thy chaotic mass, vague, indistinct,  
 And lifeless, brooding Silence, sat, enthroned,  
 And Darkness cover'd, with her raven wing,  
 The unseparated elements, until  
 Each ponderous mass, sunk slowly; while the rest  
 Formed thy prolific surface, and the air,  
 Escaping from the grosser particles,  
 Gave room for light, and bade thee shine a world.  
 Still didst thou wheel untenant'd thy flight—  
 Thy waters tasted not; thine air unbreath'd;  
 Thy plains untrodden by one living foot;  
 Bright, ample, desolate: thy granite rocks,  
 In unknown ages chrystallized, attest  
 Thy dearth of beings—others, younger, speak  
 A time when man alone, thy now proud lord  
 Possessed thee not; but prove by forms entomb'd,  
 And changed to stone, amidst thy rocks, that beast,  
 And bird, and fish, had thy inheritance,  
 Unquestion'd, undisturb'd. Of man thy deeps  
 Confess no knowledge, nor reveal one grave.  
 'T would seem humanity had then no part  
 Nor lot in thee; but came at last too soon  
 For thee and all thy tribes; and by his guilt  
 Drow over thee the deluge that engulf'd  
 Himself beneath thy buried plains; and left  
 Faint semblance of thy beauty, but a wreck  
 Torn and disfigur'd and undone by him.  
 Hast thou been such!—have ages roll'd away  
 Uncounted, unrecorded; while around  
 The sun thou journeyedst a huge orb of death;  
 (If death may be where life had never been,)  
 Did sun and moon roll over thee in vain,  
 Nor rise, nor set, upon one living eye!  
 To Him who call'd thee forth, a thousand years  
 Are but a day; nor doth he need a day  
 To form and people larger orbs than thine.  
 Past—present—future—are to him as one.  
 What thou hast been we know not—nor divine  
 Thy by-gone changes; how thy seasons roll'd,  
 (If seasons then thou hadst,) nor how thy days,  
 Nor where thy seas stretch'd out, nor where thy lands

Bloom'd in primev'ous loveliness ;—but this  
 Thou dost thyself declare, from every depth  
 And every cloud-encircled hill, that all  
 Thy lands have slept beneath the waters ; all  
 Thy mountains been the resting place for floods.  
 Man plants his vines above where ocean roll'd,  
 And builds upon the wreck of ancient seas ;  
 And the foundations of his temples sink  
 Amidst the bones of their inhabitants.  
 Beasts that require to breathe amidst the glow  
 Of torrid realms, lie tomb'd in northern ice,  
 Like wanderers buried in a foreign land.  
 Beneath the flowers that bloom on Albion's fields,  
 The crocodile and elephant have found  
 Safe sepulchre ; and each gigantic race  
 Extinct, declare thou hast been other far  
 Than we behold thee now. Have not the floods  
 Gone over thee ? Traditions speak they have,  
 In every tongue ; from where the Brahmin bathes  
 In Ganges' sacred stream, to where the waves  
 Of Tiber wash departed Rome : the tribes  
 Rude and unletter'd of Columbia's wilds,  
 And they of southern ocean's verdant isles,  
 Embower'd in Eden loveliness—and those  
 Of ancient China, all repeat the truth—  
 Dark-shadow'd out indeed, and indistinct,  
 But still the same ; and the mysterious rites,  
 And sacred ship, of Egypt's olden time,  
 Dimly proclaim the long departed age,  
 When Typhon pour'd destruction on the world.

Thou mighty Earth, sailing in floods of light,  
 Thy day hath once been brighter ! Thou hast seen  
 Glory and desolation, each in turn—  
 A blessing and a curse have both been thine ;  
 Thy tribes have sent the shouts of joy to heaven, of  
 And from thy far-stretch'd lands one mingled cry,  
 Of horror and despair from countless topgurs  
 Has pierc'd the azure vault. Darkness and light  
 Alternate have enveloped thee : and life  
 Exuberant, fill'd thy woods, and plains, and streams—  
 And death hath sat upon thy rain'd orb,  
 And stretch'd his midnight wings from pole to pole

'Twas morn—the sun was shining on the world  
 Primeval : from his couch the Patriarch rose,  
 Man's second sire, the link betwixt two worlds  
 And looking out upon the loveliness  
 Of earth, and on the splendour of the skies,  
 Dimm'd by no cloud ; he felt his soul expand

With holy fervour to his God, and thus  
 On bended knee breathed out his matin prayer :—  
 “Sovereign of heaven and earth ; maker of man ;  
 Fountain of wisdom, source of every good ;  
 Ruler of all the shining hosts above ;  
 By whose permission countless worlds exist—  
 Deign to accept our homage ! Unto thee  
 All praise, all gratitude is due. Thy hand  
 Gave this terrestrial paradise to man ;  
 And life to him to taste its blessings : thou  
 Didst waft into his lips the vital breath ;  
 And gav'st to animate his beauteous frame  
 The best, the immortal part ; that shall survive  
 The fleshly form that now imprisons it  
 In earthly bonds, a diamond cased in clay.  
 The bright etherial essence, like thyself  
 Immortal—but oh ! how unlike to thee  
 In holiness ! fall'n from the purity  
 Which thou didst stamp it with, when from thy hand  
 In angel innocence it came, and fair  
 As seraph : now estranged from thee,  
 And demonized by crime. Thee all things praise,  
 Save man, apostate man : the herds and flocks  
 In silent eloquence adore thee ; birds  
 Warble thy praises from the harmonious woods  
 Duly each morn ; and pour their evening hymn  
 Nightly to thee their maker : herbs and flowers ;  
 Trees, mountains, valleys, and the glittering streams,  
 And this majestic earth, and the bright orbs  
 That shine above, though mute, thy glory speak.  
 Man only with the gift of speech endow'd,  
 Forbears the meed of gratitude and praise.  
 Look down in mercy, thou Omnipotent !  
 Upon this world, and man, that thou hast made ;  
 And touch his heart to penitence : teach him  
 To seek thy friendship, paramount above.  
 All other blessings ; turn his soul to thee,  
 Too long a wayward, guilty wanderer.  
 To thy commands make him obedient ; just  
 To his fellow mortals, and to thee devote.  
 Forbear the judgment that his guilt deserves,  
 And substitute forgiveness : spare this earth,  
 The glorious work of thine eternal hand,  
 If such thy will, and be thy name adored  
 Through all her nations : may they worship thee  
 In all their plains and cities : may thy will  
 Rule all, and may thy praises rise supreme  
 From all her millions to according heaven.  
 Bless us this day, as thou hast heretofore ;  
 And keep us in the paths of innocence,  
 Secure from the contagious guilt around.

Accept our thanks peculiar; we of all  
 Owe thee the largest debt of gratitude,  
 Daily thy hand hath pour'd on us rich gifts,  
 And nightly bath thy wing o'er-shadow'd us  
 With safety—blessings such as thou hast not  
 Bestow'd on all, have been our lot; may we  
 With holy gratitude, in heart and will,  
 Body and spirit, only live to thee."

The Patriarch ceased. He and his sons arose,  
 And bent their steps across the shining fields,  
 Bathed with the dews of heaven, and by the morn  
 Gilded, to tend their flocks upon the plains;  
 With bosoms healthful, and with spirits pure  
 And innocent, and fill'd with holiest thoughts.  
 And in their way they traversed the long streets  
 Of BELAH; that great city, that seem'd built  
 For immortality! the rich, the strong,  
 The pride and glory of a world extinct—  
 Mistress of deluged empires! On the eye  
 Far-stretch'd she shone, the monarch of the plains.  
 Pomp was in all her edifices, power  
 Look'd from her palaces abroad supreme,  
 With regal eye, on many a distant realm  
 Subjected to her sway: her sceptre ruled  
 Whole nations, whose wide spread and golden lands,  
 Orient with day, and richer than now blooms  
 Cashmire, the pride of Ind—sunk in the sea  
 That rolls from Siam past the sunny shores  
 Of fair Australia, onward to the isles  
 That rise like gardens from the southern main;  
 Sole relics of their pride. Belah had long  
 Grown past her ancient barriers; and the walls  
 Of Granite that defended her young day,  
 Encompass'd her no longer: but her strength  
 Lay in the weapons of her mighty men:  
 She spurn'd all meaner bulwarks; and with scorn  
 Look'd down on gates and towers. If distant war  
 Whisper'd its note of preparation round,  
 Her armed myriads issued forth, in all  
 The pomp of martial glory, and the pride  
 Of conscious might, to overwhelm whole realms in wreck.  
 None might withstand her; and her grandeur spoke  
 Her high supremacy. Her glittering domes  
 Shone in the sun: her piles of buildings stretch'd  
 In long magnificence; sublime in height;  
 Of choicest stone, and curious workmanship  
 Elaborate. Egypt's departed pride,  
 Where temples, cities, sleep entomb'd in sand  
 Might not presume comparison. Her wealth,

Her ample means exhaustless, fed her pride ;  
 Adorn'd her palaces with all that art  
 Could furnish ; paved her streets with marble ; lined  
 Her halls with gold and crimson. Captured slaves  
 Wrought on her public works : her monarch seem'd  
 A very god on earth ; and on his throne  
 Sat unapproachable in lofty state :  
 Her lords and princes rank'd amongst the first  
 And highest of the earth ; but sunk in guilt  
 Down to the lowest of the tribes of men.  
 And heav'n had mark'd, with indignation high,  
 Her long career of unaton'd offence ;  
 And doom'd her, with her tributary kings,  
 And all earth's nations, to a day of woe ;  
 To expiate their guilt in floods of wrath.

'Twas light—but Noah and his sons alone  
 Past on—no other foot gave echo round.  
 Belah, distemper'd by the night's debauch,  
 Lay lock'd in troubled sleep ; none had aris'n  
 To hail the new-born day ; the sunbeams glanced  
 Upon unpeopled pavements—but there lay,  
 At intervals, the victims bathed in gore  
 Of the last midnight riot ; where the knife  
 In murder finish'd what the bowl began.  
 And violated virgins, slain and left,  
 Were whitening in the wind. The gilded domes,  
 The marble palaces, were only dens  
 Of guilt ; where man was sunk in infamy,  
 And God insulted, and his laws despised.  
 And in her less frequented parts were scenes  
 That day might sicken at—there secret crime,  
 In all its dark and foul imaginings,  
 And deadly and remorseless cruelty,  
 Reign'd in demoniac empire. Mingled looks  
 Of hatred and of pity, Noah cast  
 On the devoted city that he loved,  
 And wept with sad forebodings of her fate.  
 There was his birth-place, he had seen her grow,  
 For ages past, unto her present height ;  
 And therefore view'd her as a tender son  
 Looks on a guilty mother who has fall'n,  
 But who is still his mother—and he knew  
 That her offences had been mark'd in heaven ;  
 And fear'd that the Omnipotent would hurl  
 His wrath, and in her ruin end her sins.

'Twas morn : the new ris'n sun, in majesty  
 Effulgent, pour'd a flood of golden light  
 Upon the pristine earth ; a sea of dew



That nightly gather'd on herb, flower, and tree,  
 And hung in shining gems on every leaf,  
 Trembled as o'er the grass the grateful breeze  
 Swept healthful by; and yielded to the same  
 Odour and loveliness. The world awaked  
 In beauty and magnificence. The woods  
 Sang to the morning, and the shining streams  
 Leap'd to salute the light: gladness walk'd forth  
 Over the eastern hills, and all around.  
 Nature gave note of welcome to the morn.  
 Through the clear purple vault, that canopied  
 The emerald plains, the god of day poured out  
 His inexhausted radiance: all above  
 Was light ineffable; and all below  
 Beauty supreme, and perfect to the sense.

As yet the earth, primeval, wanted not,  
 Nor knew, the rain, that after her first wreck  
 Fell copious from the darkening clouds above;  
 Unparch'd by summer's drought, she needed not  
 The welcome moisture, that in after years  
 Pour'd from aerial vapours on her fields.  
 But night shook plenteous from her dusky wings  
 Delicious dew, refreshing every plant,  
 Dispensing coolness on the midnight hour,  
 And glittering to the moon. Each day the sun  
 Shed unobstructed light: no dark clouds, hung  
 Twixt her and heaven, shut out his genial rays;  
 Light, airy, floating in the blue expanse,  
 They past like spirits through the azure void,  
 Arraying earth in loveliness; and made  
 But for her beauty; hence the beams of day  
 Through their bright veil of gossamer, had full  
 Access to warm the ground; to tinge the fruit  
 To ripeness, and to fill the yellow ear,  
 Bending with wealth. Nor storm nor tempest then  
 Frighted the flocks. Man had not heard the roar  
 Of thunder's echoing peal; nor had the flash  
 Vivid of forked lightnings scared his eye,  
 Darting the bolts of death. Peace reign'd, and love,  
 And beauty, over all: tranquillity,  
 Spreading her dove-like wings across the skies,  
 Made earth, though curs'd, a paradise. As yet,  
 Winter was not, nor dreamed of: the rude north,  
 Not yet commission'd by offended heaven  
 To urge its withering blasts, had never changed  
 The streams to ice; nor had the deadly cold  
 Breathed o'er the garden and the field despair.  
 The blank white robe of desolation then  
 Had ne'er been spread, though now it wraps the earth  
 In annual woe. Her even axis lay

Strait to her orbit; equal day and night  
 Claim'd empire; and the welcome sun pursued  
 His path along the heavens, unchanged, unshorn.  
 And all the constellations of the skies,  
 From *Ursa Major*, to the far-off *Ship*  
 That steers her midnight voyage through azure skies,  
 Were visible to each from his own fields,  
 As earth pursued her journey: star by star.  
 Rose o'er the northern pole, and thence each night  
 Climbed higher, till they shot their diamond beams  
 Down from the centre of the midnight arch;  
 O'er-canopying night with suns and worlds:  
 Then gradual waned, and sunk in southern realms.  
 But who would now behold th' antarctic signs,  
 Must brave long tracts of ocean, pass the line,  
 And plunge into a far-off watery world.

Not then, as now when autumn strews her leaves,  
 Sol lowering sank, and shed his rays oblique,  
 Portentous of long nights, and chill, and gloom.  
 Perpetual spring and summer, join'd in one,  
 Reign'd in unfading loveliness: the flowers  
 Opening incessant, clothed in richer hues,  
 And breathing sweeter scents than now they yield,  
 Form'd one eternal garden all around.  
 Their shorten'd period now, and stinted growth,  
 But faintly show their pristine charms, like trees  
 They rose and flourish'd, and a wood of sweets  
 And beauty spread above th' admiring eye;  
 And flowery forests woo'd the wand'ring foot.  
 The clustering fruit, fraught with the genial juice,  
 Hung plenteous ever, and the rich deep soil,  
 But ask'd the careless hand to shed the seed:  
 On its prolific bed, nor more required:  
 Secure th' undoubted harvest rose, nor mock'd  
 The hope it foster'd; but with ample wealth  
 Repaid light toil. Nor deadly blast, nor blight,  
 With desolation arm'd past o'er the fields:  
 Earth was a blest inheritance to all  
 Who trod her plains primevously—in her strength  
 All things were strong—in pristine vigour bloom'd  
 Her groves and forests: plants of glorious shape  
 And hue, that in the deluge past away  
 For ever, proudly mark'd her youthful prime:  
 And the gigantic trees, wide-spreading rose,  
 And urged their foliage with profusion wide,  
 Luxuriant round the huge majestic oak  
 Tower'd like a mountain towards the deep blue sky;  
 Yielding delicious shelter from the beams  
 Of noon; that pour'd in fervour down, yet not

Oppressive seemed; so well the genial heat  
 By the cool balmy air was temper'd. Herb  
 And flower, and fruit, alike largely partook  
 Of the ground's potency; and the rich juice  
 That flow'd through all their veins, was fraught with health,  
 And strength, and life, that through the frame of man  
 Transfused the energy that all things shared.  
 This, and the lack of that vicissitude  
 Of seasons, that now shakes the seat of life,  
 And loosens all her strings; and the pure air,  
 Balmy and uncontaminate, conspired  
 To give ten ages to those mighty men,  
 In their extended being: centuries roll'd  
 Their bright career, and saw them in their prime;  
 And centuries more before the hand of death  
 Still'd with his icy grasp the failing heart.  
 Hence vast, gigantic projects fired his mind,  
 And life endured to their fulfilment. Hence  
 Ambition knew no bounds; for man might live  
 To see his wildest visions realized.  
 Towering in stature, terrible in strength,  
 Powerful in mind, he moved the lord of earth:  
 The little toil the ground required to feed  
 And clothe him, left him ample time and scope  
 To brood on mischief, and pursue his will.  
 Hence too his passions reach'd a fearful height;  
 An energy terrific: ages past  
 To feed, not quench, the ardent flame of love,  
 Until it reach'd an overwhelming height;  
 Laid his strong reason prostrate in the dust,  
 And brake down every barrier. Anger, fed  
 By strength of body, and of mind, burst forth  
 Upon its object like a tempest blast,  
 Withering and fatal. Reckless of his kind,  
 Each seem'd to live but for himself; and since  
 Life had such long duration, to secure  
 Delights proportion'd to its boundless length.  
 Death was so distant, that it scarcely seem'd  
 A thing worth fearing—worth preparing for—  
 Life—self—enjoyment—these were all in all!  
 Hence earth was full of violence—the curse  
 Of guilt spread over her delightful fields,  
 And breathed a pestilence through all her groves.  
 The sun look'd down from his unclouded throne  
 On crime, and anarchy, and bloodshed; night,  
 Serene and beauteous as it rolled along,  
 Echoed the shouts of maniac revelry,  
 And rang with cries of wrong. Dark murder stalk'd  
 Along the silent wood: the cities, large,  
 Magnificent, and crowded, were a scene

Of guilt and riot. Demons seem'd to hold  
 Their orgies there, untamed, and unexpress'd.

Yes, thou fair World! thy guilt indeed was ripe!  
 So soon hadst thou descended to the depths  
 Of crime—so fresh from thy Creator's hand,  
 And yet of him so reckless; even while  
 The impress of his love, despite the curse  
 Of man's first fall, was full upon thy fields.  
 Thy sins had sorrow'd heaven; and the book  
 Of justice had a long account, that thou  
 Must pay in tears upon thy reck'ning day.  
 Far other scene thy plains did once present,  
 And hear far other sounds—when pious Seth  
 And his descendants, learn'd the way to heaven  
 From him, the first t' offend, the first to preach,  
 And show, by his example, penitence,  
 And worship pure, the debt of man to God.  
 Then the Creator's praise was heard below;  
 And nightly hymns, and morning orisons,  
 Went up auspicious to the throne above;  
 And the Almighty had a temple on earth.  
 These—for their piety call'd sons of God,—  
 Beheld in evil hour the daughters bland  
 Of Cain's accursed race; in form as fair  
 And beautiful, as in their minds debased.  
 Temptation sported in their eyes—their cheeks  
 Glow'd with the fires of love—inheriting  
 From him who first had stain'd the earth with blood,  
 Each evil passion; and provoking all  
 To sin, despite of reason and command.  
 Lured by their siren charms, and wanton tongues,  
 They took them to their arms, and from their lips  
 Delicious poison drew; tainting at once  
 Body and mind; and drawing heart and thought  
 From heaven, and all things good. Then—then they fell!  
 And from th' embrace accurs'd, prolific sprang  
 An evil progeny, o'errunning earth—  
 Giants in evil courses—till the world  
 Was filled with crime—and heaven itself forgot.  
 Religion, order, law—were all o'erthrown:  
 Strength constituted right; the weaker fell:  
 Crimes that have now no name made the day blush;  
 Heaven was defied—defied in public! spurn'd,  
 And mock'd: and numerous temples dedicate  
 To demon worship, crowded by the throngs  
 Of votaries, who only seem'd to vie  
 In infamy; the diabolic rites  
 Establish'd there, were ended by a scene  
 To shake a virtuous soul with horror; guilt

In every shape that fancy could devise  
 When bent on evil, reign'd : Nature herself,  
 Insulted, trembled to her deepest caves,  
 Ashamed of her own work. The Deity,  
 (If Deity regret or change could know—)  
 Almost repented man was ever made,  
 To hurl defiance at his throne ; and doom'd,  
 (Except the few who still obey'd his law,  
 And long had stood betwixt his wrath and man,)  
 The race to final ruin ; and the earth  
 In one dread day to be the grave of all,

The measure of man's guilt was full : the cup  
 Of righteous wrath o'erflowing—"I will call"—  
 So spake th' Omnipotent, and at the word  
 Heaven shook as if with thunders—"I will call  
 From their deep beds the waters up to whelm  
 Earth and her guilty nations ! From beneath  
 They shall arise in oceans—from above  
 Descend in seas—both heaven and earth shall join  
 To feed the deluge that shall wash away  
 Man and his monstrous crimes. My warning voice,  
 Given by the lips of those whom I ordain'd  
 To call men to repentance, they have spurn'd.  
 I call'd them to their good—they would not hear :  
 My right of homage they refuse to pay  
 To me, who gave them life, and all things else,  
 They will not know their happiness, which is,  
 And must be in obeying me : their peace,  
 Their safety, and their hopes, are each and all  
 Centred in their obedience to my will :  
 Foes to themselves, they seem to know nor care  
 What 'tis to war with me. I will not bear  
 For ever with their guilt : whom I have made  
 Shall not defy me always, nor convert  
 The earth I gave for their inheritance,  
 Into a temple to dishonour me.  
 Mine own works shall not shame me ever ! Man,  
 Who will not hear my voice, shall feel my power—  
 And all shall perish, save those righteous few  
 Who fear me and obey. Even earth herself,  
 In all her loveliness, shall be destroy'd,  
 And from the beauteous orb that now she shines,  
 Though under curse, and not what she was wont,  
 Emerge from out the waters rude and wild :  
 Sever'd and broken up from north to south,  
 And of her beautiful proportion left.  
 Her stony surface shall exact from man  
 Toil tenfold, to supply his daily wants :  
 The greater part that now is land, fruitful

As a young bride, and lovely, then shall be  
 A waste of waters : annual cold shall come,  
 Instead of endless summer ; wherein herb,  
 And flower, and fruit, shall wither as in death,  
 But yet not perish ; and the air that now  
 But visits man with blessings, shall become  
 Variable, and a source of dire disease ;  
 And by its changes shorten human life,  
 And lessen human guilt. Never again  
 Shall man enjoy a thousand sunny years  
 Of being, to be spent in crime : the fear  
 Of death shall shake him daily, and the stroke  
 Arrest him soon ; that thus compell'd to think,  
 The nearness and uncertainty of death  
 May haply turn his wand'ring thoughts to me.  
 I say,—and it shall be." Heaven heard the fiat,  
 And trembled at the fate of earth and man.

Could the unconscious earth have heard her doom  
 Thus spoken, and have known the threaten'd change,  
 She would have shudder'd to her deepest beds,  
 And shook convulsively from pole to pole.  
 How lovely did she sweep along her path,  
 An orbit of delight, in cloudless skies ;  
 Array'd in light magnificent—admired  
 By hosts angelic, and abused by man.  
 Her seas were at her poles : there only cold  
 Existed, and there none were forced to flee  
 For heritage : her ample surface gave  
 Room for the mighty nations that possess'd  
 Her boundless lands, though far more populous  
 Than now : the great extent of human life  
 Had filled her with inhabitants ; and death  
 Slow to destroy, though sure, had left mankind  
 In long and glad possession of her plains.  
 The aged saw new generations rise,  
 And his dim eye beheld a nation spring  
 From his own loins, before that eye was closed.  
 Nor man alone, but brute had multiplied  
 Countless, and shared th' immeasurable plains  
 That glow'd beneath the sun ; the woods remote  
 Shelter'd vast herds of mammoths, while the ground  
 Shook to their thundering footsteps, and the trees  
 Were crush'd before them as they moved along,  
 The giant monarchs of the wilderness :  
 The tiger started back at their approach,  
 Awe struck ; and from their mighty presence fled  
 The lion trembling. There, beyond the reach  
 Of the primeval Nimrods, roved the elk  
 Of lofty stature, bounding o'er the earth

Swifter than arrow cleaves the wind; there feel  
 The macedon; the megasthenes there  
 Tore up the barbage with his raptur'd claws;  
 And held, by man unquestioned, their domain  
 Through the long grass and the rich alubs, that hi  
 The soil they fatten'd on, huge serpents coil'd,  
 Long as the fabled monster of the sea,  
 And mightier than the boa that entwines.  
 The tiger, crush'd beneath his engine folds,  
 While over all the birds of size supreme  
 Past heavily, and beat the labouring air  
 With their wide-spreading wings, that cast a shade  
 Along the ground; as when some dark cloud sails  
 The midway air. The woods breathed melody;  
 And caught new beauty from the feather'd race,  
 That spread their perfect plumage to the sun.

All round earth's central regions stretch'd the land,  
 A zone of bliss and beauty; temperate all,  
 And verdant ever; fragrant, fair, and rich.  
 But in the midst, where the sun pour'd his beams  
 Downward at noon, nor cast a shadow then,  
 There flow'd a mighty river like a sea,  
 Reaching from clime to clime, and parting earth  
 By its bright line of waters, fresh and clear;  
 Feeding the ground, and glittering to the sun:  
 From whence, on either side, there issued forth  
 Innumerable streams, that tracked the lands,  
 Like veins dispensing life and health around,  
 And washing plains and cities; on their waves  
 They bore from realm to realm the wealth of earth,  
 And works of human art. No deserts then  
 Stretch'd their interminable waste of sands,  
 Lifeless and desolate; a blank to man  
 And beast—a burning region of despair.  
 No sulphurous mountains, vomiting their flames,  
 Pour'd forth their seas of fire to whelm the plains,  
 And cities in destruction: poisonous winds,  
 Breathing the purple blast of death around,  
 Were known not; nor the earth to quake and heave  
 Convulsive, turning day and night to woe.  
 Nor mountain chains, crown'd with eternal frost,  
 Defied the foot of man, and sever'd realm  
 From realm with icy barriers. One sweet change  
 Prevailed, of valley, plain, and hill; that spread  
 Their leafy honours to the golden skies.

Where now the vast Pacific heaves her waves,  
 A rolling world of waters without bound;  
 And on to where the Eastern Islands melt

With heat intense, and westward to the shores  
Of South Columbia, all was fruitful ground;  
Cover'd with nations—countless as the sands;  
Their people—passing Babylon in all  
Her pride—their cities—far beyond compare  
With aught that earth hath now to show. Their wealth,  
Their power, exalted them beyond themselves,  
And made them deem mankind as gods below;  
Till they forgot, or scorn'd the only One.  
The verdant isles that gem that mighty sea,  
Remain the wrecks of that proud continent;  
The rest, submerged beneath the watery waste,  
Lie tomb'd in those unfathomable depths,  
With all their nations; there their cities, wreck'd,  
Are buried under ocean's deepest caves;  
There sleep their monarchs—there their mighty men,  
And all the works of that departed time,  
Lovely and grand; bright efforts of the mind  
Of man, in his primeval day of power!  
Fair isles of ocean! ye but faintly show,  
With all your loveliness, what earth was then.  
Oh! could man now ev'n but in thought conceive  
What then this planet was—how passing fair—  
How lovely in its order, and how rich  
In every beauty—how like heaven itself!  
More fit for angels than the guilty race  
Who peopled it, and reap'd its fruits, and yet  
Abused its blessings; at the contrast dire  
The tears of anguish and despair would flow.

Eve came, as eve was wont in those blest climes,  
Silent and beautiful: the sun went down  
Effulgent, and the western sky was robed  
In crimson, intermix'd with heavenly blue.  
Down the horizon his broad lustrous orb,  
Deep blushing, sent his loveliest beams the last;  
Till past the golden verge. Then night advanced,  
And her pale queen, in virgin majesty,  
Enthroned on clouds, her silver sceptre waved;  
Chasing from hill and stream, and spreading plain,  
Th' arrested shadows; and with softer beam  
Unfolding all creation's loveliness.  
The stars, like diamonds set in sapphire, shone  
With all the lustre of that perfect time;  
And the bright galaxy its starry zone  
Above them stretch'd, circling the universe,  
Like Saturn in his mystic ring of light:  
Not faint as now, but shining out intense,  
With belt of gems, it clasp'd unnumber'd worlds,  
And robed in glory ineffable the heavens.



From Belah, on the evening air arose  
 The jocund sounds of mirth, the melody  
 Of music; and the song of reckless glee.  
 Her lights were streaming to the darkening sky,  
 Bidding day set in splendour; and her domes  
 Glitter'd beneath the spreading pall of night.  
 Her mansions shook beneath the revelling foot;  
 And round the purple bowl the votaries  
 Of riotous delight assembled glad;  
 Beauty assumed her softest blandishments,  
 To tempt the heart, that needed not, nor ask'd  
 One more allurement to rush on to guilt.  
 Amidst the groves that bloom'd the city round  
 Echoed the strains of minstrelsy; the pipe,  
 The lyre, the cymbal, broke with joyous air  
 The silence of the night; so soon had men  
 Found music's magic power. And groups were heard  
 To join the pealing laugh, and urge the dance,  
 Beneath the leaves that glitter'd to the moon.  
 The young, and they whom centuries had spared,  
 Were mingled in one throng,—but not a prayer  
 Whisper'd in secret—not an evening hymn,  
 From one amongst them all, arose to heaven;  
 No thanks for blessings, and for guilt no sigh.  
 They woke—they revelled—and they sought their rest—  
 As if they ne'er could die; nor deign'd one thought  
 Of Him, who claims man's first and last regard.

In musing contemplation, Noah stood,  
 Adoring God; and viewing in the earth  
 And skies, the wonders of His mighty hand;  
 In admiration, mingled with distress,  
 For man's ingratitude and guilt. He saw  
 A comet trace its path along the sky,  
 Advancing to the sun; drawn by his power  
 From realms of night and ever-during cold,  
 Once more to burn in his consuming rays.  
 And far behind shedding its fiery train  
 Across the arch of night. Ah! then, indeed,  
 No fabled omen of approaching ill,  
 Dire prophet of destruction! thou didst tell,  
 Too truly, of a day of wrath and woe  
 Unparalleled. He saw it who was skill'd  
 In knowledge of the heavens, and had mark'd,  
 (Though at long intervals, as life was long.)  
 That some portentous star five times repeat  
 Its circuit round the source of life and light.  
 The sun: and each time nearer to the earth,  
 As if at last it would arrest her flight,  
 Or crush her into ruin. Now—it gleam'd

Terrific in its aspect ; over-man  
 It seem'd as if a fiery sword were shaken,  
 Threatening destruction by the hand of Him  
 Who no resistance knows to his decrees—  
 Who brooks no opposition to his will,  
 Though long forbearing. From this dangerous orb,  
 At each return approaching nearer still  
 The orbit of the earth, the Patriarch saw,  
 Or fear'd, foreboding rain at its next  
 Dire visit ; and, by calculations nice,  
 (For art and learning then were high—long life  
 Had made men wise, though not to holiness,)—  
 He found that it would rush along the path  
 Of earth, or even in collision meet  
 Before it past around the sun again.  
 What the result, all human art might seek  
 In vain to know ; he trembled for the world,  
 And more for her inhabitants : himself  
 And his, he yielded to his God, nor fear'd,  
 What'er their earthly destiny might be ;  
 Being assured that He who cannot lie,  
 Nor change, had blest them, and in that had given  
 A guarantee ten thousand worlds could not,  
 Of happiness and safety. Ere he sought  
 His couch, he pour'd his earnest prayers to heaven  
 For wisdom and direction ; and his prayer  
 Was answered ; and the Angel of the Lord,  
 In form transcendant, clothed in glorious light,  
 Majestic—all but Deity himself—  
 Appear'd to him at midnight, and reveal'd  
 The fate of earth and man—the will of God.

“ Thus saith the Lord, th' Omnipotent ! my wrath  
 Will I pour out upon this guilty world,  
 And sweep away her nations ; they have sinned  
 Past pardon, and their daily crime forbids  
 Further forbearance. Mercy they despise,  
 Threat'nings deride, and warnings laugh to scorn :  
 Me they reject ; and now 'tis fit they know  
 What mortals dare who dare Omnipotence.  
 The floods shall overwhelm them—all alike—  
 For all unite in disobeying me—  
 All shall go down into the deep. A woe,  
 The like whereof there never yet hath been,  
 Nor shall be after, waits this now fair orb.  
 Terror shall seize all bosoms, and despair  
 Send up its cry in vain : then they will call  
 Upon my name—but then will call too late—  
 When seas let loose, impetuous to destroy,

With frantic rage we washing cities down,  
 And tearing their foundations up the sand;  
 With man and beast, forest and hill commingled,  
 Roll'd in one mass of ruin; and the earth  
 Shook trembling into atoms: then shall they  
 Repent that they defied the only God.  
 But their repentance will I not accept;  
 As springing not from holiness, but fear—  
 That fear the child of guilt. For thee and thine,  
 Who have maintain'd my law, and have preserv'd  
 Mine altars and my rights, and in my name  
 Gloried; and have not been ashamed to own  
 Me or my ordinances, other fate  
 Is yours; ye shall survive the wreck of all,  
 Progenitors to people earth anew.  
 Ye shall prepare an ark of wood; the form,  
 And length, and breadth, ye shall hereafter know;  
 Capacious to contain yourselves, and all  
 The tribes that I ordain for future race.  
 That star thou foremost, at its next return,  
 Commission'd for my minister of fate;  
 Shall work my righteous vengeance: Sixty years  
 I give my stubborn enemies, to appease  
 My wrath by penitence; though free to seek,  
 They will not seek me; but provoke me more.  
 Then shall my thunders find them; and the stroke,  
 Righteous and just, consume my foes for ever."

To whom thus Noah: "If thy servant may  
 Find favour in thy sight, and may presume  
 To supplicate Omnipotence, my prayer  
 May haply find acceptance at the throne  
 Of heaven: for this guilty world I plead,  
 And all her millions, unprepared for death.  
 If, peradventure, they repent; depart  
 From evil, and adore the Lord of Hosts;  
 Then may his wrath be turn'd aside, and they  
 Find mercy at his hand. There may be sound—  
 Many, I hope in charity, there are—  
 Wanderers from truth, but willing to return—  
 Ready to yield obedience to his will—  
 If but for their sakes may the world be spared,  
 Nor let the sinner, who would weeping turn  
 From error, perish without hope. I pray,  
 Let me, thy feeble messenger, go forth,  
 And speak this threaten'd judgment in the ears  
 Of all, and see if they will haply turn  
 From evil; and, if not—then let the Lord  
 Mete out the punishment their crimes deserve."

To whom the Angel answer'd — "Be it so.  
 Thy proper abode is in heaven. Mourn then,  
 Do thou go forth to wake thy guilty race:  
 To penitence if thy attempt succeed,  
 As such a mask of charity and love  
 Should do, be sure that He who ruleth all  
 Delights in mercy; but to them who spurn  
 His law, and live but to offend him more,  
 He will be found a swift consuming fire."  
 So ceased the Angel; and his golden form,  
 Brilliant, but unsubstantial — essence pure —  
 Shot upward through the shades of night to heaven.

The warbling word went forth, to wake the world  
 From her dark dream of guilt: and first at home  
 The Patriarch pray'd, exhausted, and implored  
 The people to repent; but urged in vain  
 The judgment threaten'd, and the ruin nigh.  
 Though Belsh echoed his prophetic voice,  
 Her marble walls did but fling back his words,  
 Empty and powerless; or drown'd and lost  
 Amidst the infuriate rabble's demon shouts,  
 His words were scarcely heard: he might as well  
 Have preach'd to roaring winds as unto them.  
 Although they knew that he was wise and good,  
 And perfect in his walk to every eye;  
 To show their utter mockery of heaven,  
 And their defiance of its threaten'd wrath,  
 They flew with maniac rage to where there stood  
 A temple, that had once been dedicate  
 To pure religion's rites: it was the last  
 Now left, and, though unus'd, had yet been spared  
 For its exterior beauty. And they smote  
 The altars with their guilty rage, and drank  
 Libations to the demon that they chose  
 The object of their worship now, from out  
 The sacred vessels; till the holy fane  
 Shook with their impious revelry; nor ceased  
 Their outrage, till the very walls were razed,  
 And level'd with the dust: then round the wreck,  
 Like cannibals at their inhuman feast,  
 They danced and shouted, and with hideous oaths  
 Forsook allegiance to the powers of heaven.  
 Then rush'd exulting to the circus, where  
 Two Mammoths were to meet in horrid fight,  
 To feast the eye of cruelty. There, pleased  
 With what comforted with their stubborn souls;  
 The violated temple, and the God  
 They had insulted, past from memory

As lightly as a dream. With joy they view'd  
 The huge brute combatants engage: the ground  
 Shook under their gigantic tread—the air  
 Echoed their roar in thunders, as they rush'd  
 Against each other; like two mountains heaved  
 From their foundations: terrible and fierce  
 The contest raged; and when they fell, and pour'd  
 Their vital stream in floods, the furious shout  
 Of senseless thousands drown'd their dying groans.  
 A scene of riot, revelry, and guilt,  
 In darkness closed that unforgiven day.

But pity yet inspired the Patriarch's breast  
 For his infatuate race—still anxious he  
 To save them, though not they their doom to shun.  
 Through various nations, and through various climes,  
 The heavenly-delegated Noah went,  
 Foretelling earth's destruction, and the wrath  
 Of its Creator, for the guilt of man,  
 If he repented not—but all alike  
 The prophet spurn'd—from evil none would turn.  
 They disbelieved the message, or defied  
 The threaten'd judgment; and were left to meet  
 Its terrors in remediless despair.  
 While he, obedient and devout, prepared  
 For his great work, the ark; in which alone  
 A refuge might be found in that dread day  
 Of awful visitation. From the haunts  
 Of man he hastened, with his wife and sons:  
 By heaven directed, there with skilful hand  
 He framed the mighty vessel, doom'd to save  
 Those destined to repeople earth again;  
 Where all of man, and beast, and bird, foredoom'd  
 To live, should safety find; preserv'd amidst  
 The grave of nations and a ruin'd world.

J. B.

END OF PART I.

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## REVIEWS.

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*A Tale of Paraguay.* By Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D. Poet Laureate, Member of the Royal Spanish Academy, of the Royal Spanish Academy of History, of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands, of the Cymridorion, of the American Antiquarian Society, of the Royal Irish Academy, of the Bristol Philosophical and Literary Society, &c. &c.—London. Longman, 1825. 12mo. p. 199.

CRITICISM has been too much accustomed to encroach upon the prerogatives of poetry. Conveniently forgetting that the critical art is inferior and subsequent to the poetical, the critic has been not seldom apt to elevate himself into a censor, from whose decision the defendant had no appeal, and to set up his judgment against the invention of the poet, for which his skill, however excellent, would be no apology. Now it so happens, that the critic can know nothing of the rules to which genius ought to be subjected, but from the productions of genius itself. Having gained that knowledge, straightway he prides himself in his borrowed plumes, and struts abroad screaming out "at the top of his voice" his harsh decrees, vainer than the peacock, and as songless.

Of the sister art of painting, it has been said, that no man can properly be a connoisseur, without considerable feeling for the art, and some experience in it himself, that he may be able to appreciate the difficulties that have been overcome, not only to excel and produce effect, but to avoid offending. The critic on poetry appears to be insensible of requiring any such qualification for the task he undertakes. It frequently happens that his own attempts in the same line of literature would be more unendurable than those produc-

tions which were described by a critic of old every way qualified, as not to be borne either by gods or men; it is more than probable that they would not only be unendurable, but would be execrable. Nay, so incompetent are critics in general to an original work of any kind, that if a production of theirs, professing to lay claim to intrinsic excellence, were to appear with the name of the writer, the title-page would be read with no faith, but rather with scepticism or indifference. Hence they find it necessary to put forth their crude guesses anonymously, that the known incompetency of the writer may not prejudice the gentle reader against the censure he is about to fulminate. Their power lies in their obscurity, and their only claim to the title of critics is their utter incapacity to become authors.

We have said, in a former number of this Journal, that taste is the power of perceiving and appreciating the sublime and beautiful, by virtue of their relation to similar elements constituting the human intellect. It is evident that the minds of such as we have described contain not in themselves the living fountain of the sublime and beautiful, and are necessarily destitute of that taste which is requisite to their appreciation.

It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant,—and it will be accelerated by the means which are daily adopted for the more equal distribution of knowledge,—when the public will be dissatisfied with all criticism; that, being unfounded in the spirit of fair and philosophical enquiry; neither announces nor endeavours to establish the principles upon which it proceeds, or proceeds upon none that are intelligible or consistent.

We take credit to ourselves for having endeavoured to set an example of the candid and impartial manner in which the practice of reviewing should be conducted. If we cannot lay claim to all the qualifications that should constitute a critic on poetry, we at least can conscientiously acquit ourselves of wanting feeling for the art of which we presume to judge, and have not been wearied in considerable efforts to cultivate a taste and genius in the art itself.

We would now address ourselves to critics of a higher class,—men whose opinions are not without their value, but who have disciplined their judgments at the expence of the more inventive faculties, and consider themselves peculiarly entitled to the character of possessing *correct* taste, and exercising sound discretion. But on what do they base the correctness of their taste, and the soundness of their discretion? Their taste is correct, because it is classical; their

discretion is sound, because it is guided by what is universally acknowledged. We may *safely* trust ourselves to their guidance, because they will keep to the beaten track, and never venture out of the path they know: but they determine to know no other,—they make trial of no experiment, and go forth upon no discovery.

These refer to the exemplars and models of former times,—they measure all poets by Homer, and extract their laws of the art from the dicta of Aristotle. But Aristotle was the pupil of Homer,—he questioned his work as he would an oracle, and abode by its responses. The critics of our day dictate to the prophet what he shall utter, measure out his length of line, and order the manner of his saying. Rather let them imitate the example of their predecessors, and investigate the claims of genius with the same humility of philosophical inquiry with which we contemplate any other phenomena of nature,—not daring to prescribe laws to her, but endeavour to ascertain with a diligent understanding what she had deemed proper to prescribe to them as the superior power.

It is easy to perceive that, if this dread of innovation were to obtain, it would be productive of the most fatal effects to poetical composition. Genius would be precluded,—the best imitator would be the best poet: the timid voyager, within sight of shore, were worthier of praise than the brave adventurer into the unknown depths of song, and the wide ocean of invention. The fatal consequences *have* been experienced. What were the tragedies framed upon the French principles of poetry, and the doctrine of the Unities? Did they not produce lifeless carcases for the dissecting-room of criticism?—but never, never, were they possessed of the vital spark of genius; and valueless are they, utterly valueless, as exponents of mind to the poet and the philosopher.

But this dread of innovation has partially obtained at various periods of our literature. Once it trembled at the daring violations of Shakspeare, and since has it taken up arms against the no less daring intellect of Southey—a man who, for the variety of his attainments, for the powers of his fancy, and the splendor of his diction, remains unrivalled in ancient or modern times; and whose private deportment challenges calumny, and is characterized by that purity of which Milton boasted in his own. The chastity of his life has influenced his writings, and from them he may defy even his enemies to adduce a single passage, in prose or poetry, which he might morally regret, however trifling the production, or with whatever levity composed.

But if, among his enemies, there have been men to whom neither of the characters to which we have alluded can



be referred,—men whose judgments have not been more accurate than their imaginations have been exalted, and their fancies lively; their conduct, however it may assume the appearance of a dread of poetical innovation, must be attributed to other causes. And, alas! the events of the last twenty years have originated circumstances sufficient to explain why personal motives should interfere with critical truth, and make such men, though of the nobler mould, utter with the pen what the heart discredited. It was of such spirits as these, who had imagination to be kindled, fancy to be captivated, and understandings to be awakened,—that the believers in liberty and equality were constituted. Such they were who, judging of others by themselves, felt that man was compounded of mighty faculties capable of working out a state of society composed of the most glorious elements—a republic of poets and philosophers. But the times were not ripe for such a change: the season of the harvest had not yet come, and the corn was cut in the green ear. Nor had it been sown in the proper soil. The fields of superstition, when broken up beneath the ploughshare of revolution, bore not good fruit, or mixed with the tares of infidelity sown by the enemy in the long preceding and still recurring night, which choked the kindly seed in its growth, and poisoned the bread of life. All men were not poets and philosophers—some were prosaic and foolish; and what was called equality turned out to be only insubordination; and liberty was but freedom from all law, whether for the security of property or person. Many there were who saw their error in due time; others could not bear to confess that they had been deceived; they shut their eyes to the passing events, and only saw their own theories; by a sort of introverted speculation, looking into themselves alone; and the shifting of their own thoughts they took to be the camera-obscura by which the variations of the great world were represented to the inner sense. Still they saw but themselves; and as from themselves their gorgeous theories had been deduced, so when again referred there, they found them correspond, and were pleased with the apparent corroboration. But they who looked abroad into the real movements of the world gathered an accession of knowledge; they understood others as well as themselves, the actual relations of society, and “the good and evil in our nature mixed.” Thus their minds were enlarged; they were carried on with the stream of circumstance,—they kept pace with the march of time, and soon got a-head of their fellows, who, when they opened their eyes, and saw that their companions were departed from their sides, accused them of deserting the cause of their friends, forgetting that them-

selves had been standing still all the time, and dreaming, as they stood, that they were going on. Then they began to hoot and to holla after them; and, since their undeluded acquaintance would not return into the wood, to load them with hard speeches, and to undervalue their attainments, and more especially their wisdom, learned from that experience which the dreamers had neglected and despised. We speak not in scorn; but it is too much for men, who have refused to listen to the admonitions of time, the truth-utterer, to charge those with inconsistency who have obeyed the teaching. Only the stupid and dishonest would persist in an erroneous opinion, because he had expressed it at the age of eighteen, on the plea of consistency. The wise and honest man would despise such obstinacy. To talk of consistency in error is absurd.

The first thing that strikes us in the poetry of Southey is its originality. Original in design, in structure, style, and sentiment, it is referable to the canons of no preconceived system of poetry, but is governed by its own laws, yet under the dominion of the superior law of reason and nature. This puzzled the critics exceedingly. They might understand, perhaps, the beauties of Homer, because they had been pointed out to them by Longinus; they might comprehend the laws of a poem modelled on the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, because the same great critic had extracted similar laws from those immortal works; but a great and original genius like that of Southey, which was a law to itself, yet moving harmoniously with the law of nature, required another Longinus to appreciate its excellence, and open up its mysteries.

*Thalaba* and the *Curse of Kehama* had no other fault, but that they squared not with the prepossessions of ordinary critics. To their pastoral elegance, the dignified simplicity, the gorgeous imagery, and the rich morality, which beamed upon both romances a glorious illumination, as from a starry sky, what could they object? But they could suggest an alarm at the astonishing boldness of a poet, who dared to make experiments in metre, and exercised his invention in the construction of a new species of verse. And yet, after all, could they affirm with truth, that the versification of either of those poems was not peculiarly appropriate to the design and end of each? Would any other have suited equally well their wildness and extravagance? With the light and airy character of the *Thabala*, the slight and elegant structure of verse invented by the poet, perfectly corresponded; and its lyrical variety was peculiarly adapted to the rapid sketchiness of the incidents, and the abrupt turns of the narrative. In like manner, the more elaborate style

and structure of the verse in which the *Curse of Kehama* was composed, was more fitted than any in previous use for the display of that brilliant exhibition of pictures from the Hindoo Mythology; so well selected and so exquisitely finished, that nothing is left for succeeding minstrels to achieve on a similar subject, "but to detect their ignorance or theft."

That these were works of astonishing genius could not be denied—but then they were not epics; yet they were judged by rules only applicable to epic composition. Such a process of criticism was evidently unfair, inasmuch as it had no regard to the object of the writer. But that they were not epics was complained of:—they were fairy tales for children. It should be recollected, however, that one of them at least had immediate reference to a system of mythology on which men had been willing that their eternal destiny should depend; and in which the sublime mysteries and verities of human faith were involved. The extravagance of an Arabian romance, exciting only curiosity and passion, might be censured; but, to banish the romance which blends a moral and even a higher interest in its design, from English literature, would be an impoverishment which it is not extremely well calculated to sustain.

We say, that these two poems blend a higher than a moral interest in their design. Volney, we believe, has remarked the great resemblance existing between the substantive detail of all mythologies, not excluding the Christian; whence he, not very philosophically, concludes they are all false. The more legitimate conclusion would have been, that all had a common foundation in some great truth, which was variously represented according to the varying genius of nations and individuals. It has been the endeavour of the poet, whose merits we are now discussing, to trace out this common truth; and in the two poems before us it was his great aim to exhibit and illustrate the Principle of Faith, as giving vigour to human action, and the power to endure unto the end.

Thus hath the poet reduced the antipicturesque and cumbersome machinery of Hindoo mythology and Arabian superstition to the purposes of a purer doctrine and a holier belief, and referred them to that divine principle in the intellectual constitution of man, which measures every thing by the standard of a superior nature,—even a spiritual standard, as far excelling the soul as the external world falls short of her intrinsic and own proper excellence.

Between poetry and religion there has ever existed an intimate association; and the genius of Southey takes pleasure in reducing the abstractions of superstition to the purposes

of poetic embellishment. They are bright spirits hovering over the human family, which he delights to contemplate, and which reflects their glory back upon them. They are reflections from the recognitions of pre-existence, or the recognitions of futurity. Angels ascend and descend through all the gradations of humanity, and gild the steps and sides of the ladder which they so love to scale.

But it may be asked, why not rather construct the machinery of such a poem from the forms of true religion, than the grotesque representations of superstition? This the poet has declined to do upon grounds which, however honourable to his piety, we cannot but consider as insufficient. "When the ground-work of a poem is taken from some part of history, popular and well-known, any increase of fiction (says Mr. Southey,) disturbs the sense of truth. Still more so if the subject be in itself so momentous that any alloy of invention must of necessity debase it; but most of all in themes drawn from Scripture, whether from the more familiar or the more awful portions; for, when *what is true is sacred, whatever may be added to it is so surely felt to be false, that it appears profane.*"—This opinion Mr. Southey has expressed in the preface to his present work; and it may also be found in the Remains of Henry Kirke White, by way of introduction to the fragment of the "Christiad."

Now to this opinion we must demur. Whatever is not sacred must be profane: the one is the antithesis of the other. Whatever, therefore, is added to sacred history must submit to the latter denomination, however piously intended and reverently executed. But that the reader of a divine poem, containing such imaginative admixture, feels it to be false in so intense a manner as insisted on by the poet, we cannot admit. We are inclined to suspect that, if he feel it to be false at all, it must be owing to want of skill in the poet. Do we feel thus shocked, as at a profane falsehood foisted upon Holy Writ, when we peruse the Paradise Lost of Milton? Most assuredly the whole of the first two books of Milton are purely of his own invention; but do they not comport so well with the rest of the narrative, and seem so intimately to belong to it, that the reader immediately surrenders his entire faith to the illusion, and never pauses for a moment to doubt their truth? If, indeed, the genius of the poet be unequal to the task he undertakes, a feeling of incongruity will ensue, and his fictions will be falsehoods: but, if he engage in the work with a kindred spirit, they will not be falsehoods then; for the fictions of the poet are not necessarily falsehoods,—more often are they the representations of important truths which moralize the song. Neither is Genius a profane

endowment,—it is a holy gift, of God, however abused by some who have been ungrateful for the sacred distinction. But if there be one whose lips have been touched with hallowed flame, no interposition of his will jar upon the feeling of the most devout; but his strain being in all things accordant with the divine theme, religion will appear more winning, seen in the light of an imagination, and irradiated by an intellect, which is “the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty.”

It was objected to the versification of *Thalaba* and *Kehama*, that they possessed variety without regularity.—The death of our late revered sovereign gave our laureate an opportunity of making a metrical experiment, which should combine both requisitions. It appeared to him that the English hexameter had not had a fair trial. We confess ourselves favourable to this attempt. The English hexameter we conceive to be, as the poet alleges, a legitimate and good measure, and in all respects applicable to the genius and structure of our language, upon the principle of adaption laid down by him. It is generally equal to blank verse, and sometimes superior. It possesses more variety, more music, a larger gamut, and a wider compass of notes, and with more ease, and in many more instances, the sound may be made an echo to the sense. This our opinion is founded upon the best passages and lines in the poem, separated from those which, taken distinctly, might be deemed defective. Many words of great depth and strength are excluded from English versification, in consequence of their length, or the irregular accentuation of their syllables: for instance, “paradisiacal” could not have been well introduced into our common heroic measure, except at the beginning of a line; and sometimes we are obliged to pass over a majestic word for one of fewer syllables, unless we indulge in frequent elisions. This obliged Milton to liquidate the terminal *y* in the commencing vowel of the following word, — a practice of which we greatly approve, as producing more variety, and sometimes assisting the expression and music.

But the poet did not invent or adopt these species of verse as preferable to the accustomed metres, but as something different: his predilection is for the English blank verse, in which his *Joan of Arc*, his *Madoc*, and his *Roderick*, are composed. These poems it would be superfluous to praise; no writer in any work of character has ever thought of contravening their merits. His *Madoc*, however, is rather a romance than an epic; and the author disclaimed the title for his poem: still it may be properly denominated an heroic

poem, and is written in a style animated and uniformly sustained. The arrangement of the incidents is admirable, and the interest of the narrative is kept up to the last. It might, perhaps, be wished that the matter of the two or three last sections had been compressed into one; for the plot is wound up at the end of the lake fight, and the termination of the poem is expected, if not anticipated, from the commencement of the next section: still, however, we should not like to lose the splendid fiction of "the Close of the Century." As a romance, this work has all the merit of the very best of the Waverly novels, with the additional one of having been written in verse, and constituting one of the most splendid specimens of blank verse in our language.

The character of Madoc suggests a comparison with Virgil's Eneas; but Mr. Southey has succeeded where Virgil failed. The piety of Eneas is insipid,—he is deficient in action and interest: Madoc is in continual motion,—he is continually before the reader's eye, and the feelings of the reader are continually interested in his behalf. He is, however, not a perfect hero; he is irritable, apt to be angry, and is convicted of "pious frauds." This is at once consistent with his national character, with nature, and with history.

But what shall we say of Roderick? Its merits have exhausted the praises of the critics; and the objections taken against it are merely the abortive efforts of men, who think—"they are nothing, if not critical." The character of Roderick stands alone,—it suggests no comparison. Not only is the poem, in its style and construction, different from all other epics, (and not the worse for being different,) but the character of the hero is original, and the peculiar property of the Bard of Keswick. A criminal—a penitent,—he is preserved within the limits of humanity;—purified from guilt and error, and invested with the garments of piety,—He speaks, and looks, and moves, throughout every adventure, and in every event, like a celestial visitant from ghostly realms.

These two poems are crowded with character, distinguished and portrayed with a dramatic power unequalled by any writer of modern times.

There is a peculiarity of structure about these poems: they are not divided into books, containing a congeries of incidents; but are separated into sections devoted to the development of a particular incident; so that each poem seems constituted of a succession of little poems, each founded on its own particular portion of history,—yet is each an organic part of the whole. By this contrivance, the poem is not only beautiful as a whole, but is pleasing in its parts; and any section

of the book may be taken up and read with a feeling of completeness and satisfaction.

The diction of Mr. Southey's works is simple, yet ornate—dignified, yet easy; his versification is free and harmonious,—what it gains in facility, it may occasionally lose in strength; but in *Roderic* there are mighty and majestic lines, that move with an energy and fervour seldom equalled, and perhaps never surpassed.

The present poem is a proof, (if needed,) that, notwithstanding his metrical experiments, the poet has no decided predilection for irregular versification. A sweet and simple tale it is, written in the stanza of Spenser, peculiarly calculated for the genius of a poet who is so great a master over the quiet affections, "the hearth's sweet charities," the sentiments of piety and the feelings of religion; and who delights in calm meditation and contemplative musings. It is founded on fact—nay—it is fact itself, for the poet has religiously abstained from adding any thing to the singular simplicity of the original story, which is taken from Dobrizhoffer's *History of the Abinopes*, an extract from which, in the original Latin, is prefixed to the work.

The story is soon told. The small-pox had depopulated a feeble settlement "of Guarani race,"

"Among those tracts of lake, and swamp, and wood.

Where Mondai issuing from its solitude

Flows with slow stream to Empalado's bed."

The ravages of this disorder had left only two survivors—a husband and wife, who forsake the infected place, and build themselves a leafy bower,

"Amid a glade, slow Mondai's stream beside."

Here a son is born to the two survivors, Quiara and Monnema, and they were on the eve of being blessed with a daughter, when, only a month previous to the birth, Quiara, who had gone out in quest of game, was destroyed by a Jaguar.

Thus the mother, left with her two children, Yeruti and Mooma, in her solitude, rears and instructs them in the traditions of the tribe of which she was the remnant; and also in what she had been imperfectly taught of the Christian faith, from the preaching of the Jesuits. The account which she gives of these beloved messengers of good, excited a strong hope in Yeruti's heart, that they should yet see their fellow kind, and might haply meet some minister of heaven.

Nor was it long before his harmless heart's desire was fulfilled. Some traders who had felled trees on Empalado's

shore, when they beheld the inviting woodlands on the other side, crost thither in their quest, and there espied Yeruti's footsteps; and searching then the shade descried a lonely dwelling, and dismayed at the thought of hostile hoards, requested the assistance of the Jesuits, who immediately, with a little band of converts, and Dobrizhoffer at their head, went forth to search the land. They discover the little family, who willingly emerge from their peaceful solitude, and accompany the holy father to Paraguay.

An overpowering wonderment informed their faculties—strange sights, and sounds, and thoughts, oppress their sense—and sleep afforded no natural repose—and the busy scenes of the day disturbed their dreams. They had exchanged the perpetual umbrage of the forest for the open light and air. All thoughts and occupations—air, water, and food, changed—old habits suddenly uprooted, to which the vital powers and functions had been conformed;—such mutation was too rude for the fine frames of these poor children of the solitude;—and in their baptismal innocence they died. The poem is divided into four cantos, and is beautifully written. It is a deep stream that flows without noise. All is as calm and quiet, and still in its composition, as the sunset of an autumn day, or the death-bed of a righteous man. Like them, too, it elevates and soothes the contemplating mind. The serenity of the poet's intellect is diffused over the work, and is communicated to the reader's. A young man could not have written this poem with the same spirit and power. He would have wanted the requisite experience—the feeling and the temperament. His tact would have been factitious—his production a lifeless copy; but the tale of Paraguay is a quick and quickening exponent of the poet's mind—a creation of the poet's heart. By the frivolous, the vain, the idle, and the busy—the ambitious and the worldly minded, it will be disregarded; but by the gentle and the good, for whom it is intended, it will be appreciated and loved.

This is a poem whence it is difficult to extract. The strain of feeling is so continuous, that to separate any part from the rest is to deprive it of half its beauty. We therefore prefer giving one ample excerpt, in itself interesting and beautiful, and a fair specimen of the whole. It is from that part which relates to the instruction with which the solitary mother beguiled their evening solitude, and which excited the hopes of Yeruti.

"Stories strangely told and strangely understood.

—Little she knew, for little had she seen."



By the Great Spirit man was made, she said,  
 His voice it was which peopled along the sky;  
 And shook the heavens and fill'd the earth with dread.  
 Alone and inaccessible, on high  
 He had his dwelling place eternally;  
 And Father was his name. This all knew well;  
 But none had seen his face: and if his eye  
 Regarded what upon the earth befel,  
 Or if he cared for man, she knew not:—who could tell?

But this, she said, was sure, that after death  
 There was reward and there was punishment:  
 And that the evil doers, when the breath  
 Of their injurious lives at length was spent,  
 Into all noxious forms abhorr'd were sent,  
 Of beasts and reptiles; so retaining still  
 Their old propensities, on evil bent,  
 They work'd where'er they might their wicked will,  
 The natural foes of men, whom we pursue and kill.

Of better spirits, some there were who said  
 That in the grave they had their place of rest.  
 Lightly they laid the earth upon the dead,  
 Lest in its narrow tenement the guest  
 Should suffer underneath such load oppress.  
 But that death surely set the spirit free,  
 Sad proof to them poor Monnema address,  
 Drawn from their father's fate; no grave had he  
 Wherein his soul might dwell. This therefore could not be.

Likelier they taught who said that to the Land  
 Of Souls the happy spirit took its flight;  
 A region underneath the sole command  
 Of the good Power; by him for the upright  
 Appointed and replenish'd with delight;  
 A land where nothing evil ever came,  
 Sorrow, nor pain, nor peril, nor affright,  
 Nor change, nor death; but there the human frame,  
 Untouch'd by age or ill, continued still the same.

Winds would not pierce it there, nor heat and cold  
 Grieve, nor thirst parch, and hunger pine; but there  
 The sun by day its even influence hold  
 With genial warmth, and thro' the unclouded air  
 The moon upon her nightly journey fare:  
 The lakes and fish-full streams are never dry;  
 Trees ever green perpetual fruitage bear;  
 And, wheresoe'er the hunter turns his eye,  
 Water and earth and heaven to him their stores supply.

And once there was a way to that good land,  
For in mid earth a wondrous Tree there grew,  
By which the adventurer might with foot and hand  
From branch to branch his upward course pursue;  
An easy path, if what were said be true,  
Albeit the ascent was long: and when the height  
Was gain'd, that blissful region was in view,  
Wherein the traveller safely might alight,  
And roam abroad at will, and take his free delight.

O happy time, when ingress thus was given  
To the upper world, and at their pleasure they  
Whose hearts were strong might pass from earth to heaven  
By their own act and choice! In evil day  
Mishap had fatally cut off that way,  
And none may now the Land of Spirits gain,  
Till from its dear-loved tenement of clay,  
Violence or age, infirmity and pain  
Divorce the soul which there full gladly would remain.

Such grievous loss had by their own misdeed  
Upon the unworthy race of men been brought.  
An aged woman there who could not speed  
In fishing, earnestly one day besought  
Her countrymen, that they of what they caught  
A portion would upon her wants bestow.  
They set her hunger and her age at nought,  
And still to her entreaties answered no,  
And mock'd her, till they made her heart with rage o'erflow.

But that old woman by such wanton wrong  
Inflamed, went hurrying down; and in the pride  
Of magic power wherein the crone was strong,  
Her human form infirm she laid aside.  
Better the Capiguara's limbs supplied  
A strength accordant to her fierce intent!  
These she assumed, and, burrowing deep and wide  
Beneath the Tree, with vicious will, she went,  
To inflict upon mankind a lasting punishment.

Downward she wrought her way, and all around  
Labouring, the solid earth she undermined  
And loosened all the roots; then from the ground  
Emerging, in her hatred of her kind,  
Resumed her proper form, and breathed a wind  
Which gather'd like a tempest round its head:  
Eftsoon the lofty Tree its top inclined  
Uptorn with horrible convulsion dread,  
And over half the world its mighty wreck lay spread.

*Southey's Tale of Paraguay.*

But never acien sprouted from that tree,  
 Nor seed sprung up ; and thus the easy way,  
 Which had till then for young and old been free,  
 Was closed upon the sons of men for aye.  
 The mighty ruin moulder'd where it lay  
 Till not a trace was left ; and now in sooth  
 Almost had all remembrance past away.  
 This from the elders she had heard in youth ;  
 Some said it was a tale, and some a very truth.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

While thus the Matron spake, the youthful twain  
 Listen'd in deep attention, wistfully ;  
 Whether with more of wonder or of pain  
 Uneath it were to tell. With steady eye  
 Intent they heard ; and when she paused, a sigh  
 Their sorrowful foreboding seem'd to speak :  
 Questions to which she could not give reply  
 Yeruti ask'd ; and for that Maiden meek,—  
 Involuntary tears ran down her quiet cheek.

A different sentiment within them stirr'd,  
 When Monnema recall'd to mind one day,  
 Imperfectly, what she had sometimes heard  
 In childhood, long ago, the Elders say :  
 Almost from memory had it past away,—  
 How there appear'd amid the woodlands men  
 Whom the Great Spirit sent there to convey  
 His gracious will ; but little heed she then  
 Had given, and like a dream it now recurr'd again.

But these young questioners from time to time  
 Call'd up the long-forgotten theme anew.  
 Strange men they were, from some remotest clime  
 She said, of different speech, uncouth to view,  
 Having hair upon their face, and white in hue :  
 Across the world of waters wide they came  
 Devotedly the Father's work to do,  
 And seek the Red Men out, and in his name  
 His merciful laws, and love, and promises proclaim.

They served a Maid more beautiful than tongue  
 Could tell, or heart conceive. Of human race,  
 All heavenly as that Virgin was, she sprung ;  
 But for her beauty and celestial grace,  
 Being one in whose pure elements no trace  
 Had e'er inhered of sin or mortal stain,  
 The highest Heaven was now her dwelling place ;  
 There as a Queen divine she held her reign,  
 And there in endless joy for ever would remain.

Her feet upon the crescent Moon were set,  
And, moving in their order round her head,  
The stars compose her sparkling coronet.  
There at her breast the Virgin Mother fed  
A Babe divine, who was to judge the dead,  
Such power the Spirit gave this awful Child:  
Severe he was, and in his anger dread,  
Yet always at his Mother's will grew mild,  
So well did he obey that Maiden undefiled.

Sometimes she had descended from above  
To visit her true votaries, and requite  
Such as had served her well. And for her love,  
These bearded men, forsaking all delight,  
With labour long and dangers infinite,  
Across the great blue waters came, and sought  
The Red-Men here, to win them, if they might,  
From bloody ways, rejoiced to profit aught.  
Even when with their own lives the benefit was bought.

For trusting in this heavenly Maiden's grace;  
It was for them a joyful thing to die,  
As men who went to have their happy place  
With her, and with that Holy Child, on high,  
In fields of bliss above the starry sky,  
In glory, at the Virgin Mother's feet:  
And all who kept their lessons faithfully,  
An everlasting guerdon there would meet,  
When Death had led their souls to that celestial seat.

On earth they offered, too, an easy life  
To those who their mild lessons would obey,  
Exempt from want, from danger, and from strife;  
And from the forest leading them away,  
They placed them underneath this Virgin's sway,  
A numerous fellowship, in peace to dwell;  
Their high and happy office there to pay  
Devotions due, which she requited well,  
Their heavenly Guardian she in whatsoever befell.

The above may be read with a feeling of completeness, and cannot fail to please by its beauty and elevate by its piety. The poetry is sweet and soft, and blends at once the mildest affections of humanity, the meekest breathings of domestic love, the humblest yearnings of human faith, and the loftiest sympathies of human hopes. Earth and Heaven are married in innocent wedlock—the feelings of both are interfused. The nature of man is exalted by the alliance, and its primal excellence illustrated and exemplified.

We have said nothing of this author's powers of description, in which he is inferior to no poet who ever existed. They are of the very highest order, and the present little poem abounds in examples. Indeed, it is entirely constituted of description and sentiment. It is unnecessary to prove this by extract; the works with which all the world are acquainted have placed the matter beyond doubt.

Ut Pictura Poesis erit—A poem is like painting, says Horace:—Byron's poems are passion—Wordsworth's are philosophy—Coleridge's are fancy—Shelley's are mysticism—but Southey's are painting.

Every section of his works is a picture, and capable of furnishing an interesting subject for the graphic art. A painter of genius, whatever his genius might be, would in them find plenty of occasion for its indulgence. The *Curse of Kehama*, alone, would furnish forth a gallery, and is itself a splendid gallery of highly finished paintings, in a gorgeous style of colouring, combining a power of design and a facility of execution, which it would require the highest efforts of art to realize on the canvass.

And if another master in the sister art were to arise, and determine to personify poetry in some immortal work, and were to take his idea of poetry from the productions of Southey; wherein would it differ from Raphael's sublimely conceived and beautifully executed painting of Poetry personified?—Crowned with the immortal laurel, her shoulders winged, her bosom modestly invested with white raiment, and thence to her feet overspread with a sky-coloured mantle, emblematic of her chastity, her sublimity, and heavenly origin; in one hand holding the harmonious lyre, and with the other expanding on her knee a volume of heroic song; inspired with divine fury, and elevated with sacred emotion, she arrests herself in this position, and deigns not to descend from her majesty as of a prophetess, and from her station as of a divinity.\* So chaste—so sublime—thus divinely derived—so harmonious—so heroic—thus inspired and thus arrested, is the genius of poetry, as illustrated in the poems of Southey. Had he written but one of his great works, his astonishing merits would have remained unquestioned. But the world unwillingly permits a man to multiply demands on its admiration, and substantiate repeated claims to its applause and gratitude.

\* *Ella è coronata di lauro immortale, ed avendo le spalle alate, vela il petto in candida gonna, e sparge dal seno a piedi il suo ceruleo manto; conforme ella è casta, sublime, ed originata dal cielo: tiene con una mano l'armonica lira, con l'altra appoggia sulla coscia il libro degli eroici carmi, ed in tali posamento arrestandosi sembra ispirata da sèto divino.*—BELLORI.

*The Antiquities of Athens and of various other parts of Greece, Supplementary to the Antiquities of Athens, by James Stuart and N. Revett, Vol. 4, Parts 1 and 2, containing the Temple of Apollo, Epicurius at Bassæ, near Phigalia, and other Antiquities in the Peloponnesus, illustrated by Thomas Leverton Donaldson. Fol. — London, Priestley and Weale.*

THE models of Ancient Greece must ever be the standard by which we may form a correct estimate of the productions of ancient as well as of modern times. In defiance of that general feeling for gothic architecture, connected with the associations of a remote period of our national history; in spite of the predilection avowed by the many for that style of building, which may with propriety be termed London architecture, the monuments of Greece must survive the decline of all other tastes; and we must recur to these matchless edifices as the masterpieces of art, the very perfection of pure detail and correct style. In England, more than in any other country, the attic models have been instrumental in forming the present school of architecture. No other people have adopted, as the English have done, the very style itself; nor consecrated so much talent and patient investigation to the development of its principles, the illustration of its ruins, and deep research; in order to combine together the various masses piled in chaotic disorder, and form of them complete and faithful restorations.

Attica has already been fully investigated and detailed in the volumes of Stuart and Revett, and in the productions of the Dilettanti Society. Asia Minor has afforded to the researches of Revett, Gell, Gandy, and Bedford, a rich harvest; which, however, forms but a very insignificant portion of the antiquities, that lie profusely scattered throughout Asiatic Greece. The ruined cities to the south of Smyrna contain treasures, that future generations only can enjoy; and the inland Turkish villages boast numerous examples, that would serve to complete many of our imperfect notions respecting the building of the ancients, as well civil as sacred. The details of the various antique edifices are of very great interest, as almost all have some deficiency yet to supply; but we must regret that the attention of our architectural travellers has not been more directed to the arrangement of the general plans of the ancient buildings, and their combination with each other. The intelligent eye of the scientific observer may discover even now the most happy

combinations of general plans among the shrubs, the bushes, the rising mounds of Ephesus, Miletus, Gnidos, and Halicarnassus. In illustration of our remark, we shall merely quote the Temple of Priene, which has its Peribolus, Propylea, elevated altar in front, and various other minor objects, which when properly classed and arranged, so as to form an assemblage of grouping, must carry the mind beyond the mere plain matter of fact of the solitary fane. The ancients well knew how to embellish the grand object, and by the happy contrasts of minor circumstances, to give it additional dignity.

Of the Peloponnesus, that interesting portion of Grecia Propria, containing antiquities of the most curious description, we have only the very inferior example of Nemea, published in Stuart's Athens. The Honourable Mr. Stanhope has edited an essay on Olympia, and Vulliamy, and in his work on Ornament has furnished a beautiful fragment from the Grove of Esculapius. But Micene, Tyrens, Argos, Sparta, Messena, and Megalopolis, are as yet almost untouched. From the title of this work we hope therefore to see illustrated the interesting ruins of this Peninsula, which, owing to its locality, and its reputation as the retreat of a horde of fearless Mainott robbers, no less than to the inhospitable character of the natives, and the privations consequent in a journey through a country almost unknown, had been left unexplored except by a Fourmont, a Fauvel, a Lusieri, a Gell, a Dodwell, and a few intrepid general travellers.

The first subject of this work is the Temple of Bassæ, an example singular in its kind, and furnishing authority for an entire new disposition of plan, and peculiar arrangement of detail. To the historian, antiquarian, and sculptor, it is no less interesting, as having been enriched by those sculptures known in our national gallery under the name of the Phigalian marbles. According to Pausanias, the Phigalians erected this temple in honour of Apollo, having been delivered by the intervention of that god from a plague, which occurred about the time of the Peloponnesian war. Till within a very few years these ruins were scarcely visited, till the Baron Haller, who was pursuing his researches among the monuments of Greece, accompanied by our countryman, Mr. C. R. Cockerell, first discovered at the "Columns" (by which name the spot is now known,) the valuable fragments of a sculptured frieze. A few individuals associated together, raised a sum of money, bribed the Pacha, employed above a hundred labourers, and finally the marbles, which formerly

ornamented the interior frieze of the cella, decorated the walls of the British Museum.

The numberless volumes of an ephemeral nature, which within a few years have inundated the press, make us regard with a jealous eye those works, which may be considered, as the present one, aspiring to a classical rank in literature; and which must in some degree influence the taste of the rising generation, and carry with it the fearful distinction of a specimen of the talents, assiduity, and judgment of the architectural authors of the day. Ever since the production of the last volume of the work on Attica, published by the illustrious society of the Dilettanti, we have not ceased to regret that some more prominent character should not have been given to the scientific men engaged in the compilation of the materials, than that of mere contributors of the drawings. Why have not their personal observations on the ruins—why have not their numerous remarks on any of the peculiarities, enriched the now scanty description of the plates? The architect, eager for information, seeks for authority in the letter-press, and finds there the erudition of a mere compiler—not the judicious parallel with other buildings—not the abundant remark on each variety of detail—not the valuable suggestions of those, who have passed months of patient anxiety during the excavations and the removal of each block. Must we attribute this deficiency to the modesty of retiring merit? To that unwillingness of the public scrutiny, that too often represses the man of science? Or must we ascribe it to the injudicious tasteless appetite for classical reputation, now so prevalent, and which is not satisfied except with abstruse disquisitions little to the purpose, and long quotations in Greek from obscure authors? A similar system seems to be pursued in the present work; we have seldom seen a more injudicious attempt at fine writing than in the introductory chapter to this volume. The name of the artist who illustrates the first subject, stands at the head of the title, and we had looked to the introductory chapter for his research into the date, history, character, and peculiarities of the Bassæan Temple: but the signature of W\* seems to point out that the situation has been occupied by one more assuming and less fearful. In a work of science, all is unbecoming which passes the limits of a simple statement of facts, unalloyed by affectation, by pretensions to classical erudition, or an oratorical style of composition. The narrative attached to all books treating on art should be nervous in thought, pure in style, and unpretending to any character not immediately connected with the object of the work. Part of the language of W\* is incorrect, as in these phrases:



"Extent of preservation," "an edifice which *impends* a ridge," "frustra" instead of "frusta," and affected as "the *bicipital* summit of Ithome which *dominates over* the Messenian plain." But of the bathos and inflated style of composition we have rarely met with a more decided specimen than the following, alluding to the marbles of Ægina, which were found a short period previous to the discovery of the Phigalian frieze. Our author commences with an ungrammatical phrase.

"This discovery, which was the more valuable because it tended to elucidate our ideas on the progress and history of ancient art during the period intervening between the monotonous and rectilinear style of the Egyptian sculpture, and the refined and graceful productions of the school of Phidias. The veil was now somewhat drawn aside; we beheld in this confirmatory standard of the *often spoken of* Æginetan school the budding germs of latent excellence: here was a point from which, in the progress of intellect among a people of such ardent *aspiration*, perfection must soon have emanated; for with the *Egyptians* as with the *Chinese*, though in the opposite extreme of grandeur to frivolity, art never advanced, and in nations with similar institutions, never could have been progressive beyond a fixed ratio of mechanical imitative mediocrity; here, however, we beheld an approximation to correct action and dramatic effect, but expression still remained deficient, and ideal beauty of form wholly unfelt."

What is meant by this accumulation of words we are at a loss to discover. We cannot agree with W\* in his inversion of the order of the passages quoted from Pausanias, by which the chain of reference is broken: the passages themselves are not translated in their just sense.

After the introductory chapter follow the very copious notes of Mr. Donaldson in explanation of the plates. They are full and elaborate, and by reference to edifices of the same period, exhibit the variations that exist between this temple and others of the same date.

The plan of the temple is hexastyle, with fifteen columns on the flanks, peripteral, and most probably hypethral. The interior of the cella has on either side a range of attached Ionic columns, and at the end immediately opposite the door is placed the Corinthian column, the base and capital of which were found among the ruins. The reasons for this arrangement are given in the following words:—

"The distance between the two angular Ionic columns is too great not to suggest, that there must have been some intermediate support for the transverse architrave; at the same time it is too small to allow of a triple intercolumniation, an arrangement more consonant with the Grecian purity of style, and no fragment has been discovered of a

second capital or base. The double intercolumniation, however, has this defect, that the central column occupies the spot which generally is supposed to be more strictly appropriate for the statue of the Divinity, and for which the ample space behind seems to point it out as the fit destination. It certainly is not impossible that the cella, of the temple might have been wholly covered by the roof, in which case it would lose its hypethral character, and then the statue of Apollo might have been placed before the column in question: but the sculpture in the Ionic frieze, and the sunk pavement of the cella indicate that there was a compluvium. It would therefore appear, that this spot is the only one for the Corinthian fragments; but that there should be a column of a different order to range with the series of Ionic columns, is one of those caprices irreconcilable with those serious feelings which influenced the Greeks in all matters connected with their sacred rites."

"Another observation rises out of the above remarks. This variety of design may give latitude to suggest the probability that the interior of the Temple may have been of a later date than the exterior. The peculiarity of the Ionic and Corinthian capitals and bases, no less than the disposition of the attached columns, some of them angular, and the style of art observable in the sculptures of the frieze, may also indicate a less remote period than the age of Pericles, when the severer rules of art were adhered to with a species of superstitious veneration."

In the description of Plate 7, our author again recurs to the same hypothesis.

"The same architect having erected both this temple and that of the Parthenon at Athens, it has been natural to attribute to the same sculptor the frieze of the latter building and the basso relievo of the Temple of Bassæ; but the two sculptures appear to me to indicate two different styles and two distinct epochs of art. The subject of the Parthenon represents the solemn approach of a religious procession to consecrate the grateful offering of their homage with becoming awe in the fane of their protecting deity. In that procession, every sentiment is that of calm serenity, every expression that of tranquil benevolence, every movement that of deliberate ease. There, like the majestic mass of the stately fabric, the Athenians, but added another tribute to the dignified majesty of the daughter of Jove, and immortalized an act instituted to her honour. The frieze of Bassæ, however, seems to serve more as an architectural enrichment, not immediately connected with the god to whom the temple is consecrated. Instead of the calm simplicity that reigns in the peristyle without, here the sculptor follows up the daring contrast afforded by the architectural decorations within, and, by a rapid succession of vigorous action and energetic grouping embodying all the horrors of personal conflicts, the individual or collective acts of heroism, the savage unrelenting barbarity of the victor, the despair of the vanquished, or the accumulated bodies of the dead; drives from the mind of the spectator that tranquillity of feeling which should be the prevailing sentiment of the interior of a temple, the e-

fuge from all the more turbulent feelings of the human heart. The proportions of the figures are in general bad, the heads large and without expression, the limbs short and stout. It may be urged that the same peculiarities of proportions prevail in the marbles from Ægina, but, though the figures in them are also short and muscular, they have a certain delicacy and refinement of finish in each limb, a peculiarity of expression in the features, that considerably diminishes the bad effect resulting from disproportion, and proves them to be of a very different period. Most of the groupes in this frieze are boldly conceived, and display great knowledge of composition, and considerable vigor of effect, a better acquaintance with the general theory of the art, than with the minutiae of individual form. This latter quality is the first result of the laborious and continued study of the primitive elements of the art; but the powers of composition, the more immediate faculty of invention, are the fruits of ages of study and of a thorough acquaintance with the human figure, and generally outlive the decline of the individual beauty of form. Thus, in architecture, many of the public buildings of the latter Cæsars, such as the Baths and the Fora, as much surpassed in composition the plans of the simple edifices of the Greeks, as these last even excelled their conquerors in the purity of the detail and in the elegance of the profile of the individual orders."

When describing the triglyphs, Mr. Donaldson particularly examines even that minute part, the head of the angular semiglyph, notices the very great variety that occurs in this small detail, and furnishes nine examples of different modes of arranging it. He also starts a new and ingenious theory in explanation of the general principles, which, on most occasions, appear to have directed the Greeks in the composition of their Doric capitals.

"From the necking to the abacus, the outline is that of a cyma reversa, having a projection that varied according to the style of art peculiar to the country; the Attic being but slightly projecting, while the immense abacus of the orders at Corinth, Pæstum, and in Sicily, gives a bolder profile to the capital. The entasis of the shaft continues up to half the height of the hypotrachelium, where it begins to assume a diverging direction. It will be seen that the annulets have a concave profile, and that their projection from the echinus is gained by letting the outline of the echinus above the upper fillet cut into the general outline of the cyma reversa."

The reader will perceive from the above quotations, that it has been the aim of the author, at the same time that he describes the temple itself, to raise a spirit of enquiry and research in the reader, and to call the attention of future travellers to points not yet fully elucidated. We have not entered into a critical examination of the style of composition adopted by our author, as we conceive that men of science should be encouraged to come before the public, freed, as

much as possible, from the shackles of literary criticism. Let them stand or fall by the facts they state, by the opinions they offer, and not by the language in which they clothe their communications. We expect from the scientific professor nothing more than the mere simple elucidation of his subject matter; but if, to the display of sound science, he adds the elegant attainments of the scholar, still higher is the commendation that such a rare combination merits.

The plates are ten in number, engraved by Woolnoth, Roffe, Lowry, Carter, and Kelsall, in their very best style. In the section is given a small portion of the frieze, engraved with much spirit and vigour of effect, by Moses, after a drawing by Stephanoff.

We have but one concluding remark to make on the title of the work. Wherefore is it called the fourth volume of Stuart's Athens? Have we not already a fourth volume, edited by Mr. Woods? and although the subjects therein given have not perhaps that interest, which the edifices of the prior volumes possess, yet as compiled from Stuart's own authenticated papers, is it not as indisputably the work of Stuart, as the former posthumous volumes? This invidious slur, cast upon the memory of Stuart, is unworthy the editor. In other respects, the work is got up in a style highly creditable to the spirit of the publishers; and if in future the introductory historical chapters be written with more soberness and simplicity of style, the volume, when complete, promises to be a worthy supplement to the labours of him, whose name deserves to be revered by every lover of Grecian architecture.

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*The History of Origins. Containing Ancient Historical Facts, with singular Customs, Institutions, and Manners of different Ages. By a Literary Antiquary. — London, Sampson, Low, 1824, pp. 244.*

It was our intention to have noticed this little volume immediately after its publication, but the limits of our Review precluding, it was put by, and almost overlooked. We can, however, assure its able author, that we now take it up with sincere pleasure, and earnestly recommend it to the attention of our readers.

We have but a fault or two to find, and those by no means of a serious nature, which we shall at once name, that we may arrive at the more pleasing part of our duty—the merits of the work.

**The first article appears to us the most exceptionable.**

**"THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD NEWS.**

"Among the vast number who read newspapers, few are acquainted with the ideas conveyed by this expressive and well-known term. As news implies the intelligence received from all parts of the world, the very word itself points out its meaning:—even *N.* the north, *E.* the east, *W.* the west, and *S.* the south.

"Further: Europe or the North has for a long period been the most enlightened, therefore has afforded the largest share of news. She received both her existence and her first information from the East, or Asia. America, or the West, was the next quarter of the globe who poured her treasures of information into the common stock; and the South, or Africa, is now daily supplying her long deficiency.

"This expressive word also recommends the practice of the following virtues: Nobleness in our thoughts—Equity in our dealings—Wisdom in our counsels—and Sobriety in our enjoyments."

Our objection is, that the uninformed will mistake the interesting but accidental adaptedness of the word to convey the idea it is employed to denote, for the actual etymology of the word.

We have to lament that the Literary Antiquary has not favoured us with the authorities from which he has derived so much interesting matter, by which he would have greatly increased the respectability and usefulness of his little book.

Those who are conversant with books need not be reminded, that no correct idea of their *nature* can be formed from their titles, much less can we thereby anticipate their *merits*. There can be little doubt, that there have been publications mainly indebted to their alluring titles for their notoriety, while there have been interesting works doomed to obscurity, because their appellations were too modest and unimposing, and too little descriptive of their contents. From "the History of Origins," we were scarcely prepared to expect so entertaining and instructive a volume, calculated, at once, to divert the hasty reader, and refresh the memory of the well-read man:—a work evincing, in its author, an extensive acquaintance with valuable books, as well as a judgment which knew how to avail itself of its resources, accompanied with a taste for conveying the knowledge acquired in a style at once chaste, neat, and elegant.

The work contains nearly 170 articles of information, among which are the following:—The English Language—Lloyd's Coffee-House—The Game of Chess—Postage of Letters—Drinking Healths—The Welsh Leek—Wheat in England—Potatoes—Bolt-in-Tun—Haberdashers—Charing-Cross—Pulpits—Stamped Paper—Coaches in England—Money, &c.

Also the following, which we give as specimens of the manner and style.

“THE MODERN TELEGRAPH.

“William Amontons, a native of Normandy, when attending the Latin school at Paris, after a severe illness, contracted an inveterate deafness, which deprived him of almost all intercourse with his fellow creatures. Submitting to his misfortune with resignation, in order to employ his mind, he applied to the study of geometry, and studied with the greatest assiduity the nature of barometers and thermometers; and in 1687, presented the Royal Academy of Sciences with a new hygroscope, which was highly esteemed by all who understood the principles of its construction.

“The next discovery of Amontons, was a method of conveying intelligence with a rapidity before unknown. This method was as follows: he placed persons in different stations, corresponding to certain distances, or certain elevations, that so, by the aid of a telescope, a man in one station might convey intelligence to another in a similar direction, who might convey the same to another properly stationed, and so on in succession until it reached the desired place or places. Such was the origin of the telegraph.”

“CARDS.

“About the year 1390, cards were invented to divert Charles IV. then king of France, who had acquired a melancholy disposition. That they were not in use before, appears highly probable: 1st. Because no cards are to be seen in any paintings, sculpture, tapestry, &c. more ancient than the preceding period, but are represented in many works of ingenuity since that age. 2dly. No prohibitions relative to cards, by the king's edicts, are mentioned, although some few years before, a most severe one was published, forbidding by name all manner of sports and pastimes, in order that the subjects might exercise themselves in shooting with bows and arrows, and be in a condition to oppose the English. Now it is not to be presumed, that so luring a game as cards would have been omitted in the enumeration, had they been in use. 3dly. In all the ecclesiastical canons prior to the said time, there occurs no mention of cards; although, twenty years after that date, card-playing was interdicted the clergy, by a Gallican Synod. About the same time is found in the account-book of the king's cofferer, the following charge: ‘Paid for a pack of painted leaves bought for the king's amusement, three livres.’ Printing and stamping being not then discovered, the cards were painted, which made them dear. Hence, in the above synodical canons, they are called *pagillæ pictæ*, painted little leaves. 4thly. About thirty years after this, came a severe edict against cards in France; and another by Emmanuel, duke of Savoy, only permitting the ladies this pastime, *pro spinilis*, for pins and needles.

“Of their designs.—The inventor proposed by the figures of the four suits, or colours, as the French call them, to represent the four states or classes of men in the kingdom. By the *Casars* (hearts) are meant the *Gens de Chœur*, choirmen or ecclesiastics; and therefore the

Spaniards, who certainly received the use of cards from the French, have *copas*, or chalices, instead of hearts. The nobility, or prime military part of the kingdom, are represented by the ends or points of lances, or pikes, and our ignorance of the meaning or resemblance of the figure induced us to call them spades. The Spaniards have *espades* (swords) in lieu of pikes, which is of similar import. By diamonds are designed the order of citizens, merchants, and tradesmen, *carreaux* (square stone tiles, or the like.) The Spaniards have a coin, *dineros*, which answers to it; and the Dutch call the French word *carreaux*, *stiencen*, stones and diamonds, from the form. *Treste*, the trefoil leaf, or clover grass (corruptly called clubs), alludes to husbandmen and peasants. How this suit came to be called clubs is not explained, unless, borrowing the game from the Spaniards, who have *bastos* (staves or clubs) instead of the trefoil, we gave the Spanish signification to the French figure.

"The 'history of the four kings,' which the French in drollery sometimes call 'the cards,' is that of *David*, *Alexander*, *Cæsar*, and *Charles*, names which were, and still are, on the French cards. These respective names represent the four celebrated monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks, under Charlemagne.

"By the queens are intended *Argine*, *Esther*, *Judith*, and *Pallas*, (names retained in the French cards) typical of birth, piety, fortitude, and wisdom, the qualifications residing in each person. 'Argine' is an anagram for 'Regina,' queen by descent.

"By the knaves were designed the servants to knights (for knave, originally meant only servant; and in an old translation of the Bible, St. Paul is called the knave of Christ,) but French pages and valets, now indiscriminately used by various orders of persons, were formerly only allowed to persons of quality, esquires (*escuiers*) shield or armour bearers. Others suppose that the knights themselves were designed by those cards, because *Hogier* and *Lahire*, two names on the French cards, were famous knights at the time cards were supposed to be invented."

#### "THE CORONER'S INQUEST TRIAL IN ENGLAND.

"A woman in London, after she had interred six husbands, found one sufficiently courageous to make her a wife for the seventh time. For several months their happiness seemed mutual, which circumstance militated against the conduct of the former husbands, whom she represented as disgusting, either by their sottishness or their infidelity. In order to ascertain the real character of his partner, the man began to absent himself from home, to return at unseasonable hours, and to pretend intoxication. At first reproaches, and next threats, were the result of such conduct. He, however, persisted, and seemed more and more addicted to his bottle.

"One evening, when she supposed him dead drunk, she unsewed a leaden weight out of the sleeve of her gown, and having melted it, she approached to her husband, who still feigned to be in a deep sleep, in order to pour it into his ear, by means of a pipe. Now convinced of her wickedness, he started up, and, seizing her, called for assistance to secure her until next morning, when she was taken before a magistrate,

who committed her to prison. The bodies of her six former husbands were dug up, and marks of violence were discoverable upon each of them, in as far as it was possible to ascertain at the distance of time. Thus the proof of her guilt appeared so strong upon her trial, along with the crime in which she was actually detected, that she was condemned and executed. To this circumstance, England is said to be indebted for that useful regulation, by which no corpse of any person dying suddenly, or found dead by violence, can be interred without a legal inspection."

"THE PHRASE 'TO LEAVE NO STONE UNTURNED.'"

"When Xerxes was conquered by the Greeks, he retreated by the river Salamine, and left Mandonious to finish the war. The general was also unfortunate, and retreated. A report was then circulated that he had buried a large sum of gold and silver in the tent. Polycrates had an earnest desire to possess this enormous wealth, and therefore purchased the whole field in which the camp was placed.

"After digging a long time he was unsuccessful, and therefore repaired to the oracle of Delphos, to ask the advice of Apollo how he was to find the treasure. The oracle answered "*omnem move lapidem*," MOVE EVERY STONE. The advice was followed by Polycrates, who moved every stone, and at length found the treasure."

We know not how better to take our leave of this pleasing little work, than in the words of the author's brief preface.

"If to convey much interesting information with small expense and trouble; if to collect into one whole many important facts and circumstances, which lay scattered through unnumbered volumes,—if to blend variety with unity,—and if to instruct, and at the same time to amuse, have any just claim to merit, this volume will obtain a share of public favour. To expatiate upon the time and exertion spent in the composition, would be unnecessary; therefore the whole is, with some confident hope, submitted to the public."

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*Poetic Hours; consisting of Poems, Original and Translated; Stanzas for Music, &c. &c. By G. F. Richardson.*—London, Longman and Co. 1825, pp. 200.

WE are of opinion, that in the present day, beyond all former periods, there is a lamentable waste of time, of labour, and of the *material* of printing, ink, and paper, in what are modestly styled by their authors poetic effusions. For our own part, we turn away with instinctive aversion from the spruce title-page on hot-pressed wove demy of many a volume, which announces a new candidate for the favour of the public



in this department of literature. We have been so often disgusted with unsupported pretensions, with insufferable egotism, and flagrant vanity, that we now scarcely venture to open a book of poetry, unless it comes to us with some better recommendation than its simple appearance upon our table. It was with a feeling of this kind that we took up the little work before us; and, had we been accustomed to neglect without examination, we should, *certainly*, have past it by: but, on turning over its pages, our attention was caught by the following stanzas, "written in the Album of a Friend:—"

Yes! I obey thy summons with delight,  
 To write my name upon thy classic roll,  
 But on its page some counsels will indite,  
 Such as may best befit a minstrel's scroll.  
 For thou would'st live a poet—thy young soul  
 Hath caught the influence of those hallow'd fires,  
 That not, alone, mere mortal minds control,  
 But hold their empire o'er angelic choirs,  
 And wake the hymns of heaven, and tune the seraph lyres!

If thou would'st live on the bright wreath of fame,  
 That beams the rainbow of the moral sky;  
 If thou would'st leave, to after times, a name  
 Which like that bow of promise ne'er shall die:  
 Then must thy youthful mind, and ear, and eye,  
 Be subject to high teachings, must obey  
 The call imperious of that influence high,  
 That bids thee spurn this dull material sway,  
 And soar to brighter worlds and realms of cloudless day.

First, thou must patient bear the hardy toil  
 That gentlest minds and noblest spirits share;  
 O'er Learning's tomes must waste the midnight oil,  
 With grateful tasks, and self-requiring care.  
 Next must thy leisure hours thy toils repair,  
 With lighter lessons, ta'en from Art divine;  
 With Music's charms, the pencil's fictions fair,  
 And all that Mirth, and Joy, and Health combine—  
 So shalt thou cheer thy toils, yet worship still the Nine.

For deeply must thy spirit be imbued  
 With sweet Philosophy's divinest themes—  
 Not with such shadows and chimeras rude  
 As haunt the sophist's or the sceptic's dreams;  
 But with such light of truth as Reason gleams  
 On the fair page of Science, or the scroll  
 Of Nature, where Eternal Wisdom beams  
 Its holiest radiance on Creation's whole,  
 And charms th' enthusiast sight, and captivates the soul.

For, lo! before thine ardent gaze is spread  
 A volume fairer than the schoolmen knew;  
 The mighty scroll in Earth, Air, Ocean, read—  
 The glorious book of Nature courts thy view,  
 Writ in fresh lines and beauties ever new.  
 This must thine eager soul and sight peruse,  
 From when the rays of morn their course renew,  
 Till when the evening shades the light refuse,  
 And leave the weary world to Silence and the Muse.

Yes! though no poet's song shall e'er display  
 The wealth that Nature boasts in every bow'r,  
 Nor music match her meanest minstrel's lay;  
 Nor pencil truly paint her simplest flower;  
 Yet, since before thy sight the gorgeous dower  
 In all its life and loveliness is given,  
 Be thine the task to watch its varied power  
 From morn's first ray to deepest shades of even,  
 Thro' all the glorious realms of Earth, Air, Ocean, Heav'n.

More gifts were needful, but thou hast them all—  
 The warmth of Feeling, and the light of Mind,  
 And Fancy's dream, and seraph Pity's thrall,  
 And every gentlest gift and grace refin'd,  
 That, aye, in noble natures live enshrined.  
 Be but thy constant solace, and thy toil  
 To task with ceaseless care thy gifts assign'd;  
 Nor let indulgent ease thy purpose foil,  
 But dread, oh! dread, to hide thy talent in the soil.

With such exertion shall thy youthful name  
 Become, aye, dearest to the fav'ring Nine;  
 The Muse shall love to hallow thy fair fame,  
 And round thy brow shall wreaths immortal twine,  
 And deck with glory's halo death's cold shrine.  
 For e'en in death thou shalt not all expire,  
 But when thy form shall in the tomb recline,  
 Then shall thy fame to noblest heights aspire,  
 Thy own sweet songs thy dirge, thy monument—thy lyre.

Our readers will not be surprised that this specimen, taken at random, considerably softened our prejudice; and that, finding ourselves in the presence of a poet, where we only looked for the puling effeminacy of a modern poetaster, we sat down to a perusal of the entire volume; and we feel happy that this accident has put it into our power to do Mr. Richardson that justice which some pretenders had almost induced us to withhold from him. We have intimated our conviction that he is a poet; yet does he require more discipline, as well as greater power, to entitle him to a very high rank

among his contemporaries. He is not properly of any school of poetry, and on this account we like him the better; sometimes, indeed, he reminds us of the tenderness of Barry Cornwall, without his affectation. He has evidently read, and with no mean advantage, Byron, Campbell, and Montgomery; while some of the elder and sweeter minstrels have taught his simple reed "to discourse most excellent music." We could have wished, indeed, that he had laved his gentle spirit in the fountain which yielded Spencer so much of his inspiration. He breathes the soul of poetry, but he wants the freshness and the vigour which are indications of high mental health. If his muse were less tearful, she would display more of the attractive graces of poetic loveliness: her sensibility is too sickly always to inspire even compassion, and it never awakens reverence. She is certainly too fond of weeping; and we do hope that, when she next appears, she will doff her weeds, and wear the garb of dignified cheerfulness. We are glad to perceive that she can occasionally smile through her tears; and that, when she forgets her weakness, she can be exceedingly rational and agreeable. We can sympathize with deep-toned sorrows, when they are poured from the heart; but, when they are the mere fancies of the pain, they excite only ridicule or contempt. Woes that are only imaginary, (the woes of poetry, for instance,) may be so true to nature as to excite in the bosom of any reader of sensibility the most powerful corresponding emotions; but, when a poet expends all the anguish of his grief upon insensible objects, or upon trifles light as air, he is abandoned to weep alone. Poetical feeling, it is true, is singularly delicate; and the thought is delightful that the poet has a minute, as well as a magnificent, world of his own: in this world let him dwell, and expatiate, weep, and rejoice, as he may; but he will do well to remember, that he must have the skill and the power to introduce his readers to all the sources of his own emotions before he can presume upon their sympathy; and consequently upon their admiration. We think that, in the following beautiful poem, Mr. Richardson has more than redeemed the blemishes at which we have hinted, and proved how well qualified he is to indulge himself, and to awaken in others a genuinesensibility.

#### THE BANKS OF LOIRE.

O, why art thou so far away  
 From scenes to love and feeling dear—  
 Where every object seems to say  
 That thou, alone, art wanting here?

For e'en in such a scene as this,  
Thy presence would fresh charms inspire ;  
Yes, thou could'st heighten e'en the bliss  
Of these sweet banks ! the banks of Loire !

'Tis evening ; and that gentle hour  
For me hath charms of blest control ;  
And every spell of holiest power  
Hath, then, its influence o'er my soul.  
And oft, in many a twilight dream,  
My musing spirit shall retire,  
And love to haunt this fairy stream,  
And these sweet banks ! the banks of Loire !

'Tis evening now ; but such an eve,  
So calm, so cloudless, and so pure,  
As ruder climes can scarce conceive,  
Where envious mists you orb obscure.  
But here with radiance bright as noon,  
The monarch sets, in floods of fire,  
Yet lingers, loth to leave so soon  
These beauteous banks ! the banks of Loire !

'Tis evening ; but the fall of night  
Sinks softly on a scene so rare,  
The skies smile down in looks of light,  
And earth returns a smile as fair.  
The winds have sung themselves to rest,  
The very zephyrs all expire ;  
As hush'd upon the river's breast,  
They kiss the banks, the banks of Loire !

'Tis evening, and meek twilight throws  
Soft shades o'er river, vale, and hill,  
And Nature sinks in sweet repose,  
And all is beauteous ! all is still !  
Save that, with oft repeated lays,  
The warblers, in their evening choir,  
Unite their music, in the praise  
Of these fair banks, the banks of Loire !

'Tis evening ; and this smiling scene  
Hath never smiled so sweet before,  
These vine-clad hills, those meadows green,  
Your silver stream, and fairy shore,  
Are they not all we dream of Heaven ?  
O say, can mortal hopes aspire  
Beyond the Paradise that's given  
On these fair banks, the banks of Loire !

'Tis evening; by the twilight gleam,  
 I see a bright and a fairy isle,  
 A gem amid that silver stream,  
 A dimple on that river's smile!  
 And I would claim, for us, that spot,  
 For what could love itself require?  
 But just a space to build a cot  
 On these fair banks, the banks of Loire!

**The dying Girl to her Lover is extremely touching.**

Go to the vale! where the spring is in blooming,  
 Blooming with blossoms that frailest be,  
 And think, while decay the meek flowers is entombing,  
 Oh, think of me!

Go to our grove! in the soft spring weather,  
 And, ling'ring there o'er flower and tree,  
 Think on the hours we have pass'd there together,  
 And think of me!

Go not to look on the day-beams of splendour,  
 For the visions of evening are fitter for thee;  
 Then look on the shadows of twilight so tender,  
 And think of me!

Go look on the sky which the night-fall is shading,  
 While day and its glories all vanish and flee;  
 And think, while its fast-fleeting visions are fading,  
 Oh, think of me!

Take thou my lute! while thy fingers are flying  
 O'er measures that softest and saddest be;  
 Think, while the strains of its music are dying,  
 Oh, think of me!

Come to my tomb! at the still hour of even,  
 Yet come not to weep that my spirit is free;  
 But lift thy dim eye to the glories of heaven,  
 And think of me!

Forget that I liv'd, that I loved!—oh, forget me—  
 Yet my mem'ry may still be endearing to thee;  
 Then, oh! if it soothes but thy soul to regret me,  
 Oh, think of me!

The Sonnets, though above mediocrity, are not, in our opinion, of equal merit with many of the other productions in this interesting volume. Of the Stanzas for Music, the Serenade and the Nun's Vesper Hymn are the best. The Translations are likewise classical and elegant. Anacreon to

his Dove deserves a place in our pages, and we cheerfully insert it.

Tell, oh ! tell me, pretty dove !  
 Whither tends thy flight of love ;  
 Tell me, whence the sweets that fling  
 Their fragrance from thy wavy wing ;  
 Tell me, pretty wand'rer, now,  
 Who, and what, and whence art thou ?

I am bearing through the grove  
 Anacreon's letters to his love,  
 To one, Anacreon's fav'rite theme,  
 Who reigns o'er all, his choice supreme.  
 'Twas Venus gave me to my lord,  
 His simplest song her sole reward !  
 And now, my duty and my bliss  
 Are to fulfil such tasks as this.  
 For I am charged, you see, to-day,  
 Anacreon's letters to convey ;  
 And more, they tell me too, that he  
 Will offer soon my liberty !  
 But though my master freedom gave,  
 I rather would remain his slave ;  
 For no delight to me 'twould yield,  
 To fly afar, o'er mount and field,  
 Or perch amid the lonely wood,  
 And pine on rough and barb'rous food ;  
 Since now I taste the nurture bland,  
 That's offer'd by Anacreon's hand,  
 And now presume, with him, to sup  
 My potion from Anacreon's cup,  
 Then grateful from the goblet spring,  
 To fan Anacreon with my wing ;  
 Nay, more, whene'er my pinions tire,  
 I slumber on Anacreon's lyre !  
 This, this I am, —and now, farewell ;  
 For, while my happy tale I tell,  
 I scarce a due observance know,  
 But prattle like the prattling crow !

We cannot conclude our brief notice of these juvenile effusions of a truly poetical spirit, without reminding their author that he is capable of much higher things ; and that the specimens he has here furnished of elegant and harmonious versification, as well as of beautiful imagery and exquisite feeling, are so many pledges of his undertaking something of greater "pith and moment," that will justify the hopes which we venture to entertain of his future celebrity ; while of the work before us we think it but right to declare that we have seldom seen a *maiden* volume of so much promise.

*The Negro's Memorial, or Abolitionist's Catechism. By an Abolitionist. 8vo. pp. 128.*

**LITTLE** do the free inhabitants of this highly favoured country know about (and still less do they reflect upon) the condition of nearly 800,000 human beings of a colour different from their own; and who, for that reason only, are held in a state of the most galling and fearful bondage, and compelled to suffer the greatest miseries in the British Colonies of the West Indies.

It is the avowed object of the benevolent author of this Catechism to furnish young persons with the means of understanding this subject, in order that they may feel interested in it. We most cordially wish him success, and recommend his pamphlet to the attention of our readers. From it, we conceive, they may learn much of that which it is desirable for them to know, *viz.* the history of those struggles between Negro Slavery and Negro Emancipation, which have taken place in Great Britain within the last century.—The work is divided into eight sections.

“Section I. of Slavery,” contains the early history of the subject, including a brief account of the labours of the late Granville Sharp, esq.; by which a legal decision was obtained, that no man could be a slave in England.

“Section II. of the African Slave Trade,” contains a sketch of the history of that trade, and of the parliamentary exertions of our highly-esteemed countryman William Wilberforce, Esq. to obtain a legislative denunciation of it.

“Section III. of Slavery in the West Indies,” exhibits slavery as it exists in the West Indies; and contains some strong proofs of its cruelty and impolicy.

“Section IV. of the Effects of Slavery, and particularly that of the West Indies, upon the Morals of those connected with it.”—This section points out clearly its demoralizing effects.

“Section V. of the Political Consequences of Colonial Slavery,” shows it to be utterly impolitic.

“Section VI. of the commercial Results of the West Indian Slave System,” proves it to be comparatively unprofitable.

“Section VII. of Remedies for the Evils of Slavery.”

“Section VIII. of the Abolition of Slavery.”

The arguments, arranged under the foregoing heads, are clear and conclusive; but for us to give adequate extracts from this work would be impossible. We must, therefore, refer our readers to the book itself, for further information respecting it; merely adding, that, in 128 pages, it con-

denses the information which has been spread over many volumes. It may well be considered as the vade-mecum of every enemy of slavery, and especially of that detestable traffic which consigns so many thousands of our wretched and unoffending fellow-creatures to that horrible doom.

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*The Spirit of the Age: or Contemporary Portraits.*—London, Colburn, 1825. 8vo. pp. 424.

It is somewhat doubtful whether this work is a fit subject of criticism, inasmuch as it chiefly consists of personal praise or personal censure, and to do the whole matter justice, it would require another volume to confirm it where correct, and a third to set forth the grounds on which we conceive it to be erroneous. It contains a vast multitude of critical opinions, many of them of great nicety and discrimination; and a large collection of sweeping conclusions, in reference to the several parts of the characters which are here brought forward.

It must be allowed on all hands, that the book displays extraordinary talent. Whatever may be thought of some of the sentiments and peculiarities of the author, (who, we presume, is well known to be Mr. Hazlitt,) we think there are few persons capable of sketching these characters so well as he has done, or who are able to bring forward so many just and striking remarks in illustration of their peculiar talents and attainments.

Our author, indeed, excels in these portraiture. His character of Cobbett, in *Table Talk*, was in the same style. It is true, that there is much of exaggeration in every one of them—the features are enlarged to render them striking—they are colored beyond nature—they resemble a player on the stage, dressed out for effect—yet still there is much of truth and reality about them. It is evident, that the author has partialities of no ordinary kind—he feels and expresses himself with no small energy—there is no mincing of his sentiments, and we must make considerable allowance for his love of displaying ingenuity, of saying remarkable things, of producing a sensation, and making paradoxes plausible.

Our space does not permit a complete analysis of the work, and we intend, therefore, to confine ourselves to one topic, which we think the reader will consider as interesting as any which we could select. We may put it thus: *how many of these shining lights will illuminate by their writings, or benefit by their discoveries, distant posterity?*



These "Contemporary Portraits," are twenty-four in number. Some of the personages who are thus characterized as *the spirit of the age*, are distinguished chiefly for literary attainments, and others for political celebrity. The degrees of renown which each has already obtained, differ as greatly as will probably their *posthumous* fame. There are several of them whose works, we presume, are destined to reach many distant generations. Some of the bards, philosophers, and statesmen, who are here grouped together, will, doubtless, live in the admiration of after ages. When the grounds of personal jealousy shall be no more, and all merely temporary interests shall be buried in oblivion, the intellectual value of each will be then, and not till then, justly appreciated. Perhaps it is not in the power of history to distribute equal justice to departed excellence. There are some who are adventitiously connected with important events, and whose names are enrolled by the historian, not for their intrinsic merit, but as the actors in scenes which they had no share in producing, but in which they were accidentally involved.

The distinguished *statesmen* whose characters are sketched in this volume, are very freely handled. Upon the question of their political merits we have no intention to enter, but it is gratifying to observe, that several of them have attained the greatest celebrity as the promoters of grand and noble improvements, which are not limited to the present age or to our own country, but which concern the interests of the whole human race. In this class we notice Mr. Brougham, Mr. Wilberforce, and Sir James Mackintosh: so long as national knowledge is better than national ignorance, and an enlightened system of instruction preferable to the uncertainty of casual experience, so long will the name of Brougham be remembered with gratitude.—So long as freedom and humanity are esteemed above slavery and cruelty, will the name of Wilberforce be the subject of eulogy.—And so long as the science of legislation and the principles of justice hold their place in civilized communities, will the services of a Mackintosh be recorded in the annals of human improvement. The fame of Sir James will also, doubtless, be extended by the historical work on which he is reported to have been so long engaged.

From amongst the *philosophers* of the age, the author has selected on the present occasion *Mr. Bentham* and *Mr. Godwin*. In political science he had added the name of *Malthus*. Does he mean to say that these are the only men of philosophic distinction, or are they to be taken as a sample of the Spirit of the Age? We think they are neither the one nor the other. The first sentence in the book is, that Mr. Bentham verifies the adage that "a prophet has no honour,

except out of his own country,"—"his name is little known in England,—“the people of Westminster, where he lives, hardly know of such a person.” Indeed it would be easy to mention several names which are equally, if not more familiar to the public ear, than these specimens of the philosophy of the age.

It was to be expected that our gifted critic would be more happy (as he undoubtedly is,) in the selection of his *poetical*, than his other portraits. He has brought forward those whose merits have been alike approved by the critics and the public; but though he has noticed the most prominent, he has omitted a few well known names, and substituted one or two who, however deserving, have not yet attained equal celebrity. *Rogers*, we think, should not have been forgotten; and there are several who are better known than *Mr. Knowles*, or even *Mr. Charles Lamb*, and who might have served to complete the portrait of the age. We cannot, indeed, very clearly collect what was *Mr. Hazlitt's* object in composing the work. As detached sketches, they are admirably adapted to embellish a periodical publication, and we have no objection to their being collected in a volume; but as a connected series of portraits, intended to represent the “spirit of the age,” we apprehend they greatly fail of their object. Under a different title our objection would not apply; but the title indicates a design which, if it really existed, has not been successfully pursued.

“*Mr. Bentham* (our author thinks,) over-rates the importance of his own theories. He has been heard to say, without any appearance of pride or affectation, that ‘he should like to live the remaining years of his life, a year at a time at the end of the next six or eight centuries, to see the effect which his writings would by that time have had upon the world.’ Alas! his name will hardly live so long! Nor do we think, in point of fact, that *Mr. Bentham* has given any new or decided impulse to the human mind. He cannot be looked upon in the light of a discoverer in legislation or morals. He has not struck out any great leading principle or parent-truth, from which a number of others might be deduced; nor has he enriched the common and established stock of intelligence with original observations, like pearls thrown into wine. One truth discovered is immortal, and entitles its author to be so; for, like a new substance in nature, it cannot be destroyed.”

It may be true that *Mr. Bentham* has made no such striking discovery as our author thus considers the test of immortality. We cannot refer to any single observation of such extraordinary value as to confer this distinction; yet we think *Mr. Bentham's* contributions to the science of legislation, entitle him to be remembered as long as civilization endures. In-

dead, when we are told that his name is better known on the Continent than in England, and best of all in the plains of Chili and the mines of Mexico, we are in effect assured that his influence cannot terminate with the age in which he lives.

It is rather singular that the author should question the claim to immortality of the *Great Jurisconsult*, (as he terms him,) and allow it to *Mr. Godwin*.

"Five-and-twenty years ago he was in the very zenith of a sultry and unwholesome popularity; he blazed as a sun in the firmament of reputation; no one was more talked of, more looked up to, more sought after, and, wherever liberty, truth, justice, was the theme, his name was not far off:—now he has sunk below the horizon, and enjoys the serene twilight of a *doubtful* immortality. Mr. Godwin, during his lifetime, has secured to himself the triumphs and the mortifications of an extreme notoriety and of a *sort of* posthumous fame.

"The author of *Political Justice* and of *Caleb Williams* *can never die*; his name is an abstraction in letters, his works are standard in the history of intellect. He is thought of now like any eminent writer a hundred-and-fifty years ago, or just as he will be a hundred-and-fifty years hence. He knows this, and smiles in silent mockery of himself, reposing on the monument of his fame —

'Sedet, in eternumque sedebit infelix Theseus.'

However we admire the genius of Godwin, he, like Bentham, does not appear to have been a great discoverer of truth. The author himself says that—

"If it is admitted that Reason alone is not the sole and self-sufficient ground of morals, it is to Mr. Godwin that we are indebted for having settled the point. No one denied or distrusted this principle (before his time) as the absolute judge and interpreter in all questions of difficulty; and if this is no longer the case, it is because he has taken this principle, and followed it into its remotest consequences with more keenness of eye and steadiness of hand than any other expounder of ethics."

Thus shewing that, in attempting to make a discovery, he has, at best, but *detected an error*, and an error into which only one class of reasoners had fallen, which had been pointed out and preached upon by the ministers of almost every religious denomination; and which, however admirably and elaborately demonstrated by the writings of Godwin, might be satisfactorily shewn by any man of sound sense and uncorrupted feelings.

*Mr. Malthus*, he says, may be considered as one of those rare and fortunate writers who have attained a *scientific* reputation in questions of moral and political philosophy.

"His name undoubtedly stands very high in the present age, and will in all probability go down to posterity with more or less of renown or obloquy. It was said by a person well qualified to judge, both from strength and candour of mind, that 'it would take a thousand years at least to answer his work on Population.' He has certainly thrown a new light on that question, and changed the aspect of political economy in a decided and material point of view—whether he has not also endeavoured to spread a gloom over the hopes and more sanguine speculations of man, and to cast a slur upon the face of nature, is another question. There is this to be said for Mr. Malthus, that, in speaking of him, one knows what one is talking about.

"In weighing his merits, we come at once to the question of what he has done or failed to do. It is a specific claim that he sets up. When we speak of Mr. Malthus, we mean the *Essay on Population*; and, when we mention the *Essay on Population*, we mean a distinct leading proposition, that stands out intelligibly from all trashy pretence, and is a ground on which to fix the levers that may move the world, backwards or forwards. He has not left opinion where he found it; he has advanced or given it a wrong bias, or thrown a stumbling-block in its way. In a word, his name is not stuck, like so many others, in the firmament of reputation, nobody knows why, inscribed in great letters, and with a transparency of TALENTS, GENIUS, LEARNING, blazing round it; it is tantamount to an idea—it is identified with a principle—it means that *the population cannot go on perpetually increasing without pressing on the limits of the means of subsistence, and that a check of some kind or other must, sooner or later, be opposed to it.*"

The claim of originating this principle of political economy, is more than questioned by the author, and the merit of the idea is traced to a Scotsman, of the name of *Wallace*, who published, about the middle of the last century, an almost forgotten work, entitled "*Various Prospects of Mankind, Nature, and Providence.*" Our author thinks that Mr. Malthus had the opportunity and the means in his hands of producing a great work on the principle of population, but let it slip, from his having an eye to other things besides that broad and unexplored question.

We know not why our author has entertained any doubts of the future fame of Mr. *Brougham*. He is, however, no niggard in the praise he bestows upon him.

"Our colonial policy, prison-discipline, the state of the Hulks, agricultural distress, commerce and manufactures, the Bullion question, the Catholic question, the Bourbons or the Inquisition, 'domestic treason, foreign levy,' nothing can come amiss to him; he is at home in the crooked mazes of rotten boroughs, is not baffled by Scotch law, and can follow the meaning of one of Mr. Canning's

speeches. With so many resources, with such variety and solidity of information, Mr. Brougham is rather a powerful and alarming than an effectual debater. In so many details (which he himself goes through with unwearied and unshrinking resolution) the spirit of the question is lost to others who have not the same voluntary power of attention, or the same interest in hearing that he has in speaking; the original impulse that urged him forward is forgotten in so wide a field, in so interminable a career. If he can, others *cannot* carry all he knows in their heads at the same time."

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"In the midst of an election contest, he comes out to address the populace, and goes back to his study to finish an article for the *Edinburgh Review*; sometimes, indeed, wedging three or four articles (in the shape of *refaccimentos* of his own pamphlets or speeches in parliament) into a single number. Such, indeed, is the activity of his mind, that it appears to require neither repose, nor any other stimulus than a delight in its own exercise. He can turn his hand to any thing, but he cannot be idle. There are few intellectual accomplishments which he does not possess, and possess in a very high degree. He speaks French (and, we believe, several other modern languages) fluently; is a capital mathematician, and obtained an introduction to the celebrated Carnot in this latter character, when the conversation turned on squaring the circle, and not on the propriety of confining France within the natural boundary of the Rhine. Mr. Brougham is, in fact, a striking instance of the versatility and strength of the human mind, and also in one sense of the length of human life, if we make a good use of our time. There is room enough to crowd almost every art and science into it. If we pass 'no day without a line,' visit no place without the company of a book, we may with ease fill libraries or empty them of their contents. Those who complain of the shortness of life, let it slide by them without wishing to seize or make the most of its golden minutes. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have. If any one possesses any advantage in a considerable degree, he may make himself master of nearly as many more as he pleases, by employing his spare time and cultivating the waste faculties of his mind. While one person is determining on the choice of a profession or study, another shall have made a fortune or gained a merited reputation. While one person is dreaming over the meaning of a word, another will have learnt several languages. It is not incapacity, but indolence, indecision, want of imagination, and a proneness to a sort of mental tautology, to repeat the same images and tread the same circle, that leaves us so poor, so dull, and inert as we are, so naked of acquirement, so barren of resources! While we are walking backwards and forwards between Charing Cross and Temple Bar, and sitting in the same coffee-house every day, we might make the grand tour of Europe, and visit the Vatican and the Louvre. Mr. Brougham, among other means of strengthening and enlarging his views, has visited, we believe, most of the courts, and

turned his attention to most of the Constitutions of the Continent. He is, no doubt, a very accomplished, active-minded, and admirable person."

In adverting to Mr. Brougham's character as a lawyer, Mr. Hazlitt is certainly, in one respect, greatly mistaken. No man shews more interest in the particular causes in which he is engaged, or more adroitness in the management of them. And whilst of all men he is the most fearless of advocates, his language and bearing to the court is marked by a just respect and appropriate firmness. We believe he is the last man to surrender his case, and the most zealous in supporting it.

Whether the name of *Jeffrey* be destined for immortality, the author does not hazard a prediction. He is not only the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, but is understood to have contributed nearly a fourth part of the articles from its commencement. Now considering that these articles abound but sparingly in extract, and the fault, indeed, that has been found with them is, that they are too much in the form of dissertation; we have, upon this calculation, ten or eleven goodly octavo volumes, from this indefatigable personage. It is singular, with so much talent as he possesses, and no little ambition and public spirit, that he should be content to remain with this sort of dubious and anonymous reputation.

Mr. Hazlitt pronounces, that no man is better qualified for the situation of editor than Mr. Jeffrey; nor, indeed, so much so.

"He is certainly a person in advance of the age, and yet perfectly fitted, both from knowledge and habits of mind, to put a curb upon its rash and headlong spirit. He is thoroughly acquainted with the progress and pretensions of modern literature and philosophy; and to this he adds the natural acuteness and discrimination of the logician with the habitual caution and coolness of his profession.

"He has a great range of knowledge, an incessant activity of mind; but the suspension of his judgment, the well-balanced moderation of his sentiments, is the consequence of the very discursiveness of his reason."

On *Mr. Horne Tooke*, it is said, "the great thing which he has done, and which he has left behind him to posterity, is the work on Grammar, oddly enough entitled the *Diversions of Purley*." The sketch of this celebrated and ingenious man is amongst the best in the book, and his character, intellectually and morally, is dissected with great power and minuteness; and we believe, from every other account with which we are acquainted, the portrait is marked with great

justice and impartiality. He is, however, not of this age, nor an illustration, as we think, of its spirit.

The portrait of *Lord Eldon* is meagre and incomplete. We are presented with but one feature, and that is incorrectly drawn. The author allows him the merit of good-nature, but describes him as angry when personally assailed. There is only one instance in which his usual temper was lost, and there have been innumerable attacks which few men could bear with such uniform patience as he has done. The author has entered upon no general examination of the mental character of this eminent judge, but has contented himself with some remarks upon his political conduct and his urbanity—added to the old complaint of the dilatory proceedings in the Court of Chancery. The moral and intellectual causes of the indecision of the Chancellor are not investigated, and though there are a few good outlines of his personal deportment, the sketch, as a whole, is amongst the worst in the book.

*Lord Byron* and *Sir Walter Scott* are “the two writers of the present age who would carry away (our author conceives) a majority of suffrages as the greatest geniuses of the age. The former (he says) would perhaps obtain the preference with the fine gentlemen and ladies (squeamishness apart), the latter with the critics and the vulgar.” We do not perceive that this summary mode of settling the relative merits of these illustrious writers is either conclusive or striking. The fine gentlemen and ladies are just as likely to read the novels of the one as the poetry of the other. To the poetry of *Sir Walter*, we believe neither the critics nor the vulgar (whether right or wrong, we pretend not here to determine) give any such thing as the preference, and the greatest admirers of the late noble bard are those who possess something kindred to him in intellect and passion; and these are qualities by no means monopolized by any class of society—still less by *fine* ladies and gentlemen.

The genius and writings of *Lord Byron* have undergone such ample discussion that we shall abstain from any extracts with regard to them. Of his Lordship's claims to the immortal wreath, we presume there is little difference of opinion.

We select the following admirable grouping of the subjects of the pencil of the other distinguished author:—

“There is (first and foremost, because the earliest of our acquaintance) the Baron of Bradwardine, stately, kind-hearted, whimsical, pedantic; and *Flora MacIvor* (whom even we forgive for her Jacobitism,) the fierce *Vich Ian Vohr*, and *Evan Dhu*, constant in

death, and Davie Gellatly roasting his eggs or turning his rhymes with restless volubility, and the two stag-hounds that met Waverley, as fine as ever Titian painted, or Paul Veronese:—then there is old Balfour of Burley, brandishing his sword and his Bible with fire-eyed fury, trying a fall with the insolent, gigantic Bothwell at the 'Change-house, and vanquishing him at the noble Battle of Loudon-hill; there is Bothwell himself, drawn to the life, proud, cruel, selfish, profligate, but with the love-letters of the gentle Alice (written thirty years before,) and his verses to her memory, found in his pocket after his death: in the same volume of *Old Mortality* is that lone figure, like a figure in Scripture, of the woman sitting on the stone at the turning to the mountain, to warn Burley that there is a lion in his path; and the fawning Claverhouse, beautiful as a panther, smooth-looking, blood-spotted; and the fanatics, Macbriar and Mucklewraith, crazed with zeal and sufferings; and the inflexible Morton, and the faithful Edith, who refused to 'give her hand to another while her heart was with her lover in the deep and dead sea.' And in *The Heart of Mid Lothian* we have Effie Deans (that sweet, faded flower,) and Jeanie, her more than sister, and old David Deans, the patriarch of St. Leonard's Crags, and Butler, and Dumbiedikes, eloquent in his silence, and Mr. Bartoline Saddle-tree and his prudent helpmate, and Porteous swinging in the wind, and Madge Wildfire, full of finery and madness, and her ghastly mother. Again, there is Meg Merrilies, standing on her rock, stretched on her bier, with 'her head to the east;' and Dick Hatterick, (equal to Shakespear's Master Barnardine;) and Glossin, the soul of an attorney; and Dandy Dinmont, with his terrier-pack and his pony Dumble; and the fiery Colonel Mannering, and the modish old counsellor Pleydell, and Dominie Sampson;\* and Rob Roy, (like the eagle in his eyry;) and Baillie Nicol Jarvie; and the immitable Major Galbraith; and Rashleigh Osbaldistone; and Die Vernon, the best of secret-keepers; and, in the *Antiquary*, the ingenious and abstruse Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck; and the old beadsman Edie Ochiltree; and that preternatural figure of old Edith Elspeith, a living shadow, in whom the lamp of life had been long extinguished, had it not been fed by remorse and 'thick-coming' recollections; and that striking picture of the effects of feudal tyranny and fiendish pride, the unhappy Earl of Glenallan; and the Black Dwarf, and his friend Habbie of the Heughfoot, the cheerful hunter, and his cousin Grace Armstrong, fresh and laughing like the morning; and the Children of the Mist, and the baying of the blood-hound that tracks their steps at a distance, (the hollow echoes are in our ears now;) and Amy and her hapless love, and the villain Varney, and the deep voice of George of Douglas—and the immoveable Balafre, and Master Oliver the barber, in *Quintin Durward*—and the quaint humour of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, and the comic spirit of *Peveril of the Peak*—

\* "Perhaps the finest scene in all these novels, is that where the Dominie meets his pupil, Miss Lucy, the morning after her brother's arrival."



and the fine old English romance of *Ivanhoe*.—What a list of names! What a host of associations! What a thing is human life! What a power is that of genius! What a world of thought and feeling is thus rescued from oblivion! How many hours of heartfelt satisfaction has our author given to the gay and thoughtless! How many sad hearts has he soothed in pain and solitude! It is no wonder that the public repay, with lengthened applause and gratitude, the pleasure they receive. He writes as fast as they can read, and he does not write himself down. He is always in the public eye, and we do not tire of him. His worst is better than any other person's best. His *back-grounds* (and his later works are little else but back-grounds capitably made out) are more attractive than the principal figures and most complicated actions of other writers. His works, taken together, are almost like a new edition of human nature. This is indeed to be an author!"

He very briefly decides the point with regard to *Mr. Crabbe*. "If his writings do not add greatly to the store of entertaining and delightful fiction, yet they will remain 'as a thorn in the side of poetry,' perhaps for a century to come."

*Mr. Wordsworth's* genius he considers a pure emanation of the spirit of the age:—

"Had he lived in any other period of the world, he would never have been heard of. As it is, he has some difficulty to contend with—the hebetude of his intellect, and the meanness of his subject. With him, 'lowliness is young ambition's ladder;' but he finds it a toil to climb in this way the steep of Fame. His homely Muse can hardly raise her wing from the ground, nor spread her hidden glories to the sun.

"*Mr. Wordsworth's* philosophic poetry, with a less glowing aspect and less tumult in the veins than *Lord Byron's* on similar occasions, bends a calmer and keener eye on mortality; the impression, if less vivid, is more pleasing and permanent; and we confess it (perhaps it is a want of taste and proper feeling,) that there are lines and poems of our author's, that we think of ten times for once that we recur to any of *Lord Byron's*: or, if there are any of the latter's writings that we can dwell upon in the same way; that is, as lasting and heart-felt sentiments, it is, when laying aside his usual pomp and pretension, he descends with *Mr. Wordsworth* to the common ground of a disinterested humanity. It may be considered as characteristic of our poet's writings, that they either make no impression on the mind at all, seem mere *nonsense-verses*, or that they leave a mark behind them that never wears out. They either

'Fall blunted from the indurated breast,'—

without any perceptible result, or they absorb it like a passion."

Of *Mr. Coleridge* the author remarks, that with an understanding fertile, subtle, expansive, "quick, forgetive, appre-

hensive," beyond all living precedent, few traces of it will perhaps remain:—

"If Mr. Coleridge had not been the most impressive talker of his age, he would probably have been the finest writer; but he lays down his pen to make sure of an auditor, and mortgages the admiration of posterity for the stare of an idler. If he had not been a poet, he would have been a powerful logician; if he had not dipped his wing in the Unitarian controversy, he might have soared to the very summit of fancy. But, in writing verse, he is trying to subject the Muse to *transcendental* theories: in his abstract reasoning, he misses his way by strewing it with flowers. All that he has done of moment, he had done twenty years ago: since then, he may be said to have lived on the sound of his own voice. Mr. Coleridge is too rich in intellectual wealth, to need to task himself to any drudgery: he has only to draw the sliders of his imagination, and a thousand subjects expand before him, startling him with their brilliancy, or losing themselves in endless obscurity—

'And by the force of bleat illusion,  
They draw him on to his confusion.'"

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"Mr. Godwin, with less natural capacity, and with fewer acquired advantages, by concentrating his mind on some given object, and doing what he had to do with all his might, has accomplished much, and will leave more than one monument of a powerful intellect behind him; Mr. Coleridge, by dissipating his, and dallying with every subject by turns, has done little or nothing to justify to the world or to posterity the high opinion which all who have ever heard him converse, or known him intimately, with one accord entertain of him."

Of Mr. Southey, he says—

"In all the relations and charities of private life, he is correct, exemplary, generous, just. We never heard a single impropriety laid to his charge; and, if he has many enemies, few men can boast more numerous or stauncher friends.—The variety and piquancy of his writings form a striking contrast to the manner in which they are produced. He rises early, and writes or reads till breakfast-time. He writes or reads after breakfast till dinner, after dinner till tea, and from tea till bed-time—

'And follows so the ever-running year  
With profitable labour to his grave—'

on Derwent's banks, beneath the foot of Skiddaw. Study serves him for business, exercise, recreation. He passes from verse to prose, from history to poetry, from reading to writing, by a stop-watch. He writes a fair hand, without blots, sitting upright in his chair; leaves off when he comes to the bottom of the page, and changes the subject for another as opposite as the Antipodes.

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"Mr. Southey's prose-style can scarcely be too much praised. It

is plain, clear, pointed, familiar, perfectly modern in its texture, but with a grave and sparkling admixture of *archaisms* in its ornaments and occasional phraseology. He is the best and most natural prose-writer of any poet of the day; we mean that he is far better than Lord Byron, Mr. Wordsworth, or Mr. Coleridge, for instance. The manner is perhaps superior to the matter,—that is, in his Essays and Reviews. There is rather a want of originality and even of *impetus*; but there is no want of playful or biting satire, of ingenuity, of causticity, of learning, and of information. He is ‘full of wise saws and modern’ (as well as ancient) ‘instances.’ Mr. Southey may not always convince his opponents; but he seldom fails to stagger, never to gall them. In a word, we may describe his style by saying, that it has not the body or thickness of port wine, but it is like clear sherry with kernels of old authors thrown into it!—He also excels as an historian and prose-translator. His histories abound in information, and exhibit proofs of the most indefatigable patience and industry. By no uncommon process of the mind, Mr. Southey seems willing to steady the extreme levity of his opinions and feelings by an appeal to facts. His translations of the Spanish and French romances are also executed *con amore*, and with the literal feeling and care of a mere linguist. That of the *Cid*, in particular, is a master-piece. Not a word could be altered for the better, in the old scriptural style which it adopts in conformity to the original. It is no less interesting in itself, or as a record of high and chivalrous feelings and manners, than it is worthy of perusal as a literary curiosity.”

We lament that our limits do not admit of a fuller statement of the contents of this volume, or of a larger discussion of the many interesting topics with which it abounds. Whoever possesses a taste for the study of human character will here be gratified, and though he may not concur in several of the views which the author maintains, he will find many happy illustrations, many ingenious thoughts, excellent sentiments, and brilliant displays of imagination.

*Reine Canziani. A Tale of Modern Greece. In two volumes.*  
London, Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 1825.

It is far from our design to make a practice of generally criticising the novels and romances that are continually published in such abundance in this our land and age of “reading, writing, and arithmetic.” This is, we think, sufficiently intimated by our having omitted to notice the last production of the “great unknown.” To him our remarks could do neither good nor harm. But, if a new candidate for public favor ventures into the arena either of this or any

other branch of our national literature, we shall never be found backward in pointing out the merits of the "*debutante*." And we anticipate that many a young author and authoress may have to date their acceptance in the world of letters from the notice taken of their productions in the *Philomathic Review*. It is a pleasant thing to assist rising worth and genius!

We cannot afford to give an outline of the Tale of Reine Canziani, but we can afford to praise it with a good conscience. The plot is well wrought out, and the style possesses elevation and dignity, and the diction is in many parts eminently poetical. Frequently it is too poetical for a prose composition; but we have more than reason to suspect that the fair writer has already appeared in a higher character, and charmed us with some very elegant verses, and in one instance with a production containing some very fine poetry.

Some parts of the present tale seem to have relation to the life and character of the author of "*Childe Harold*."

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*The Literary Chronicle—The News of Literature—The Literary Gazette—The Phoenix, &c.—The London Mechanics' Register—Mechanics' Magazine—The Scientific Gazette, &c.—The Lancet—The Medical Adviser—The Pulpit—The Drama—The Thespian Oracle—The Mirror—The Spirit of the Times, &c. &c.*

ONE of the most distinguishing and, to the liberal mind, most pleasing characteristics of the present day, is, the rapid and extensive diffusion of knowledge amongst all ranks of society, more especially as it is accompanied with a corresponding eagerness for mental improvement. This is highly gratifying, when we consider the intimate connexion which there is between knowledge on the one hand, and virtue and happiness on the other; independently of the direct utility, in many other respects, which almost every kind of information possesses. Whatever, therefore, has relation to the means employed for diffusing knowledge, is deserving of attention.

For many years, periodical publications have been among the most popular means of contributing to the instruction and amusement of the public; and, in proportion as they have met with encouragement, they have increased in number; so that they have at length become almost innumerable. Many of

them, indeed, are but of an ephemeral nature ; for they disappear almost as soon as they are announced. But, like the butterfly, which dies and becomes a grub, and again revives, with varied and renovated beauty, these publications are sometimes brought forth in a new form, under a different name, and with fresh pretensions, that, to their other attractions, the charm of novelty may be added. Contrasted with such, there are veteran periodicals which, amongst their contemporaries, are like the oak of the forest among the sprouting shoots by which it is surrounded. Such standing publications, if not older than the memory of man, are at least so old, that few can remember their first appearance. These are sometimes distinguished by more dulness than wisdom, and are equally grave and insipid : when they arrive at this state, they may be regarded as in their dotage. The literary public is then, in some cases, relieved from them by their discontinuance, and is sometimes gratified by their resurrection in a new series, in which all that was excellent in the old is preserved, without any of its faults, and all the faults supplied by fresh graces, or what are so considered, while they continue fresh, till they in their turn feel the withering hand of time.

Thus it is with books, as it is with men ; each has its day, then perishes, and is forgotten. But these revolutions of literature have, at length, within these few years, introduced to the public notice various classes of publications, which, however different from each other in their respective specific characters, resemble each other in the intervals of their publication, and may therefore be included under the general denomination of "*Weekly Periodicals.*" Not that the publication of papers once a week is any novelty ; but the character of a large portion of such as are now so published, if not of all, is totally different from what it ever was before. In general, however, novelty is not their only recommendation ; they are no less distinguished by their excellence,—by the ability which they display, and the utility of the information which they communicate. We cannot, therefore, but consider, that gross injustice has been done by our great northern contemporary,\* in the contempt with which such publications as some of those named at the head of this article have been spoken of. To say of them, that "as to the weekly Literary Journals, Gazettes, &c. they are a truly insignificant race,—a sort of flimsy announcements of favoured publications,—insects in letters, that are swallowed up in the larger blaze of full-orbed criticism," is nearly as absurd as it would be to apply the same terms to the Edinburgh Review itself. Does a work become

\* See Edinburgh Review, No. 76, page 369.

more really excellent because it is published quarterly, and is sold for six shillings; or is it less worthy of encouragement, because it is published once a week, and is sold for sixpence, nay, even if its price should cause it to be numbered with the "twopenny trash?" Each class is useful in its way; each has its peculiar merit; and it is arrogant and illiberal for either to regard the other with contempt. We consider, indeed, that weekly periodicals are calculated to promote the pleasure and improvement of a very numerous portion of the community, by whom the quarterly periodicals would never be read, and that the readers of the quarterlies would find their literary occupations very agreeably diversified by the perusal of the hebdomadal sheets.

Those who have read our Journal from its commencement, will be already aware, that the rules of the Institution, from which it emanates, prohibit, in all its proceedings, every sort of allusion to party politics and religious controversy. The reasons for so doing, if not self-evident, are, when stated, sufficiently manifest and cogent. Such subjects, though highly important, are inconvenient for discussion in a *society*, because they have a tendency to generate that kind of personal hostility, which might soon split the society into parties, and produce its dissolution.

In taking a view, therefore, of the weekly part of the periodical press, we shall notice no journal that is *merely* political or religious, and to such as are *at all* so, we shall advert *only so far as* they have some *other* character. This being our course, we must necessarily pass over many weekly publications that we highly respect, and the most distinguished merits, perhaps, of some that we notice.

Having regard as well to the narrowness of our present limits, as to the number of the publications under consideration, it will be necessary to arrange them in classes; and we shall first take a survey of those which are chiefly distinguished by their devotion to literature.

The LITERARY CHRONICLE, and The NEWS OF LITERATURE, are decidedly the best of the literary class. The former consists partly of reviews, and partly of original pieces in prose and verse, with an account of the drama, and miscellaneous information relative to literature and science. That its reviews are not "flimsy accounts of favoured publications," will be readily seen by any one who peruses but a single number. No. 310, which is now lying before us, commences with the review of a book on Liverpool; this is evidently any thing but a "favoured publication," for it is most severely criticised and justly condemned. The next article is, indeed, the review of a "favoured publication;" but it is

of one deservedly so,—*Don Esteban, or Memoirs of a Spaniard*; and the review of it is any thing but a “flimsy announcement,” for it is liberal, interesting, and judicious. But to proceed with the notice of particular articles would be endless, and it is needless. This division of the *Literary Chronicle* is conducted with great ability. Within the compass of a single sheet, it is not possible to have, at the same time, a great variety, and to be copious upon every subject; but there is often greater difficulty in condensing, than in amplifying,—in selecting the most attractive passages, than in promiscuously transcribing, with more regard to quantity than value. When we have read a review in the *Literary Chronicle*, we find ourselves not only amused and instructed, but we have acquired a good notion of the book reviewed; and if it be worthy of perusal, a desire to see more of that, of which the sample has been so pleasing. Our only cause of regret, when we have any, is, that the reviews are too short; what is given is so delightful, that we want more: how often is this the case with “full-orbed criticism?” To do much in little space with any considerable effect, requires great tact, and this we find constantly displayed in the columns of this “*Weekly Review*,” nor is it less distinguished for sound principles, liberal views, and an independent spirit. The “original” part of the *Literary Chronicle*, is no less excellent than the review department. The subjects chosen are generally interesting, and handled with much ability; they are also agreeably diversified, and thus furnish a weekly repast of instruction and amusement, which cannot fail to be equally delightful and improving.

The *News of Literature* is, in many respects, a different sort of publication,—by no means, however, let it be understood, as inferior in point of talent,—but in its plan. Only a small portion of it is devoted to reviewing. It professes to be distinguished by its originality, and it is so. By far the greater part of it consists of original papers, which are characterized by great spirit and intelligence. Its series of articles on “*Public Characters*,” is conspicuous for impartiality and discrimination. Its “*Sketches of Manners*” are also very good, and often exhibit delineations of human nature and society, that are as correct as they are lively. Its rapid glances at the passing occurrences of the day are remarkable for their point and spirit. Its table of contents makes a great shew, but it does not promise more than is performed. The plan of the publication is well arranged, and the several departments well supplied. Its *jeux-d’esprit* and *facetiae* are of the best order, spirited and racy. Its critiques on the drama are judicious and impartial. In that department of

the paper which is appropriated to giving the "News of Literature," we have information, foreign and domestic, classical and popular,—communicated in a very tasteful and interesting manner; and the scientific notices which are given under the head of the "News of Science," are articles of great value. The review department is confined to works of real worth, and comprises accounts of the most important periodicals; the talent and liberality which are conspicuous in every other part of the paper are not wanting in this. The News of Literature and the Literary Chronicle, together, leave, indeed, but little to be desired in the way of that kind of intellectual recreation which such publications are intended to furnish. This is, at least, certainly the case, as far as their limits permit. In design and execution they are not equalled by any of their contemporaries.

The LITERARY GAZETTE is similar in its plan to the Literary Chronicle; but in our opinion is inferior to it both in talent and impartiality. To this journal may often be applied with justice the sneering expressions of the Edinburgh Reviewer, above quoted. There is a department of the "Gazette," headed "Sights of Books," which are "flimsy" indeed. It is, however, but justice to say, that articles of a redeeming character sometimes appear in its columns. Did they not, indeed, it would be impossible that it should retain the circulation which it has. But the public is a strange animal. There is no accounting for its fancies. Its encouragement is by no means a conclusive proof of excellence, neither is its neglect a clear indication of deficient merit. It has been justly remarked, that "the secret of the success of a large number of works, is the relation which exists between the mediocrity of the author's ideas, and the mediocrity of the ideas of the public." It is only on this principle that we can at all account for the great sale which the Literary Gazette is said to have.

The LARS is a paper which, as its plan requires, so its execution displays, but a very moderate share of ability. Yet it contains a good deal of useful information. It is devoted to the service of the new Literary and Scientific Institution in the city, the lectures delivered at which it reports at considerable length. These give it a positive value, which it certainly would not possess, if the whole sheet resembled the remaining parts.

Within these four months, notwithstanding the number of such publications already in existence, another has been commenced, called "THE PHOENIX, OR LITERARY OLIO." This is a periodical of much promise, and though but few numbers have yet appeared, it has already begun to manifest



signs of improvement. There is a series of articles entitled, "Things as they are," which possesses considerable merit.

We have been much pleased with a literary paper, which we lately met with, called "The INSPECTOR." This has been commenced still more recently than the *Phoenix*. It is published at Bath,—a place at which we should not have thought such a thing likely to succeed; but we are glad to find, that, in consequence of the success it has experienced, the size of it has been doubled, without any increase of price. In its first and diminutive form, it was occupied with moral and literary essays, brief but comprehensive, theatrical criticism, miscellanies, and poetry. The enlarged sheet is somewhat more ambitious, and, in addition to the topics at first investigated, which it handles more copiously and to more advantage, we now have literary criticism, extracts, &c. and many other articles, some of a grave, and others of a lighter cast, which it is not easy to characterize as a class, but which are pleasingly scattered over the sheet, and add considerably to its brilliancy and interest.

Besides these publications of a professedly literary kind, some of the weekly newspapers occasionally enrich their columns with "Literary Notices." The *EXAMINER* and *SUNDAY TIMES*, in particular, are remarkable for thus intermingling literature with politics,—a practice we much admire, especially when the literary articles are got up with such ability as usually distinguishes those excellent papers. It is a pity that more of the Sunday journals do not adopt the same mode of diversifying their columns, and if the two we have mentioned did so more frequently, we are sure their readers in general would be much gratified; at least, if we may venture to judge of others by ourselves, and such of our friends with whose opinions on the point we are acquainted. In political speculations, there is so constantly a display of asperity, that one is led to consider it as inseparable from subjects of that sort; but literature tends to soften this; it appears equally to humanize and mollify the mind, both of the writer and the reader; it is a relief to each; and independently of its pleasing and beneficial influence in these respects, the variety of subject which it helps to create, and the additional information which is thus imparted, render it highly desirable that all the publications which are usually devoted to politics and general news, should occasionally blend literary information and remarks with their ordinary topics.

The next class we shall advert to is the Scientific, which, in many points of view, is of greater interest and importance than that which comprises publications of a literary character. There are several of the weekly periodicals devoted to the illustration

of science and the useful arts; and it is pleasing to observe how eagerly information on subjects of that nature is sought for, more especially by persons in the humbler walks of life. The love of knowledge can hardly have a bad direction; but it is always attended with the greatest benefits, when the species of knowledge that is made the object of pursuit, is that which the student can turn to some useful purpose in the ordinary avocations of life. When the cultivation of the mind terminates in mere speculation, though it is an amusing, and perhaps an improving employment, its beneficial effects are not likely to extend often beyond the individual. But when such a body of persons as the mechanics, in such a country as this, and particularly in the metropolis, devote themselves to the study of subjects calculated, in an eminent degree, to make them understand scientifically the nature of their occupations, there is reason to expect, in process of time, a great improvement in all the mechanical arts. When theory and practice become united, when they thus operate together, when the dexterous hand of the experienced workman is guided by a head stored with the principles of science, the happiest results may be anticipated.

One great advantage arising from the diffusion of knowledge, is the dissipation of prejudice, which has never failed to be one of the chief enemies of improvement. Men who have been bred up with a particular set of ideas, and taught to perform certain operations in a particular way, are very apt to conclude that their way is the best, and to set their faces against all innovation. Ignorance and indolence concur to produce this effect: the former, because it sees neither the disadvantages of its own system, nor the benefits of any new one that may be proposed; and the latter, because it is unwilling to incur the labour of unlearning old habits, and of acquiring new ones. But, when the mind becomes expanded by the acquirement of scientific information, though it be but elementary in its nature and limited in its extent, the invention is set to work, emulation is excited, and men are stimulated to endeavour at increasing the number of those improvements, which they find that science has already made. As the sciences in general, and more especially those sciences which are most intimately connected with the mechanical arts, depend for their advances to perfection on the results of experiment, nothing can be of greater importance than to infuse into the mass of actual operatives a spirit of innovation in the performance of their daily operations. Such a spirit may be mischievous and dangerous in some other things; but here it is likely to be productive of unmingled advantage. Let the men never be satisfied with the old mode of going to work;

let them always be aiming at some improvement; let them always be trying to make things in less time, at less expence, with more convenience and greater beauty; let them acquire something of science, the more the better, but a mere smattering will be better than none for this purpose; and let them be perpetually striving to bring their science to bear in practice,—and numerous improvements of great importance can hardly fail to result. When the intellects of the whole working population of the country are called into action; when practised skill, assisted by a certain portion of useful information, under the superintendence of those whose interest it is to make the most of such skill, is properly brought into exercise;—what greater combination of power can we ever hope will be got together for the improvement of those arts, which, in promoting the convenience of man, and ameliorating the condition of society, are found by experience so materially to conduce to the increase of general happiness?

Under the influence of these impressions, we contemplate with peculiar pleasure those weekly periodicals, which belong to the scientific class. The oldest of these is, we believe, the “*MECHANICS’ MAGAZINE*,” which was commenced rather more than two years ago. It is occupied with accounts of new inventions, suggestions of improvements, scientific disquisitions, and useful recipes. As the articles on the several subjects are from different hands, they of course display different degrees of ability; but they are all of a useful tendency. The principle of the publication seems to be, rather to promote inquiry and discussion than to communicate known truths; and the object in view is effected in a very agreeable and improving manner. From such original, useful, and ingenious speculations as are contained in this Magazine, both the proficient and the tyro may derive instruction.

The *LONDON MECHANICS’ REGISTER* is very much upon the same plan, though we think that it is conducted with greater ability; or, at least, that more exertion is manifest in its composition. It is enriched also by reports of lectures delivered at the London Mechanics’ Institution, with which, we should presume, it is in some way connected; and the names of such men as Dr. Birkbeck, Mr. Wallis, Mr. Partington, Mr. Cooper, and other lecturers of celebrity, add a respectability to its pages, which renders them of more value than if they were chiefly filled by nameless contributors.

The *SCIENTIFIC GAZETTE* is superior, on the whole, to either of the foregoing, though its object is much the same; but it is twice as large, and therefore able, by means of its

extended space, to allow of more copious discussion than those publications, which, with equal variety of subject, are so much smaller.

The REGISTER OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, and The TECHNICAL REPOSITORY, as their names import, are more devoted to the communication of discoveries, and the record of improvements, than to the discussion of scientific principles. They are thus useful in a somewhat humbler sphere than their contemporaries, whose objects they contribute to promote by perpetuating the remembrance of many important suggestions, which might otherwise be forgotten.

We now pass to those weekly periodicals which relate to medicine and surgery. Of these, THE LANCET holds the foremost place in every point of view. The spirit and talent with which it is conducted are entitled to the highest praise. The able lectures which it lays before the public from time to time, as delivered by some of the most eminent practitioners in the metropolis, render it a very valuable publication to *such as know how to apply properly* the information it contains. But the great fault of the Lancet is, its excessive sharpness; and it is not only much too keen, but its keenness is too often misapplied. The besetting sin, indeed, of this otherwise excellent publication is its illiberality. It not only exposes with severity those who deserve exposure, which may be justly regarded as beneficial to the public; but, without discrimination, it falls foul of any one who may happen to have attracted the public attention, and whose case may, in any respect, be of such a nature as to be capable of being brought within the scope of those subjects which the work is in the habit of noticing. Such is the public appetite for slander, that this course is doubtless calculated to make the publication *sell*, which, it seems to us, is rather more the object with this periodical than is consistent with the character of a respectable journal. Nor is it only on the foregoing ground that we have come to this conclusion. We consider the conduct of the Lancet towards Mr. Abernethy as very unjust and dishonourable. It is the practice of the gentlemen who conduct the publication before us to publish the various lectures which are delivered at the different medical schools in the metropolis. These lectures greatly increase, nay, we may say, they chiefly constitute, the value of the work; and to the publication of them there can be no objection, if the lecturers themselves have none. But the case is widely different when the lecturers are unwilling that their lectures should be published. In that case, the publication of them is, in our estimation, positively dishonest in a moral point of view. The fruit of a man's mind is more strictly his property than any

thing he possesses, except his flesh and blood; and he whose profligate cupidity would lead him to prey on his fellow man, has quite as much *right* to the latter as to the former. Amongst all honourable men, at least, this seems to be admitted with regard to works written and published by the author during the period of legal protection: but, with regard to lectures published by word of mouth in a lecture-room, instead of being printed and sold at a bookseller's, this cutting *Lancet* sets up a new principle. Because a gentleman happens to be a "public hospital lecturer," and those who attend his lectures pay for admission, any one present is to be at liberty to take down and publish the lecture for his own emolument. We cannot conceive any thing more monstrous. What each person pays for, is permission to hear the lectures, and he has no doubt a right to take notes of it for his own private use; but, if he afterwards publish the lecture from such notes, he does that which it must be supposed to have been tacitly agreed between the lecturer and every one who heard him, should not be done. It cannot be imagined that, for the price of admission to a lecture, the lecturer would, if asked the question, specifically grant permission to publish it. The same course of lectures may be often delivered; but, when once published, and capable of being read at pleasure, who would ever after attend the delivery? As well might it be contended, that any one, on the first representation of a new play, may take it down in short-hand, and publish it; thus purchasing, for the price of a pit-ticket, not only admission to see the play performed, but a joint property with the author in the copyright of the work. Yet, in defiance of law and justice, do those *liberal* members of an *honourable* profession, who conduct the *Lancet*, still maintain their right to publish, for their profit, the lectures of others, not only without their consent, but against their will. Such conduct, and the maintenance of the principle on which it proceeds, form a plague-spot in the publication under review, that would lead us to turn from it with disgust, if the talent which its pages display were ten times greater than it is. We have always been accustomed to regard ability without honour as odious; if not contemptible; and shall, therefore, conclude our notice of the *Lancet* with the declaration of our opinion, that, however ably conducted, it will never be worthy of respect so long as it ceases to withhold respect from the characters and property of others.

The only other weekly periodical that we are aware of, belonging to the same class as the *Lancet*, is "*The Medical Adviser and Domestic Physician*, forming a complete *Guide to Health and Long Life*; with the most useful Prescriptions

and Remedies for all Complaints incident to the Human Frame; explained in so easy and familiar a manner, that they may be practised in any family with the utmost advantage and success." We give our readers the title of this publication at full length, by way of a treat. Though critics are generally looked upon as sour, crabbed, and severe, from this time forward, "know all men by these presents," that WE of the PHILOMATHIC JOURNAL, are full of the milk of human kindness, and take the greatest delight in making our fellow-creatures happy. It is, therefore, with the most heartfelt pleasure, that we now employ as much space as we can spare, in illustrating the excellencies of a work, so calculated to diminish the miseries of mankind, and prolong their enjoyments in this sublunary state. It is not, indeed, possible for us to enter upon an investigation of various diseases and their remedies: for information on such subjects, we must refer to the Medical Adviser itself. But how delightful to have a "Domestic Physician" always at hand, taking up his calm and retired abode in our book-case, ready, whenever he is required, to prescribe for our ailments of every description, and to banish disease and pain from our abodes! What a blessing to be provided with a "Guide," a "complete" one too, who will lead us to "health," if sickness should visit us, and ensure us "long life," to enjoy health to the latest possible period! The time will surely arrive, some day, when death shall no more have power over us, or when we may at least hope for a patriarchal length of days! But we must not forget to mention, that the generosity and disinterestedness of the "Medical Adviser" are at least equal to its wisdom; for we are informed in the title-page, that "*the subscribers to the Medical Adviser may receive advice, free of any expence, either in the publication or privately, by delivering to the person who supplies the numbers a letter (SEALED,) addressed to the Editors, paid.*" Only think! for sixpence a-week, less than a poor man would pay to his barber for shaving him, he may now obtain medical advice, free, gratis, for nothing, without paying any thing, except the sixpence aforesaid, which is paid not for the "advice," but for the "Domestic Physician" himself! What a cheap doctor! And then, if the patient choose, he may receive said advice in the publication itself, thus, on the outside of the cover:—"L. A.—You must wash the part with the following lotion three times a-day: Take of common water a quart; add to it three drachms of sulphate of zinc."—*Julius*:—"You are right; go on with the medicine."—"Jod":—"The hint will be of use. We think he is right to discontinue the bark." Or, if the delicacy of the patient be so excessive, that he is unwilling

to have his complaints and remedies made public, even in this oracular and obscure way, and desires to receive advice "privately," he has only to deliver to his newsman "a letter (SEALED) addressed to the Editors, paid." [The capitals are not ours, but the editors'.] What a refined method of communicating with a medical adviser,—through the medium of a newsman; and then the letter must be *sealed*, not given to the newsman open,—oh, no, not for the world! But, as the Domestic Physician does not lay claim to the infallibility of the Pope, he admits that he is liable to err; and therefore, for the satisfaction of his patients, he assures them, that "the slightest mistake will at all times be corrected, if communicated to the proprietor." The correction of mistakes, it seems, does not rest with the editors. This part of the announcement is worded with due caution,—“the *slightest* mistake” will be corrected; but for the most serious—why, of them it is best to say nothing. The conclusion of this important notice must not be passed over, it being there “particularly requested, that all correspondents (*except in cases of casualty*) will send their letters before Wednesday night, as we print on Thursday, for publishing on Friday.” In cases of casualty, therefore,—as, for instance, where any thing has stuck in the throat,—where a person is nearly drowned, or suffocated by foul air, or is nearly frozen to death in winter, or struck senseless with heat in summer, or has dislocated an arm, broken a leg, put out his shoulder-bone, or the like,—a letter sent on Thursday, we presume, would be received, and an answer given next day on the outside of the buff-coloured cover of this “complete guide,” as to the manner in which the patient should be treated,—if he has lived long enough to have the benefit of the advice. Can any thing be more “complete” than this? What penetrating men the editors and proprietor of this weekly medical periodical must be! No occasion to see the patients; oh, dear, no; that is quite unnecessary; a letter will do, provided it be “sealed,” and “addressed to the Editors, paid.”

But, we fear, our readers will think that we have already trifled too long with this truly contemptible trash; nor should we bestow another word upon it, if it were not as mischievous as it is contemptible. Such publications as these, in the hands of foolish people, and they are seldom much attended to by any who are not so, become continually productive of the worst consequences. They induce persons in health to fancy themselves affected by all the diseases they read of, and thus to make themselves really ill, by taking medicines for which they had not the least occasion. On those who are at all indisposed, they produce the same effect more readily and

more powerfully. They infuse a spirit of quackery into the mind, and lead people to try upon themselves, and their families, all sorts of experiments, in order to make them better than well, or to enable them to dispense with regular medical advice. Buchan's Domestic Medicine is the same sort of thing on a larger scale. Popular as that book is, there can be no doubt, that where it has done good in one instance, it has done harm in a thousand. We do not mean to say, that no sort of medical information is fit to be made generally known; but the word of these "Guides," is, that they are too complete; they aim at teaching every thing, when most of the topics pretended to be explained, cannot be properly understood by any but those who have received a proper medical education, and even by such they are oftentimes misunderstood. What then can be expected of ignorance, when men of knowledge cannot avoid error?

The PULPIT, as its name denotes, is a theological publication, and into its tenets, therefore, we shall not enter. But its literary character is fairly within our province, and we do not hesitate to say, that we consider it as "poor and miserably cold." It is tame and spiritless, and as deficient in learning as in energy and interest. We should conclude that it is read only by old ladies of both sexes; for such only, at least, does it seem at all adapted.

The DRAMA and the THESPIAN ORACLE, are worthy of notice only in order to be held up to the contempt they merit. They are mere catch-penny publications, and seldom contain any thing worth reading. Their chief object seems to be, that of puffing the minor Theatres, on which exquisite places of amusement we will bestow a passing word. If they were all closed, it would be a good thing for society; for we know of no places at which the young may so effectually ruin both their morals and their taste. The pieces represented are generally of the most trumpery description, and the audiences, in great part, composed of dissolute characters.

The HOUSEKEEPER'S MAGAZINE and Family Economist, is a useful publication, which contains much good advice, many valuable receipts, and interesting articles. The only part of it we object to is, the medical division, which is too much in the strain of "the Medical Adviser." We would advise the "Housekeeper," to exclude such stuff from his "Magazine;" there is no "Family Economy" in quackery.

It is but just to say of "THE MIRROR," which has now been some years before the public, that its character has been well sustained. It is a very amusing and instructive publication. With little pretension, it performs much; and in a



small space gives a great variety. It is got up with great tact; and, at the conclusion of each year, forms a volume well worthy of a place in every library, amongst that class of books which are intended to occupy a leisure hour with advantage.

The last weekly periodical of which we shall make any separate mention, is one which has but recently appeared, but which, from its excellence and utility, promises to be a favourite with the public,—this is “THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.” Unlike the *Mirror*, we may describe this as a publication of great pretension, which is, perhaps, its chief fault. It began by promising more than it was possible to perform, and it assumed a title, or rather added to its title a description, which it never could be expected to justify. It professes to concentrate, “every week, *all that is worthy of being preserved from the whole of our periodical literature*,—newspapers, magazines, &c. relating to sciences and arts, public affairs, amusements, &c. &c. &c. preceded by an original leading article commenting on the whole.” The weekly sheet by which this arduous undertaking is to be performed, is divided into eight parts, the first of which is entitled, “Illustrated Article,” being an account of the object represented by the wood-cut which adorns the first page, and which, where every line is an object, might, we think, be well spared; for it has little to do with the general design of the publication. The 2d division is entitled, “Original leading Article,” and consists of “a Critical Comment on all the best articles,” from the different periodicals which are given in the subsequent divisions. The 3d division contains “Original Anecdotes, Jeux d’Esprit, &c. The five remaining divisions give the Spirit of the Daily Journals, the Weekly Papers, the Monthly Magazines, the Quarterly Reviews, and Miscellaneous Anecdotes, Jeux d’Esprit, &c. All this is done with great judgment; but we think, if less were aimed at, more would be performed. If the illustrated article, and the *original* anecdotes, jeux d’esprit, &c. were omitted, it would make room for articles which we think would be more valuable, though it might somewhat diminish the variety of matter, which strikes the eye in the heading of the different sections. The idea of comprising in one weekly sheet “*all that is worthy of being preserved from the whole of our periodical literature*,” is obviously absurd; for if it were practicable, either nine-tenths of our periodical literature must be regarded as unworthy of preservation, which we can hardly consider as the case, or the Spirit of the Times must have the power of distilling the spirit of books in a most marvellous manner. Some publication of the sort was, however, certainly a desideratum, and we accordingly hail its appearance with

pleasure, especially when we see it so well got up, and, in most respects, so ably conducted.

Of a few other weekly periodicals, similar to some that we have noticed, we shall only observe, in general, that with much trashy matter, some good things are blended, and that an idle moment may be worse employed than in turning over their pages. Some will amuse, and some will instruct. Some may convulse with laughter, if not at wit, yet certainly at absurdity; while by the awful relations of the "Terrific Register," and "Legends of Terror," they who delight in being horrified, may have their blood chilled, and their hair stiffened, at pleasure.

A word or two on the general effects of such publications as we have been adverting to, and then, gentle reader,—adieu. The press now teems with books. Society abounds with those who have little time to read, and less opportunity for selecting what to read. To all such persons, the better sort of weekly periodicals furnishes an improving recreation, and presents them with sources of information which would otherwise be beyond their reach. In them may be seen how the world goes, what literature produces, and what science performs. The knowledge thus communicated, cannot be otherwise than superficial; but it occupies the mind, it leads it to think, and it tends to stamp upon society a character of intelligence, and to sow the seeds of future advancement, which at no distant period may be confidently expected to bring forth such fruit as will cause the hearts of the liberal and enlightened "to sing for joy," and every man to look upon himself as a nobler kind of being, when he beholds, with a generous glow of satisfaction, the exaltation of his species in the scale of creation, by the expansion of those faculties, which, as they are cultivated or neglected, are the glory or the shame of man.

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*Time's Telescope, or the Astronomer's, Botanist's, and Naturalist's Guide for the Year 1826. London, Sherwood and Co.*

TIME with his scythe destroys the past; but time with his telescope gives us a peep into the future. The volume before us is the venerable sage's manifesto for the coming year, announcing as well the phenomena of the heavens, as the movements of vegetable and animal nature upon earth, during

the three hundred and sixty-five days which will next elapse from this 31st of December, 1825.

Nature and poetry are akin. In a volume devoted to the former, the latter therefore very properly steps forward in the service of her great relative. There are three introductory poems; the first entitled "The Echo of Antiquity," by Mr. J. H. Wiffen, the translator of Tasso. It was written in York Cathedral, and contains among other good stanzas the following :—

Our ancient Fathers, where are they ?  
And the blest Prophets, do *they* live  
For ever?—Pomp ! give ear, and say  
What answer the carved marbles give.—  
The slumbering statues seem to heave  
With utterance,—on the spacious walls  
The scutcheon shakes—responsive tones  
Rise from ST. WILFRID'S hallowed bones,  
And Elfric waves his palls.

Shriek not—but hearken ! ' WE HAVE REIGNED  
ON EARTH,—AND ARE NOT ! ' it is well ;  
Rest, hoary Elder, unprofaned,  
Within thy dark and narrow cell !  
What voice, grim WARRIOR, to the spell  
Yield'st thou ; who once, in Palestine,  
With Cœur-de-Lion, or with Clare,  
Unfurled thy banners in the air,  
And kissed the sacred shrine ?

Speak, for thou hear'st ! ' I LIVED—I LOVED,  
I FOUGHT,—AND AM NOT ! ' Sheathe thy sword ;  
It is enough ; the Cross, that moved  
Thy fire and Luther's, stands restored !  
What speech is thine, O thou, THE' ADORED  
OF ALL ! thy poets, did not they  
Vaunt thee immortal, and bribe Fame  
With thousand songs to keep thy name  
Triumphant o'er decay ?

Speak, then, *thy* history ; unclose  
Once more thy ruby lips,—I bend  
Above, and round thee strew the rose,  
Expectant, till thy voice ascend :—  
' I CHARMED,—AND AM NOT ! '—Heaven befriend  
Thy gentle shade ; 'tis sooth !—ev'n so,  
We, for whose pleasure Nature showers  
Her autumn fruits and summer flowers,  
Like you, but come to go.

The second bearing the title of "The Past and the Future," is by Delta, of Blackwood's Magazine. The third, "The Influence of Nature and Poetry on National Spirit," is the production of Mr. William Howitt, author of "The Forest Minstrel." The opening stanzas are remarkably spirited, and delineate with fearful fidelity one of the signs of the times in which we live.

There walks a power amongst us—a magician  
 Subtle and cruel; potent in the lore  
 Of realm-consuming Time;—each dread transition  
 Of states which rose, reigned, passed, and are no more.  
 And now he sojourns, not as wont of yore  
 Sly Archimage in deserts for lost knight;  
 But, where tow'rs rise, amidst the peopled roar,  
 Where passions glow, all strange desires alight,  
 There stalks the smiling fiend—there glories in his might.

'Tis GAIN!—insatiate *Gain!*—the shrewdest, worst  
 Spirit which from our weakness and our need  
 Draws life; and with his sorceries accurst  
 All soul and sense, each thought and act can knead  
 Unto his will; make hope, ambition lead  
 His victims on; hot emulation wage  
 War on our sloth, still pointing to the meed  
 Of halls, lands, honours, glittering equipage,  
 Till e'en the wise grow mad with his Tartarean rage.

For this, he coops us in his walled towns,  
 Where the blest spirit of the heavens and earth  
 May never cope with his, which stuns and drowns  
 Each nobler thought and feeling in its birth:  
 For this, the wizard has its pomp and mirth;  
 For this, the palace shines, the rich man's door  
 Swings wide with lordly echoes; wisdom, worth,  
 Learning, and star-eyed beauty, there adore;  
 Each grace divinely smiles, and pleasure's cup runs o'er.

For this, the poor,—aye, where abideth he?  
 Not in his woodhined cottage; not below  
 The breezy hill, or health-distilling tree;  
 But, where the toiling mass must ever go,  
 In close-wedged allies, tenements of woe  
 And pestilential filth, where the blue sky  
 Sheds down no heavenly influence, nor the blow  
 Of perfumed zephyr visits, but where hie  
 Crime, ignorance, and scorn, to haunt him till he die.

Oh, false and cruel witchcraft! they who speed  
 Most in their sordid wishes, what reward  
 Is theirs? Thirst, inextinguishable thirst to feed;

To writhe in hot desires ; to freeze in fraud ;  
 To sear the spirit to a thing abhorred,  
 A joyless, loveless, merciless compound  
 Of misery and meanness, which, unawed  
 By voice of past or future, clasps the ground  
 Till the grave opens—shuts—and the worm is not found.

The poems are succeeded by an essay "on the Physical Powers, Intellectual Faculties, and Moral Perceptions of Man," from the pen of Dr. Myers, of Woolwich. After taking a succinct and popular view of the structure of the human body, the learned writer adverts to the varieties of the human species, which, according to the division of Blumenbach, he arranges into five classes, distinguished from each other by the colour of the skin, the colour and quality of the hair, the form of the cranium, and the proportions of the face. In closing this part of his subject, he says,

As the national characteristics of the American race constitute them the intermediate variety between the Caucasians and the Mongolians, so the Malay forms the middle link between the Caucasian and the Ethiopian. In viewing these divisions, therefore, as they stand connected with each other, the Caucasian must be considered as the centre, the Mongolian and the Ethiopian as the two extremes, while the American and the Malay constitute the middle terms. This diversity in the appearance of the human race has caused some writers to adopt the unscriptural idea that mankind have sprung from different sources ; but when it is considered that they exist under such an immense variety of circumstances, physical, moral, and political, there cannot be any necessity for resorting to such a conclusion to account for the facts which every where present themselves. Man has not only greater versatility of mind than the lower species of animals, but he is also endowed with a greater pliancy of body ; by which he is enabled to claim the whole earth for a habitation, and the sea for a possession. It is by this property of his constitution that he can exist with comparative ease in all countries ; which manifests the goodness of the Creator in forming the whole world for his abode. As our knowledge of the globe has increased, the idea of Horace, which is expressed in the following words, has been completely exploded :

Pone me sub curru nimium propinqui  
 Solis, in terra domibus negata.

Man is therefore found in all climates, from the snow-built huts and frozen caves of the north, to the parched and scorching plains of the African deserts. In the one case he lives and follows his occupations where not only the vegetable tribes are almost extinct, but where the polar fox and the bear, half-frozen and perishing with hunger, hide themselves in the holes of the ground. In the other, he sustains a temperature that nearly causes spirits of wine to boil. The late expeditions to the arctic regions have afforded abundant proof of the amazing

pliability of the human constitution in sustaining great and sudden changes of temperature. When Captain Parry and his brave companions wintered at Melville Island, in the early part of 1820, the thermometer sunk to 55° below zero, or 87° below the freezing point: yet even this intensity was not attended by any serious consequences, and exercise was taken in the open air whenever the wind and snow permitted; though, in passing from the cabin to this, the men often experience a change of temperature of 100 or 120 degrees. Notwithstanding their being thus exposed for months, not an inflammatory disease, beyond a common cold, occurred.

Striking and permanent as the dissimilitude undoubtedly is, between the Negro on the coast of Guinea, the New Hollander, the Caucasian, the native of Britain, the Esquimaux, and the Patagonian, it may be sufficiently accounted for by the long continued operation of physical, political, and moral causes.

The second section being devoted to the intellectual faculties of man, the third is directed to his moral constitution. Dr. Myers lays down the doctrine of relation as the only foundation of morals; and shews the simplicity of the principle, as well as the universality of its application.

Of the poetical contributors to the volume before us, one of the most distinguished is Mr. Richard Ryan. Among the effusions of his prolific muse, is the following, suggested by one of the curiosities of the green-house.

#### THE ICE PLANT:

*Addressed to* \* \* \*

Where'er your lightsome footsteps flew  
In airy form did glide,  
That moment found me near you too,  
And saw me at your side.  
In vain in every path a snare  
Was by some fair one thrown;  
None, none but thee my heart could share,  
Each thought was thine alone.

Yet, coldness robbed me of thy smile,  
And every fond advance  
I tremblingly made, could ne'er beguile  
One warm approving glance.  
The love that mantled in my cheek,  
Whene'er I sought to share  
With thy young heart, how faint, how weak,  
Was its reception there!

If Love to me one hour was kind,  
And lent this brow of mine  
A warmer tint, that hour I'd find  
A deeper chill on thine.

Like those sad flow'rs that coldness yield  
 On ev'ry leaf, when shine  
 The warmest beams—those eyes revealed  
 A deeper coldness thine.

Some lines by the same writer, commemorative of an amiable and excellent man, whose distinguished talents were eclipsed by the qualities of his heart, will be read with deep interest by all who were acquainted with the subject of them. They are the tribute of friendship to the memory of Mr. Vincent Dowling, a gentleman whose long and honourable connexion with the public press commenced in Ireland, about eighteen years before the union, and was continued in this country for upwards of twenty-two years after that event. Mr. Dowling died on the 29th of March last, aged 68. The following lines are alike honourable to the merits of the departed, and to the warm and honest feelings of the survivor.

None ever boasted yet to charm the hour  
 A wit more bright, a fancy of more pow'r,  
 Conjoined with learning and a taste refined,  
 Which captive led at will both heart and mind :  
 These were thy gifts; but thy life's steady aim  
 Was not alone to win a wreath from Fame,  
 To be recorded brightest wit among  
 Wit's vot'ries, or the laughter-loving throng;  
 Oh no!—let me not wrong thy gentle shade.  
 Thou wert the friend of all who sought thy aid;  
 My friend wert thou when on life's treach'rous sea  
 Mid sunny skies I sailed, gay, prosperously;  
 And when to guide my bark grew past my skill,  
 I flew to thee, and found thee firm friend still.  
 I blush not, therefore, if my grateful heart  
 At thought of thee should bid a tear-drop start;  
 For thou wert prized by me as fond, as dear,  
 As human heart can prize a friend sincere.

The pleasing little poem with which we shall now present our readers, is such as might be expected from the author of the last. He who can so well feel and exemplify the delights and duties of friendship, must be presumed to be well qualified to describe it.

#### FRIENDSHIP.

Oh! 'tis sweet to meet again  
 Forms that Fate hath hid full long;  
 'Tis sweet in grief to hear some strain  
 Resembling childhood's early song;  
 Those forms, those tones, at once renew  
 The smiles that graced each happy hour,  
 And steal as sweet as summer dew,  
 Reviving ev'ry sleeping flower.

Oh ! 'tis sweet when fairies creep  
 Round the couch on which we lie,  
 And with midnight's peaceful sleep  
 Mingle dreams of days gone by.  
*First* vows, *first* loves, come o'er us then,  
 With cheeks in smiles whose home's the tomb,  
 And hours too bright to shine again,  
 Life's shadowy pathway to illumine.

Oh ! 'tis sweet to meet upon  
 Cheeks we prized in Love's young day.  
 Friendship's smile slow stealing on,  
 As Love's begins to fade away.  
 Love's noontide sun may boast more light,  
 While it shines 'tis lovelier far ;  
 But suns, tho' bright, will sink in night ;  
 Then how holy's Friendship's star !

We had marked for insertion some lines on Midnight, properly characterised by the editor of the volume as sweet and pensive ; but our limits forbid their admission, and we must refer our readers to the work itself, and content ourselves with extracting the following :

#### THE SUN FISH.\*

See how along the dazzling wave  
 The *sun fish* bends his eagle way,  
 Still looking to that Pow'r who gave  
 Both boundless deep and gladd'ning ray.  
 For ever thus, with face upturned,  
 He sails along from sea to sea ;  
 Each tempting object round him turned  
 To gaze upon immensity.

Thus, as we sail o'er life's frail tide,  
 We should for ever gaze above,  
 Nor let one thought from Heav'n glide  
 O'er earth's delusive joys to rove.  
 As we pursue our path along,  
 Oh ! like the sun fish, we should sever  
 Our gaze from folly's tempting throng,  
 And gaze on that which lasts for ever.

\* "To the frequenters of our watering places, it may be interesting to be informed that the marine curiosity called the SUN FISH, is *sometimes* to be seen on our coasts. The shape of this fish is round, and surrounded with a fin, which answers the purpose of nature, and brings to our mind the idea of the Sun, as it is painted, encompassed with rays of light. This fish is also known by the name of Diodon."



## WORKS IN THE PRESS.

"THE Miscellanist of Literature for 1826; consisting of Unique Selections from the most important Books published during the past year;" to be continued annually.

The Author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family," is engaged on a new Historical Novel.

A Practical Treatise on the means of obviating and treating the varieties of costiveness at different periods of life, and in cases of predisposition to various constitutional maladies, and of disorders of the lungs, stomach, liver, rectum, &c. &c. by medicine, diet, &c. by Dr. Reece, in 1 vol. 8vo.

The collected Works of Dr. Edward Reynolds, with a memoir of the Author, by A. Chaloner, Esq. F.R.S.

Sketches of Portuguese Manners, Costume, and Character, (with engravings.)

A volume of Sermons, by the late Dr. Doddridge.

The Fourth Part of Mr. Bellamy's Translation of the Bible, is nearly ready.

The Story of Isabel, by the author of "The Favourite of Nature," will be published in a few days.

Mr. George Crnikshank has just finished a series of etchings, for the illustration of a second volume of "German Popular Stories."

Golden Rules of Social Philosophy. by Sir R. Phillips.

Hours at Home, by Mr. Cornwall Baron Wilson.

"The Prospect" and other poems, in a pocket volume.

The Father's Guide in the Selection of a School for his son: by a Member in the University of Cambridge.

A volume of "Early Metrical Tales," including the History of Sir Egeir, Sir Gryme, and Sir Gray Steel.

An Essay on Craniology; by the Rev. R. W. Hamilton.

The first number of Belster's Quarterly Magazine.

A new historical novel, entitled Henry the Fourth.

Lyrics of the Heart; with other Poems, by Mr. Alarik A. Watts.

Sketches selected from the Note Book of the late Charles Hamilton, Esq., by T. K. Hervey, author of Australia.

The Travellers, or Adventures on the Continent, in 3 vols.

Woodstock. A Tale of the Long Parliament. By the author of "Waverley."

A Reply to the last pamphlet of Mr. Roscoe; and also some observations on the last Quarterly Review, relative to Pope; by M. Bowles.

Sir Walter Scott's Life of Bonaparte.

Travels of Polycletes, abridged from the work of M. le Baron de Theis; for the use of Young people; by M. de Rouillon.

## NEW WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

MEMOIRS of Jane Taylor. 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 16s.

The Life of Erasmus, with historical remarks on the state of Literature between the Tenth and Sixteenth Centuries. By C. Butler, Esq. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Love's Victory, or a School for Pride; a comedy in five acts. By George Hyde. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Sylla, a tragedy in five acts, from the French of M. Jouy. By H. Brandreth, Jun. Esq. A.M. 5s. 6d.

The Three Strangers; a play in five acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden. By Harriet Lee. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

A Gaelic Dictionary, in Two Parts. By R. A. Armstrong, A.M. 4to. 3l. 13s. 6d.

A History of the Roman Emperors,

from the Accession of Augustus to the Fall of the last Constantine. By C. Elton, Esq. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

A Panoramic View of Liverpool, on two sheets drawing coloumbier. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Greece in 1825: being the Journals of James Emerson, Esq., Count Pecchio, and W. H. Humphreys, Esq. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 12s.

The History of the Reformation of the Church of England, during the reign of Henry the Eighth. By Henry Soames, M.A. 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s.

Leigh and Dalzell on Conversion of Property. Royal 8vo. 1l. 12s.

Freeman's Common Law. Royal 8vo. 1l. 6s.

Petersdorf's Abridgment of Common Law Reports. Royal 8vo. Vol. 3. 1l. 11s. 6d.

# THE PHILOMATHIC JOURNAL.

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## ON THE TEUTONIC LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE.

THE languages, to which I am about to call your attention have been designated by the various appellations of Gothic, Germanic, and Teutonic; I have preferred the latter, because it seemed the most comprehensive. Many of these languages perished before they had ever been reduced to writing; and some met with a similar fate, soon after their possessors had begun to employ them for a literary purpose. Those now in existence are spoken by the nations of the centre and north of Europe; nations which, taking them as a whole, are in science, arts, and arms, inferior to none; and in freedom of thought, and strength of intellect, surpass many: nations whose ancestors overthrew the debasing authority of imperial Rome, and became the founders of almost every state of Christendom. Although they could not in all countries which they conquered preserve their language, they at least invigorated those which they found with the strength of their own. Their descendants who have preserved them live in an uninterrupted line of countries, extending from Mount Hæmus to the North Cape, from the Land's End to the Gulf of Finland, and from the Rhine to the Vistula. They are distinguished by the names of Germans, Dutch, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Icelanders, and (although, in purity of language, connected with them in a more remote degree,) of English and Southern Scotch. The languages of all these nations betray a common origin, not only in their words, but in their grammatical form and modes of expression; and there is in the disposition and feelings, if not in the customs and manners, of these different people, a similarity so striking that, even without any reference to language, we should feel inclined to admit a community of descent. Of the numerous facts which might be produced in support of this theory, I will mention only one, and that cer-

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tainly not the least striking. The Reformation, as it began among a nation of Teutonic race, has, with the exception of a few millions in the south of Germany, extended to all the other nations of the same language, and has as yet remained, almost exclusively, confined to them.

The German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, and the older Teutonic languages of which we have any remains, the Gothic, Frank, Anglo-Saxon, and Icelandic, are considered original languages; because the roots of their words seem almost all taken from within themselves, and we cannot trace the sources to which we may satisfactorily refer their component parts. Yet we should be mistaken were we to suppose that their origin was but one, and that the changes which they underwent since the time of their first formation have been only such as, in the course of time, will take place in all languages, without foreign admixture or influence. There is no doubt, that these languages originated in Asia; but at what period they were brought into Europe, and what changes and vicissitudes they had experienced previous to their expatriation, is even beyond the *shadow* of conjecture. Considerable branches of them, at least such as contain a great number of similar words, and are for that reason called Indo-Gothic, or Indo-Germanic, have remained there; as may be seen in an examination of the *Sanskrit, Afghan, Persian, &c.* But the separation of the European and Asiatic branches must have taken place at a very early period, the characteristics of the two being strikingly different.

The European branch is found in Germany and Belgium at the earliest dawn of history; but then it had on one side the Celtic Gauls, and on the other the Scythian or Slavonic Thracians, with whom the German tribes, in their perpetual wanderings, frequently mixed in peace and war, and necessarily imbibed parts of their languages. Thus, for instance, we know that, long before the Cimbrian irruption, a Gallic army passed through Germany, in its way to Macedonia and the Black Sea; that people of the same nation settled in Italy, and on the right bank of the Danube, and German tribes in the midst of them. Cimbrians, or Kimbrians, or Belgi, at the time of Cæsar, were settled in the north of France, where, having subdued and mixed with the Gauls, they formed a new dialect, which still survives among their descendants in Wales and Brittany; the former of whom to this day call themselves Cambrians. For it was a colony of these Kimbrians who, having a short time before conquered South Britain from the ancient Celts, were found here by the Romans, and who were subsequently driven into Cornwall, Wales, and to the western coast of France, by their treacherous

allies, the Saxons: they, as a people of a kindred race, having been called over to assist them against the ancient Celts from the north, who attacked them, and endeavoured to reconquer the country of their fathers.

We also perceive at the earliest periods, in the midst of the numerous dialects spoken by the Germanic people, a marked difference always distinguishing the southern from the northern races. It was by this difference that the Suevi, afterwards called Teutoni, were distinguished from the Cimbrians and the Goths; and, afterwards, the Allemanni from their brethren beyond the Neckar and Mayn; and by which the Austrians, Bavarians, Tyrolese, Swiss, and Suabians, in their common dialect, are still distinguished from the other German tribes. This southern dialect is marked by a drawling broadness of vowels, a predilection for hissing and double consonants, and a fulness of pronunciation very disagreeable to the ear; while, in the other Teutonic languages and dialects, we find rather a disposition to shortness and compactness of sound. It is possible that this difference in the dialects was formed before the entrance of the Teutonic nations into Europe; but it may, perhaps, also be accounted for, by the greater and more various migrations of the southern races before they effected their respective settlements. By the earliest accounts, the Suevi were established near the Baltic, between the Elbe and the Vistula; and the Goths in Sweden. Both were in the immediate vicinity of the Finns, with whom they probably mixed. The former, on their arrival in the south, had to dislodge, and probably mix with, the Gauls; and the latter, after having wandered among the Thracians and Scythians even beyond the Kuban, returned and combatted the Gauls near the Pontus, the Latinized Decians, the Greek Macedonians, Thes-salians, the Suevi themselves, and other nations of various dialects and races. Many of these were incorporated with them, and necessarily contributed to adulterate their language.

I shall pursue this subject no further, since I trust that these few hints will be sufficient to show with what limitations we ought to adopt the appellation of original, as applied to these languages. However, before I conclude this part of my subject, I ought to call your attention to the affinity which these languages bear to the Greek and Latin, in both of which we find many words of Teutonic origin; or, at least, similar to those found in the languages of that denomination. I, of course, do not allude to such words as were subsequently adopted from them by the Teutonic nations, at the time when they embraced the civilisation and literature of Greece and Rome: I mean such as nations must have used as soon as they

entered into a state of society, and which they had neither time nor opportunity to borrow from strangers; such as the verbs *to be* and *to have*, the appellations of different parts of the body, the personal pronouns, numbers, &c.: these, with very slight variations and exceptions, are common to both the languages named, and the Teutonic dialects. I must further observe, that these dialects also bear a very striking affinity to the Sarmatian or Slavonic languages, spoken by people descended from the ancient Thracians and Scythians.

Indeed, according to Schlötzer, there is no more difference between the language in the earlier chronicles of Russia and Sclavonia, and the earliest records of the German language, than there is between the present High and Low German, or, to be more intelligible, the English and the Scotch dialects. This seems at once to indicate a community of descent of almost all the European, and many of the Asiatic nations, however different in outward appearance; and is a grand step towards a *historical* demonstration of the common origin of mankind. I must, however, in fairness add, that, to produce this, many difficulties are yet to be overcome; since, however extensive the branch of language under our consideration may be, there are many others, and some of them also very extensive, which, as far as they have yet been examined and understood, could not be discovered to bear any affinity to it, except in a few detached words. Mr. Klaproth, in his late work called *Asia Poliglotta*, describes no less than twenty-one such branches in Asia alone, besides the Indo-Germanic.

But, to return from the field of conjecture, allow me now to describe the principal characteristics by which the Teutonic languages are distinguished. They are as follows:—First, They now contain few monosyllabic words, yet almost all their terms are composed of monosyllables, most of which may be traced to their primitive signification.

Secondly, These primitives are not very numerous; but, by means of joining one or several words together, or prefixing or affixing to them certain particles of a clear, decisive signification, there is not a term in the language of feeling or intellect, which either is not, or, at least, might not be, expressed in them, so as to be understood by any native of the humblest capacity. This is an advantage, in which some of them surpass even the Greek, in which language the compound words are not always as clear and precise.

Thirdly, The principal accent, with very few exceptions, falls on the root of the word, whether the syllable be long or short; and a secondary accent on those particles by which the word is modified. This is a peculiar characteristic of original languages, and which also distinguishes,

to a great extent, the Greek. It gives a certain rationality and importance to speech, in which derived languages are generally deficient; because, losing sight of the roots which they have received from others, they either regard only the length and shortness of syllables, or they throw the accent on that part of the word which distinguishes it as their peculiar property, because it is of their own creation, but which in itself is of secondary importance, viz. the termination. Thence also the difference in the versification, between the Teutonic and the Southern and Western languages of Europe, by which the former weigh their syllables, and the latter measure them. As a balance, however, against these advantages, I must state that in sound they are not harmonious, for hissing or guttural letters, or both, prevail in all of them in a greater or less degree, and several harsh consonants frequently occur together, without the softening intervention or termination of a vowel. These are defects of which the German and Dutch partake more than their northern sisters.

Fourthly, The substantives have three genders, except in the Danish, which has only two, a personal and neuter. But, with the exception of the English, in which the idea of gender is rationally preserved, the additional gender is, as in Latin and Greek, only an additional difficulty. In declension, they are far inferior to the Greek and Latin, as they distinguish only the genitive; except in German, in which two, and sometimes three, cases are characterised by terminations. The defect, however, is supplied by prepositions or declinable pronouns and articles; the latter of which, in some of these languages, also point out the gender.

Fifthly, The adjectives are frequently undeclined, but their comparison is mostly formed in the word itself by additional letters.

Sixthly, The conjugation is also very imperfect. The Scandinavian branch of these languages distinguishes the passive voice by terminations; in the other, that voice is formed by an auxiliary verb. They have generally the four usual moods, but only two tenses, the present and past; all the others are formed by the auxiliaries, *to be, to have, to become, shall, will, may, must*.

Seventhly, They are also deficient in participles, and their use is much limited, except perhaps in English.

Eighthly, They have but one regular conjugation, though a great number of irregular verbs.

Ninthly, A great difficulty also occurs in some of them, by the transposition of particles with which verbs are compounded to the end of the sentence.

Tenthly, A still greater difficulty is found in Dutch and

German, by an artificial arrangement of words, which, although favourable to energy of expression, is in many respects restricting, and at first rather embarrassing, to foreigners.

The earliest traces of Teutonic dialects, we find in the works of the Greeks and Romans; in the names of persons, nations, towns, rivers, countries, titles, warlike instruments: of course in a mutilated state, partly occasioned by the carelessness of the transcribers, and still more by the insufficiency of their alphabets to convey the rude and complicated sounds of savage languages; a difficulty constantly experienced by modern travellers and voyagers. Yet even in these we discover roots, many of which have been preserved in one dialect or other even to the present day.

The Goths were the first Teutonic race who reduced their dialect to writing, and they are the only Teutonic nation who have left us any connected document of their early language previous to the ninth century. For, as to the Runic inscriptions which have been found in the northern countries, they have not yet been read; and, if they ever should, they are too limited to furnish more than a few words or sentences. The Gothic document referred to is of the fourth century, and consists of several portions of a translation of the Bible by the Bishop Ulphilas. It was done in Mæso-Gothic, and the work would be invaluable to the linguist, had the bishop been a better translator: but, unfortunately, he followed every where his text so closely, that he evidently violated the genius of his own language; so that we can form no fair opinion respecting its construction. One short example will prove the justice of this remark. The two first lines of the Lord's Prayer run thus—*Atta unsar* (father our) *thu in himinam* (thou in heaven) *wheinai namo thein* (be sanctified name thy). Here every one will recognise the Greek or Latin from which the author made his translation; such elipses, and such transpositions, being contrary to the idiom of all the other Teutonic dialects with which we have become acquainted. The declensions in this are more perfect than in any other Teutonic dialect: for instance, to recur to the above specimen, *himinam* is the dative plural of *himins*, heaven; in German, *himmel*: it makes in the singular, *himtns*, *himinis*, *himina*, *himin*, and in the plural, *himinos*, *himine*, *himinam*, *himinans*. Whether the Goths possessed these terminations originally, or whether they formed them in imitation of the Latin during their residence in Dacia, I must leave undetermined.

It is probable that the Goths had made some further progress in literature; but, if so, the monuments of it perished with the nation itself. It is, indeed, said, that some Gothic songs have

been preserved in Spain, but I am not aware that they have ever been published.

From the time of the destruction of the Goths, till Charlemagne restored the throne of the western empire, we find no trace of literature among the Teutonic nations in any of their settlements. This was the real age of darkness; barbarism and desolation had then overspread the earth, and the little learning that remained in the western world was almost exclusively confined to the monasteries, especially those of Scotland and Ireland; and that little was in the Latin language. From those countries the Christian religion, and with it the first elements of civilization, were brought into the woods of Germany, and the desolated plains of France.

The missionaries found the nations there still fond of their ancient and rude songs of war and love, and of the heroic deeds of their ancestors. The good fathers thought them an impediment to the salvation of their new flocks; and with great self-denial, (for even Bishop Ottfried yet complains of the difficulty of reducing their harsh sounds to writing,) set about rhyming for them the Psalms, and other parts of Scripture. By this they hoped to wean them from the profane songs, which gave their pastors so much scandal. But it does not seem that these new songs succeeded in expelling their predecessors, although they contributed to impart greater flexibility to the language, and making the national poetry gradually assume some polish. So much was this improved, that Charlemagne thought their songs worthy of being preserved. He ordered them to be written in the dialect of his nation, the Frank, together with the old laws and customs then in existence: he also established schools, in which he wished the national language to be taught according to the grammatical principles he had himself promulgated. But the language for which this great monarch had taken such great pains, perished soon after him. In France it was amalgamated with the provincial Latin then spoken by the nation under the sway of the Franks; and in Germany it was mixed with the dialects of the Allemanni and Saxons, and laid the foundation for the High German, which has since become the literary language of the country. Charlemagne's collection of ancient Germanic songs, which, no doubt, were of great historical value, has been lost; and nothing is left of the language of the Franks that deserves the name of literature, except a few poems, two of which are of such excellence, that we may justly infer from them that the Franks had made considerable progress in the poetical art, and that their previous productions must have been numerous. These poems are, a hymn on the victory of King Lewis III.



over the Normans in 883, and a panegyric on the Bishop Anno, who died in the year 1075.

It is undoubtedly a great loss to literature, that the development of a language, whose first essays had been so promising, should never have taken place. However, the literary impulse thus given in Germany, never entirely lost its effects. From that time, attempts at writing were made in almost all the dialects of the country. The subsequent foundation of chivalry, and the universal propagation of the taste for minstrelsy, aided that impulse powerfully, and the German *minnesingers*, especially those of Suabia, who wrote in the southern dialect, remained little behind their first masters, the *trouvères* of Provence. They flourished particularly during the 13th century, long before England had its Chaucer; and in the same proportion as the verses of this poet were harsh and unpolished, those of the German poets possessed a harmony and delicacy both of language and feeling, which was but too soon lost in the dog-grel lines of the later Meister singers.\* The prose of that period, however, was still harsh and uncouth, and mixed with latinisms, and other exotics, with which ignorant monks, and especially foreign missionaries, corrupted its purity.

Minstrelsy sank with chivalry; and the verses of subsequent rhymsters were as unlike their prototypes as the rude country-gentleman, or the half-civilized courtiers, were unlike the elegant knights of preceding ages. The fate of the prose was even worse, and the revival of letters tended rather to deteriorate than to improve it. For few, who pretended to the name of scholars, would then consent to write in their native language; and, if they did so, it was with so much false taste, and so many conceits, that they make us regret the artless, although barbarous style, of the ancient translators of Scripture, and chroniclers.

Luther became the father of the high-German language; and he may be considered, in this point of view, as the Dante of Germany. Born and bred in Upper Saxony, the language of which province had been formed by a mixture of all the other principal dialects of the country, he seized upon it with a power and mastery of which none but a mind like his was capable. Into this language he translated the Bible, and in it he wrote his other numerous works; and being assisted in his great undertaking chiefly by his countrymen, or such as had been educated at Wittemberg with him, their style of language obtained such an influence throughout the country, that, to this

\* It was during that century, that the ancient song of the *Nieblungen*, so rich in historical facts, was re-composed, and the *Book of Heroes*, and the *Book of Fools*, powerfully descriptive of times and manners, were written.

day, it has remained the standard for all authors of taste. The high-German is the language of the courts, and of good society of all Germany; although, as in every other country, the dialects spoken there are still very numerous.

It was, however, not till the latter part of the last century, that the language was brought to its present perfection; and that it took its station among the literary languages of Europe. Till then, such German authors as deserved to be read, such as Leibnitz, Kepler, and others, mostly wrote in Latin, and the rest, servile translators or imitators of the French, gallicised the language to such an extent, that many years will yet be required before their exoticisms can be entirely expelled.\* It was Haller, Bodmer, and Klopstock, who gave a new impulse to the German language and literature. The works of Milton, Shakspeare, Bacon, and other immortal Britons, taught them the great lesson, that the literature of a nation can never be eminent, unless its authors pursued their own independent career: They did so, and were followed by a galaxy of great names, whose merits Europe has already acknowledged. Of these, Wieland, Lessing, Herder, Schiller, Fichte, Mendelsohn, Kant, Müller, and many others, rank among the first of poets, critics, philosophers, and historians.† My limits will not now allow me to enter into details; but I may add, that whoever wishes to read poets of deep feeling and sublime conceptions, philosophers who have sought truth with enlightened minds and sincere hearts, historians of deep research and discriminating eye, critics of great learning and unbiassed judgment; whoever seeks instruction in chemistry, mineralogy, astronomy, and the terrible but indispensable art of war, will find himself amply rewarded in studying the German language.

\* This may be done by means of compound words in the manner I have described above; and which is also practised, not only in Germany, but also in Holland, Denmark, and Sweden. But there is one species of foreign influence which has been exercised on all the Teutonic languages, of which they can, and perhaps ought, never to rid themselves, viz. the numerous Greek, Latin, and French forms of expression, and words literally translated, with which they have been filled, from the period of the first introduction of Christianity among them, down to the most recent time.

† The German literature has been charged in this country with two things,—sentimentality, and immorality. To the first of these charges I plead guilty, as I confess that there was actually a period in our literature when this was the besetting sin of most of our authors, but that time has happily past away. The second charge, however, I entirely deny, unless one were to establish the monstrous doctrine, that the error of one or two writers, at one time, of too much celebrity, shall be visited upon a whole nation; and I trust that, if German literature shall be more known in England, this hasty charge will be completely withdrawn.

I have been rather diffuse in the history of this language, not from a silly vanity because it is that of my own country, but because German literature actually ranks first among that of the Teutonic nations of the Continent; and because, through it, the language has had a powerful influence on the languages and literature of the other nations of the same race. But, above all, because the history of one is, with little exception, that of the others; a circumstance which will allow me to be very brief in their description, and to touch only on such topics as will give variety to my subject.

The Dutch is both in words and structure very much like the German, especially the low-German, although it also resembles the southern Teutonic dialects, by the deepness and frequency of its guttural sounds, and its long drawling vowels, which render a rapid enunciation almost impossible. Yet, notwithstanding these disadvantages, it is a powerfully energetic language, and well suited for poetry. Voltaire has called it a mixture of bad German, with a large proportion of French, an assertion as ridiculous as it is false.

For, in the first place, the Dutch having always been politically separated from the Germans, and their dialect having been written as early as the eleventh century, would undoubtedly have as great a right to call the German bad Dutch, as any one to call their language bad German; and, in the second, their language contains no more French words, than bad taste has introduced into the German, Danish, and Swedish. Besides, the fitness of their language for making compound words enables them with equal facility to get rid of them. The Dutch have had many men great in the arts and sciences, but the latter left almost all their works in Latin. Their literature, properly speaking, only began about the year 1780, and was chiefly produced by an honourable jealousy of the Germans. Since that time they have had, and have still, a great number of distinguished writers, especially poets. Of several of these, Mr. Bowring has lately given some well translated specimens..

A peculiar branch of the Teutonic languages is the Scandinavian, or Danish, Swedish, and Icelandic. In speaking of the characteristics of those languages generally, I mentioned a few peculiarities of this branch. It is distinguished by several more; but, for the present, I shall pass them over. Those northern countries were inhabited at a very early period by a people called Scandinavians, who were, no doubt, divided into many tribes, speaking different dialects; for, the more nations are uncivilized, the more dialects abound among them. It is supposed, that their language was originally of the northern branch, but that it was considerably adulterated by the irruption of the Heruli into Norway, and of the Goths into Sweden;

in the latter country, the dialect of Gothland actually approaches the southern branch more than it does the northern. Their languages must also have received a considerable admixture from their neighbours the Finlanders and Sarmatians, of which they bear evident marks. But, with all this, they are expressive, energetic, and softened by numerous vowel-terminations. The Scandinavian scalds, or historical poets or minstrels, are of a very ancient origin, and poems are preserved of them which are referred to the eighth century. These poems are, no doubt, valuable as ancient monuments of a rude art, and of a highly poetical mythology; but I doubt whether they deserve that credit which native historians seem inclined to bestow on the pretended facts they record, especially those of more recent date, in which it is evident that circumstances and poetical narratives of different times and different countries are incorporated, and attributed to northern heroes. Such subjects were readily gathered by the Danes and Normans in their frequent southern excursions, from which many returned to their native shores, and were employed by the poets for the amusement of their liege lords.

Of all the nations of Europe, none entered more fully into the spirit of chivalry, and displayed it with more vigour and beauty, than the Normans. It is therefore not surprising that chivalrous poetry found no where more enthusiastic votaries, and more zealous cultivators, than in Scandinavia. From that period, too, many precious remains have been preserved, especially in Iceland, which also possesses the most ancient poetical traditions of the north. This cold secluded island was peopled by fugitive Norwegians in the year 875. Necessity, and afterwards choice, made its inhabitants visit almost all the European countries, as merchants or curious travellers. Thence they returned home, carrying with them the profits of their trade, but more frequently the knowledge of the people they had seen. The Icelanders wrote on various subjects in tolerably good prose; but their great strength was in poetry of the romantic kind, the subjects of which they had inherited from their ancestors, or collected in their travels. In the year 1261 they were subjugated by Norway, a circumstance which had but little influence on their literary pursuits. But in the year 1348 an English vessel introduced the plague into the island; in two years time the greater part of the inhabitants were swept away, and the few who remained had lost all spirit of enterprise and activity. They sank into idleness and sloth, in which their descendants have ever since remained.

In Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, poetry sank with chivalry, and the learning which there, as almost every where else, took its place during the 14th century, was of that pe-

dantic cast which partook of no characteristic of the nations to which it belonged, nor did it produce any general effect on their civilisation. Ever since the time of the thirty years' war, in which the Swedes in particular played so great a part, the Scandinavian people looked to Germany for their model in literature. For a long time they did little more than translate German works, by which their languages have been considerably influenced. About the same period with the Dutch they began to cultivate a literature of their own, and several respectable historians, critics, and poets, have rewarded their laudable attempt. Sweden is particularly distinguished for the archeological labours of its antiquarians, which deserve to be better known here. Denmark is justly proud of her historian Niebuhr, and her poet Oehlenschläger. Norway has so long followed the destinies of the latter country, that Danish is its national language, and if it has contributed any portion to modern literature, it is merged in that of the Danes.

England is one of the first nations of modern Europe that fitted their languages for literature, and of whose early authors, some still shine among the patterns of classic perfection. Yet there is perhaps no other whose language has undergone so many changes, and suffered so much mixture before it emerged in its present perfection. The Saxons and Angles, who conquered it from the Britons, spoke dialects very nearly allied to one another, as well as to the Danish; with which they seem to have easily combined after the settlement of the Danes in the north of England. At the same time they must have had great similarity with the language of the Franks; for we are informed that the missionaries whom St. Augustin sent from Italy to England, for the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons, were enjoined to take a Frank interpreter with them from Gaul; and if, on the other hand, we see at a subsequent period English missionaries going to Scandinavia without any interpreter at all, we have evident proofs of the closeness of affinity reigning between all those languages at that time. There are few remains of the first period of the Anglo-Saxon language. Those of the second, viz. subsequently to its mixture with the Danish, till the conquest, are numerous, and are almost the only sources from which, till now, English lexicographers have attempted to explain the Teutonic part of the language of this country.

The Anglo-Saxon began to decline from the time of Edward the Confessor, by the education of English youths in France, which indeed had been the practice for several previous centuries, but principally by the introduction of many Norman officers and nobles at the court of that prince. The language received its death-blow at the conquest; and every vestige of it would have been suppressed, and the corrupt Norman French

established in its place, had not the people clung to this inheritance of their ancestors with undaunted perseverance. It suffered in the struggle, and nearly three-fourths of its words were supplanted by Norman and Latin terms; but it nevertheless came forth victorious, and still retains in the whole of its character the impress of its Teutonic origin. Shakespeare and Spencer have wisely preserved it in this character. But Milton, and afterwards Johnson, have latinized it so much; the age of Dryden added so many new French terms and forms to it, and the present generation seems so fond of increasing them, that there is great fear of that character being gradually obliterated. Some persons attached to the classic harmony of Latin words, or the fashionable elegance of French phrases, may consider this an advantage; but let them remember that, if the English loses its Teutonic character, it will only gain that of a patchwork language, without any decisive characteristic about it.

Of the rise and progress of English literature, I need not speak to an enlightened English assembly; they must all know that there is not a branch in belles-lettres, or sciences, in which British bards and British scholars have not rendered themselves and their nation illustrious.

We need not enter into particulars respecting the dialects of the Scotch lowlands; they are, like those of the different counties of England, *mere* dialects, without a sufficient literature to raise any of them to the dignity of a language.

With these few and desultory observations, I beg to conclude this lecture on a subject, which to exhaust would require greater abilities than I can command. My object was to call the attention of those who would honour me with their presence, to languages which form the basis of their own, and to a literature which is but very imperfectly known in this country, rather than to instruct them in those subjects. If I have succeeded in this, I shall consider my humble efforts amply rewarded.

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### SONG.

AH! why should care the brow o'ercast;  
 When nature gaily smiles around?  
 Why should the thought of tempests past,  
 Dim the bright sun that gilds the ground?

Then come light heart and joyous eye,  
 And tinge each day with brighter beam;  
 Come evening with gay revelry,  
 And night with every joyous dream.

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ON THE  
IMPORTANCE OF THE PRINCIPLES OF PHRENOLOGY,  
AS APPLICABLE TO EDUCATION.

PHRENOLOGY possesses many advantages over the preceding systems of Mental Philosophy. Even if dependence could not be placed with sufficient certainty on the external manifestations of character,—if the craniological branch of the science were liable to the disadvantage, when practised by inexperienced persons, of leading to occasional error, (particularly in its minute details,) still the system when limited to the brain alone, without reference to the effect of its action on the cranium, far surpasses any prior metaphysical system, in the clearness and precision with which it is capable of explaining and accounting for the complicated phenomena of mind. As a mere instrument of language,—as a vocabulary or collection of terms, by which we are enabled to explain the varieties of thought,—it is of invaluable importance. But it is capable of application not only to the abstract nature of the faculties, but to their practical use and individual improvement.

As one test of the improvement which Phrenology has effected, we may apply its principles to the old question so long and so frequently mooted amongst metaphysicians, on the source of genius,—a question on which one class of reasoners maintain that it is dependent on nature alone, and another on education and circumstances. If Phrenology cannot determine the point, it certainly affords a nearer solution than has been given on any other principles.

The mode by which a Phrenologist endeavours to discuss such a question, is by the application of one of its first and most important principles,—namely, that the mind acts by a *plurality of organs*, and not by a single one, and that it cannot act without them. Genius is said to be “a mind of large general power applied in a particular direction.” This definition has rarely satisfied the metaphysicians, and indeed leaves the subject nearly in the same state of darkness in which it found it. We desire to know the elements of genius, and are told, in effect, that it is “power” of a particular kind; and the statement allows us to infer, that this power may be applied in any direction: it does not limit the application; and, for aught that appears, this “large general power” might be equally successful in philosophical, in poetical, or in oratorical pursuits.

Now, although the Phrenologist leaves untouched the question of the nature or essence of the thinking principle, in its ab-

stract state; yet he demonstrates that all persons of large general power of mind are *not* capable of displaying different species of genius. In truth, this term "*general power*" requires to be limited and explained. The existence of the power in any degree can only be known by particular manifestations. General is here opposed to particular, and it might be supposed that the definition meant a mind which had displayed, or was capable of displaying, power of various kinds, (without which the existence of power *in general* could not be assumed,) and then that this various kind of power was applied in a particular direction which constituted "*genius*." In other words, that the separate powers became absorbed in one, and, in fact, that at length a part included the whole.

To determine the question, so far as it can be determined, we should require to know the nature of the subject on which the genius had been manifested. If the answer were "*genius in the fine arts*," this would not alone be sufficient; for the qualities, upon phrenological principles, which indicate poetical power, vary in some of the combinations, from those which manifest musical or oratorical power; so that we conclude genius, in its highest state, to be not any one general power particularly applied; but to be the united power of several faculties peculiarly adapted to the subject on which they are exercised. And we conceive that in producing this united result, and effecting the combinations by which it is accomplished, much depends on education and circumstances.

After ascertaining on phrenological principles the separate qualities which must unite together in producing a work of genius, the phrenologist is enabled to concentrate his attention; to avoid all waste of strength on objects not connected with the chief design; and, by this concentration of means and purposes, to reach a higher order of genius than could have been obtained by vague and divided efforts.

We come, then, to the question, connected with the present paper: is this state of excellence, or pre-eminent ability, which bears the name of genius, the result of education and circumstances, or of nature? and we answer not empirically, or after the manner of those who apply one nostrum to all diseases,—we say, "examine each particular case, and the state and degree in which each faculty is possessed."

Excellence is of various kinds, and certain combinations of faculties are necessary for the attainment of eminence in particular subjects. Nature supplies, as it were, the raw materials which education manufactures, and applies to their appropriate purpose. The power in its scattered elements is a natural endowment, but it is wasted and useless, unless brought into a state of combination.



We claim, therefore, as the merit of phrenology, that it ascertains the precise qualities or elements of each kind of excellence, and thus enables us to direct our attention to the culture and encouragement of those qualities alone which are essential to the object in view.

Another important principle is that the organs by constant *exercise* may be greatly enlarged, till the decline of life, if not considerably beyond it: this was formerly a conjecture, but is now an established fact. Several instances have been observed of the actual increase of particular portions of the cranium, in precise correspondence with the development of the faculties. It remains only that the observations be extended to the ascertainment of the particular period of life, when this increase of cerebral manifestation ceases. Of course no exact age can be fixed which will be applicable to every individual; for the ductility and energy of some, differ considerably from the general standard, but it is probable that a rule may be discovered which, though not universally true, may be generally so.

Again, it is most essential to recollect, that the *restraint* of some of the organs is nearly as necessary (if not wholly so,) towards the improvement of the higher faculties, as the exercise of the peculiar organs of those faculties. Although the mind is composed of various powers and propensities, it cannot exercise them all at one time, nor in the same degree. A few of them, which are of a congenial nature, can alone be exerted in unison. A full development of the propensities is an advantage rather than the contrary, when the superior intellectual powers and sentiments are possessed in a still larger degree; but there is this important distinction to be observed, that the propensities and lower sentiments require no stimulus or assistance in their growth, for they will be naturally presented with abundant objects of excitement; whilst the intellect and superior sentiments, to be fully manifested, should be unsparingly exercised.

It will elucidate the subject, and, I trust, not be uninteresting, to take a general glance of the effect of education, as perceived in the progress of nations. This effect is perceivable in their physical, as well as in their moral and intellectual improvement; the whole of the human constitution is, indeed, in this respect, perfectly harmonious; the mind and the organization by which it acts, keep equal pace. The negroes, and the tribes which, like them, rank the lowest in mental endowments, present a form of head precisely accordant with the established principles of phrenology: they are full or large in most of the propensities; moderate in the higher sentiments; and small in the superior faculties; deficient also in the

size of some of the lower intellectual powers on which skill and dexterity in the execution of several of the arts depend. Thus they are not only deficient in those improvements which depend on the philosophical or reflecting powers, but even in the structure of their habitations and the manufacture of their implements, in which their natural wants might be expected to stimulate exertion.

We perceive, also, that those limited qualities of the mind, which are possessed in the early career of nations, are greatly changed as they become educated and civilized. They are, at first, distinguished for wildness of imagination, and excess of credulity. In the opposite extreme, we observe a very diminished state of the imagination, and very weak faith; the fancy is subdued, enthusiasm is diminished, and men become more matter of fact. Their absurdities are corrected by experience; but, ever verging to extremes, they pass from believing too much, to believing too little, and expect mathematical demonstration on moral subjects, and the same principles to prevail in the metaphysical as in the physical world.

It is material to consider the effect of education on *successive ages*. The character of a nation from its low state of intellectual power, and the difficulty even of *commencing* a process of mental instruction, may undergo no favourable change, of a perceptible kind, for a long period; but, though the organs be small, they are not absolutely wanting, and are capable of receiving some impression. It is difficult to say,—indeed we are scarcely warranted in saying, that a race of human beings, no higher than the negro in the scale of intellect, cannot attain, even during *a single age*, considerable proficiency in the liberal arts; the depth of their capacity has never yet been fairly ascertained; the faculties, in the degree in which they are possessed, have not been exercised; and, what is still more important, they have not been stimulated to the cultivation of the *higher* sentiments, the employment of which would so advantageously withdraw them from animal pursuits, and the indulgence of the grosser passions.

But, if we concede that, amid so many disadvantages, but little can be effected in one generation; still *some effect* must necessarily be produced. The next generation will be so far improved, although the degree may not be conspicuous; and, a commencement once made, the progress will be accelerated in far more than an equal degree in each succeeding age. The children partake of the qualities of the parents; the improvement at which the latter arrive, will be transmitted, and one generation will commence where its predecessor terminated.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary variety which appears

among different parts of the human race, there is, independently of the sacred history, no reason to conclude that there is more than one species. We may class them into varieties, and form certain characteristic distinctions, founded upon their present appearance; but their propensities, sentiments, and faculties, are of one general kind, and differ from each other only in degree, and not in nature.

Allowing, then, the human race to possess one common origin, it may be inferred that, education has alone produced the differences which exist among the various nations and tribes of which it is composed. No other cause can reasonably be imagined; and, as we have abundant evidence of its efficacy, even in the history of our own country, when we compare its present intellectual condition with its state not only before the invasion of the Romans, but before the revival of letters, the invention of printing, the extension of commerce, and the reformation which followed; so we may infer that when those rude nations which have hitherto been denied the benefits of education, shall have received, like Europe, the advantage of ages of instruction, a similar degree of improvement may reasonably be expected.

Passing from this general view of the subject, we proceed to examine particular classes of the faculties, which are more or less susceptible of education.

There is one class of faculties, and consequently the organs connected with them, that requires external objects and artificial excitements to induce their exercise. And there is another class which requires this external aid in, comparatively, a very small degree.

The former are, generally speaking, the preceptive or "knowing" faculties. They are, in truth, destined chiefly, if not entirely, to receive the impressions conveyed by the senses of external objects, whether of form, colour, or sound.

Education may be considered as natural or artificial. The one as that which would be supplied in the ordinary course of nature, and the other as the means which are used by instructors to accelerate or enlarge the development of the faculty. One of the most striking applications of artificial education is to that of *language*. The memory of words has been carried to greater perfection than any other endowment of the mind, and the reason is plain,—it has been more exercised than any other. It is a faculty which is more generally possessed, and is probably capable of receiving more aid from constant exercise than any other. It is capable also of being associated with other powers, and of receiving assistance from them. Thus language, if written, is impressed on the memory, as well by the signification of its terms, as the character in which it is

inscribed. Here the organ of *form* is employed, and we recollect the succession of passages by the place they occupy on the page. Thus *locality* lends its assistance. If the language be spoken, the sound impresses itself; it is agreeable or disagreeable; it possesses various qualities which are appreciated by suitable organs, and *imitation* assists in re-producing them.

It is well known, also, that most persons recollect poetical language much better than that which is prosaic, and poetry is repeated with various degrees of facility by different persons. This obviously arises from the dissimilarity of the degrees in which *ideality* is developed. So the recurrence of rhyme is sometimes better remembered than blank verse, on account of the assistance afforded by the organ of *tune*; and thus the facility with which metrical and romantic composition is acquired by those who possess the appropriate organization in a high degree, is perfectly astonishing to those in whom it is deficient.

The memory of *events* or facts, and that of objects or *individuals*, as well as of words, require, also, and are capable, in general, of great cultivation. Unlike the reflecting powers of the mind, these "knowing" faculties must be presented with the occurrences and the existences which it is their nature to understand, before they can be exercised; and, for this reason, they are peculiarly within the sphere of education. Constructiveness, locality, and other powers of the humbler order of intellect, are in the same manner dependent on external objects, and can only be exercised and perfected by them.

The portion of mind here referred to, accords with the philosophical doctrines of Locke. It is like the sheet of paper, blank in its nature, but capable of receiving the impressions which are conveyed by the senses, and marked upon it. The simile, therefore, of that distinguished metaphysician, is highly just and appropriate, so far as regards the lower intellectual faculties, the *perceptive*, or those which receive, and in different degrees retain, the ideas communicated by external objects. But, it will be found, that this notion of Locke cannot be maintained in a more comprehensive sense as applicable to the entire intellect, for there are many thoughts not in the least derived from objects of sense.

But, whilst the knowing faculties are thus entirely dependent on the objects presented by the senses, on the other hand, the reflecting powers and ideality are capable of considerable exercise, independently of external excitement or education. It is true, they must possess materials for their operation; and, according to the extent and accuracy of the foundation, will be the stability of the intellectual structure. Still it is apparent,

that many minds are capable of expanding the reach of their conceptions far beyond the limits of the mere materials with which they are furnished. Intellectual superiority is indicated not by the recollection of what *has been done*, but the conception of what *may be done*. Hence the powers which compare various facts and materials, and infer results yet untried, which trace disjointed circumstances to a unity of principle, which generalise particulars, analyse effects, and ascend to causes, have in every enlightened age been held in far higher respect and admiration than the most extraordinary feats of verbal and historic memory, or calculating power.

Although the reflecting and imaginative faculties must be indebted to the senses for the larger part of their means of exercise, they are capable of diffusing, almost indefinitely, (as heat rarifies the atmosphere,) the grosser materials which the lower faculties supply; and, being once possessed of the ground work, branch forth, both in subtlety of reasoning and brilliancy of fancy, until the practical is lost in the speculative, and the sensual in the ideal.

It is in this branch of it, that the mind depends, for its expansion, more on its own native power and energy, than on systematic instruction, or extraneous aid. Here, if education be applied, it will deprive of originality, in precise proportion as it produces accuracy.

It is often a question with persons who have attained maturity, whether their powers are adapted to the successful cultivation of some particular study? The rudiments of learning are not enough to satisfy the ambition of many persons. Even eminent classical or mathematical attainments, do not form the boundary of their aspiration. They seek distinction in the republic of letters, and are desirous of knowing what branch of science, art, or literature, they can cultivate with the greatest probability of success.

The state or degree of development of the faculties, becomes, then, of the utmost importance. The first question is, does the desire of excellence tend to some definite object; and, secondly, does the manifestation correspond with the desire? We are more likely to succeed in that in which we have an ardent wish to succeed, than in that which we desire only as a means towards some other object.

When the organs are already largely developed, they are, of course, susceptible of being educated with facility. When only moderately developed, they must be stimulated as well by their own frequent exercise as by exciting others which collaterally influence them. When they are in a small or deficient state, and especially when the age of the individual is consi-

derably advanced, it is almost fruitless to make the attempt. In the first case, where the manifestation is prominent, the organs may be generally assumed to possess both power and energy, and they need only an opportunity for their exercise, in order to evince the excellence and superiority of the faculties with which they are connected. We perceive this often in the facility and skill with which languages are acquired, and the difficulty which attends the acquisition by those who are not similarly endowed. When the organs are of considerable magnitude, there is a pleasure in exerting them. The very energy with which they act imparts a glow and fervour to the feelings which is peculiarly grateful and exciting. On the contrary, when the organs which are called into exertion are insignificantly developed, the operation is somewhat painful; and, unless we are stimulated to perform the task, in order to gratify some other sentiment which is fully developed, and under the impulse of adequate excitement, we should never undertake it.

It is peculiarly necessary, also, to attend to the *general* state of the development, to ascertain the degree of magnitude of the whole brain, from which the aggregate power may be inferred; and to this knowledge must be added, also, accurate information with regard to the habits of *activity* of the individual. The latter it is important to notice, because power and activity are by no means commensurate, and especially there may be large reflecting power, with a comparative inferiority of the perceptive. The relative size of combativeness, love of approbation, concentrativeness, and firmness, are important ingredients in character, and are essential to produce that energy and perseverance on which every eminent degree of success depends.

It is worthy of being observed, and I think there are many facts in support of the observation, that the highly educated who have distinguished themselves before the public, are more remarkable for excellence in the lower, than the higher intellectual faculties. They are distinguished as classical scholars, naturalists, and linguists, and sometimes as orators, but not as philosophers or poets.

On the contrary, those who have risen to eminence from a humble origin, are distinguished for the superior faculties. We may mention, as illustrations, the names of Franklin and Burns. There are a host of others, but these are sufficient to give distinctness to the proposition which is here maintained.

Undoubtedly there are exceptions. In the higher ranks we observe persons of great philosophical attainments, profound in principles of science, as well as skilful in their application;

and some there are who have ascended high up the hill of Parnassus: but these form only the exceptions; and there are, comparatively, so few amid those who have received all that the highest scholastic education can bestow, that the exceptions prove the truth of the general rule; and we may infer from this a strong confirmation of the opinion already expressed, that the perceptive faculties are more susceptible of artificial education than the reflective. If education enlarged the *superior* in the same degree as the *inferior* faculties, we should perceive more good sense than is usually displayed among the educated, and comparatively less among the unlearned. But it is manifest from the characters, in this respect, of the two great classes of society, that the qualities which indicate the more important part of the intellect are not to be acquired either at the school or the college. And yet, undoubtedly, there are circumstances which tend very considerably to increase the superior powers; but these circumstances generally arise after the termination of the usual period of artificial instruction, and they consist of the powerful excitements which are found in the struggles for distinction that take place in the career of some individuals.

It is remarkable that this science is capable, if not of removing the numerous difficulties which have hitherto crowded upon the philosophy of the mind, at least of throwing *new light* on the subject, of giving a more distinct view, and affording additional encouragement to those who are interested in this first and most exalted species of philosophy.

Phrenology is capable of being applied to the highest branches of intellectual education, and of pointing out, on scientific principles, the peculiar endowments which are suited, not only to particular classes of persons in the various departments of art and science, but to all the *learned professions*. It may be an ambitious claim, but I think it can be established; that every student, whether of divinity, physic, or law, may here acquire a knowledge of principles upon which his success or failure will generally depend. Without entering upon the wide field which these topics present, when considered in detail, let us briefly notice, as the most dignified members of the professions alluded to,—the preacher, the physician, and the advocate.

How is it that no education, however unlimited in its means, has been able to render some men *popular preachers*? The answer which phrenology supplies is, that they have not been endowed in any considerable degree with the higher moral sentiments. They have had learning to spare, and intellect in abundance, but their preaching has been ineffectual. He who

has a small benevolence cannot speak its natural language. All that words can accomplish he may learn and repeat, but he cannot enter the latent avenues of kindliness; he has not the tone that touches, because he has not an amplitude of the feeling. To arouse the slumbering goodness of the human heart, he must have the key of the dormitory; without that, he cannot gain admission to the interior.

Again, he addresses himself to the *conscience* of his hearers. He is a reasoner and a metaphysician; from a large induction of facts, he proves the importance and excellence of moral integrity: he produces conviction, but no emotion. There have been tropes and similes, and rounded periods; an energetic style, and vehement delivery; still he has not moved one chord of sympathy. The sentiment of conscientiousness was feeble; and all the sketches which aimed to pourtray the beauty of justice in its ordinary aspects, or its sublimity on extraordinary occasions, did not enchant or agitate; because they were unaccompanied with those heart-stirring attributes, which, to be fully described, must be strongly possessed, and which, however elaborate, are cold and artificial, instead of being vivid and animating.

But, further, he endeavours to excite *piety*: he descants on the duty of devotion. How little we deserve, and how much we have received, are observed upon; but the preacher does not exalt his hearers: they are convinced of the importance of religious feeling, but they are not impressed with it. Example is better than precept, and reality than form. In order strongly to excite, it should be fervently evinced. A commander would but little encrease the bravery of his troops who ordered them forward in danger, and remained himself in safety. No! to interest the feelings of human beings, we must possess the correspondent emotion ourselves. The sentiments are moved by no language but that which is natural: a language that is the only eloquent one, and consequently always successful.

Although the intellectual faculties must ever be ranked first in importance, yet they are of little real worth, unless allied with the superior sentiments. This may be well exemplified in the *physician*, who obviously requires the amplest endowment of the reflecting faculties, as well as a full development of several of the perceptive; but he needs neither the veneration of the divine, nor the combativeness of the lawyer. He should possess a large degree both of benevolence and firmness: the one to conciliate and soothe the irritabilities and alarms of disease; the other to execute, without shrinking, what his judgment has approved. With some caution, he should not have too much: something must be done to assist nature, and, though rashness may destroy the life it intends to pre-



serve, timidity may neglect to apply the means suggested by science.\*

The *advocate*, of course, cannot possess too much intellect. The quality which, in addition, he chiefly requires, is combativeness, and this should be governed by secretiveness. Caution is sometimes necessary; but, in the majority of instances, the pugnacious quality is the most important. Language should be well developed, and constantly cultivated; it cannot be too prominent, unless the intellectual powers are of a subordinate nature, and then, of course, it serves only to expose weakness, instead of displaying strength.

The student for the bar should not encourage the sentiment of *respect* in too high a degree: he may, indeed, thereby find his way, if otherwise qualified, to the bench; but the intrepid advocate, though he should always use the *language* of respect, should not *feel* too much of it, or his client may be sacrificed to the dignity of the Court. A man with small combativeness and large veneration, is in the majority of cases, though possessed of transcendent intellect, a bad advocate.

Having thus considered education as applied phrenologically to the *intellectual*, we should now investigate its bearing on the *moral*, constitution of human nature. Without entering in the present paper on the details, we may observe, generally, that the great principle to be followed is the excitement of the superior sentiments to *restrain* on all occasions, and on some to *overpower*, the inferior sentiments and propensities. Though the higher order of faculties may be rendered auxiliary to morals, yet it is only in connexion with the superior sentiments that they are really efficacious. The motives which actuate human beings are all traceable to the sentiments or propensities. The intellect may be convinced by intellectual reasons: it ceases to doubt or oppose; but no man ever did either good or harm from the impulse of the intellect alone, which, indeed, guides and devises means, but never stimulates.

The *superior* sentiments are, of course, conscientiousness, benevolence, and veneration. The *inferior* are self-esteem and love of approbation. The latter are, at best, only to be tolerated, and never to be commended, unless in relation to higher qualities or objects. They may be useful, and are often

\* I owe an apology to the Society, which abounds so much with medical talent, for venturing on this last illustration; but I shall be excused, I hope, for attempting to show (what I am persuaded will appear) that there is no profession which may not derive great advantage in the education of its pupils from the principles of phrenology. A few words may be hazarded on the qualifications of the Bar, by several members of which the Society is also adorned.

beneficial when allied to the superior sentiments : they tend to give activity (as do the lower order of each class of faculties) to the nobler kind, and give an impulse to rectitude of mind and charitable feeling ; but self-esteem and love of approbation, when left to themselves, degenerate into disgusting pride and ridiculous vanity. These inferior sentiments should therefore be directed to the highest objects,—self-esteem associated with conscientiousness, and love of approbation with benevolence.

Phrenology, also, by showing the actual varieties of human character, enables the preceptor to influence with success the different feelings which actuate each individual. A considerable part of intellectual education may be applied to large classes ; but *moral* culture, to be highly efficacious, must be directed towards the peculiarities of each individual. For the sake of illustration, suppose it were desired to inculcate a principle of *obedience* : we should not be able to convey with equal effect the necessary precepts to a large number, in the same way in which soldiers are drilled to march. Those who had but little sentiment of respect, would be deaf to exhortation, and could only be brought into subjection by appealing to the qualities they actually possessed. The object to be gained is a *habit* of obedience : for this purpose, we must induce the performance of reiterated acts, which at length become habitual ; and this can only be done by constantly influencing the predominant propensities or sentiments, and thus producing, in such cases, good out of evil. But it is clear that we should not present gratification to the lower order of dispositions, even to accomplish an important benefit, unless the higher sentiments are too weak to be successfully addressed.

When a child is committing, or has committed, an act of cruelty, of injustice, or selfishness, it should be admonished by appeals to its benevolence and conscientiousness. By corporal punishment, we often excite fear and combativeness, and thus extend the exercise of the lower propensities. It is of the first importance to establish a habit of associating in the mind the better feelings with the actions that are performed. Yet, as society demands that its laws should be at all events obeyed, if it happen that the pupil is unfavourably constituted, and incapable of restraint, except by interesting the lower faculties against each other, we must be content to adopt the less desirable process. If benevolence be too small to affect, we must apply those means which will act upon the selfish hopes and fears of the individual. Rewards and punishments then become necessary. Self-esteem and love of approbation must be humbled or gratified : promised pleasure, or threatened pain, according to the object to be attained, and the character on which we have to operate.

Thus, it appears, that this system, so long derided, and still so vehemently opposed, is one of the most momentous that has ever engaged the attention of philosophers; and that, whilst it is capable of gratifying the inquisitive, and interesting the curious and the speculative, it is, at the same time, adapted in its application to all the vast varieties of human nature,—explaining its intricate machinery, its elements and composition; and furnishing the means of improving the system of education, both in its moral and intellectual departments.

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### MIRTH AND MOURNING.

“COME to the feast, where the board is spread;  
Come to the dance, with thy lightsome tread;  
There is wine to renew the sparkling bowl,  
And joy to awaken the drooping soul!  
The minstrel is there, with his harp in tune,  
And Fortune this day hath sent me a boon:  
Come with thy smiles my delight to share,  
For all is nought if thou art not there.”

“Go thou to thy joy,—there is none for me;  
I list to the dash of the roaring sea:  
Beside the dark waves that break on the shore,  
I mourn for one who can come no more.  
Beneath their bosom entombed he lies,  
Who alone could brighten my weeping eyes;  
The joy of my soul is under the wave,  
And ocean is roaring above his grave;  
And there will I gaze, till sight grows dim,  
And here will I breathe my last sigh for him.”

J. B.

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## N O A H.

## PART II.

PRIMEVAL Earth, shine forth thy brightest now !  
 Still—still in the brief space that thou hast left  
 Of glory, flash along the azure vast  
 Thy lustre to the gates of heaven ! shine out  
 Supreme ; and like the setting sun, go down  
 In splendour to thy night of woe ! Pursue  
 Thy voyage of light, and lift thy hills to kiss  
 The morning's greeting beam ! And ye clear streams,  
 Dance in the radiance of primevous day ;  
 Still—still ye forests pour from out your shades  
 Your sweetest warblings, and your golden leaves  
 Expand ;—and ye fair plains, like gardens spread  
 Boundless and beautiful, with speed unfold  
 Your fruits and flowers ; your fragrance shed abroad,  
 And ripen all your harvests. And ye flocks,  
 Enjoy your pastures rich while yet you may,  
 And woo the genial breeze. Shine brightly earth !  
 The solar rays descend on thee as yet—  
 The dark time cometh when they shall not reach  
 To light thee or to warm. And thou fair moon !  
 Exhaust thy silver beams upon the fields,  
 And hills, and floods, and cities' marble walls—  
 A night approacheth when thou shall not shed  
 One cheering ray upon thy mistress earth,  
 Wrapt in deep clouds and blackness. Thou mayst shine—  
 But none below will see thy midnight ray,  
 And not a voice be left to speak thy praise.  
 Thou too—devoted man ! enjoy thy day—  
 Thy transient day of guilty bliss—thine hours  
 Are number'd—look upon the sun, and take  
 Thy sad farewell of his inspiring beams ;  
 And walk thy fruitful land—thou dost but there  
 Impress a dying foot ! enjoy thy wealth,  
 Thy luxuries—behold thy palaces,  
 Thy pride—with thee they soon shall sink entomb'd  
 Together ; and thy home become thy grave :  
 Crush the large grape, and quaff the sparkling cup  
 Nectareous—eat, drink, and laugh—and die !

Devoted Orb ? art thou as ever bright !  
 Do thy fields glow as heretofore ; thy plains

Show as luxuriant harvests,—dost thou bask  
 As fondly in the sunshine, as before  
 Thy Maker spoke thy sentence !—better thou  
 Wert earlier shorn of all thy loveliness ;  
 Broken, and desolate, and changeable,  
 As after ages show'd thee to our eyes ;  
 Than in thy pristine beauty fall a wreck,  
 And drop from noon to midnight as thou must.  
 Less had we mourn'd thy fate, hadst thou ne'er been  
 More fair than from the tombing watery waste  
 Thou didst emerge the spectre of thy self !  
 Then they who trod thee in the olden time,  
 And doated on thy beauties, and survived  
 Thy ruin, had not mark'd thine altered face,  
 Nor wept thy fairy scenes for ever gone.

Deep in the woods remote, and far from view,  
 The ark arose : the forest heard the axe,  
 And shook beneath the crash of falling trees,  
 The pride of centuries, that fell to frame  
 The strong capacious vessel : its huge length,  
 And spreading bosom, form'd to brave the floods.  
 In their worst rage, grew gradual year by year.  
 The ponderous hammer echoed in the woods ;  
 The feathered tribe were scared from their retreat,  
 And beasts fled howling from th' unusual sound.  
 Slowly but visibly it grew ; it rose  
 As if some power unearthly lent its aid,  
 So far beyond the hand of man it seem'd :  
 And but that he who order'd it gave strength  
 Proportioned to the toil, it ne'er had been.  
 If chance some lonely hunter wander'd near,  
 It burst upon his view like magic scene,  
 And fix'd him in amazement—till he found  
 That mortal hands had raised its giant bulk ;  
 And then he laugh'd to scorn the useless toil,  
 As he presumed to deem it.—But, alas !  
 When the floods came upon his dwelling,—when  
 They roll'd him like a leaf upon the stream,  
 That down the thundering cataract descends—  
 Then he remember'd it—then all too late,  
 He wished in vain its refuge had been his.

And six score times the earth saw all the signs,  
 Starry and bright, pass o'er her moonlight fields ;  
 While the great work of heaven's selected few  
 Went on to its completion.—It was done !  
 What will not faith and perseverance do ?  
 'Twas finished—propt on either side it stood,  
 A mighty monument of human toil :

Resting its weight gigantic on the ground,  
 Above whose flooded bosom it should rise;  
 Borne upward by the waters to the clouds,  
 A feather on their bosom; and a speck  
 On that interminable sea of death.

What felt the Patriarch then?—Did joy illume  
 His eye? Conscious of his own safety, did he view  
 The destined millions of his race with scorn?—  
 With apathy behold a lovely world  
 To universal desolation doom'd?—  
 No! pity triumph'd still; and from his lips  
 Not exultation, but deep sighs were breathed;  
 And as the day approach'd, his anxious heart  
 Melted in sorrow for the sinner's fate.  
 He did not weep for earth, nor all her charms,  
 So soon to perish,—but for man—fall'n man!  
 For all his own possessions not a sigh  
 Escaped his bosom; but for man tears fell  
 Abundant; and his hourly prayers arose  
 For his repentance and his pardon.—He,  
 Who had the immortal principle within,  
 To perish or be saved, had all his care.  
 Inspired by holy zeal, he sought once more  
 The streets of Belah; call'd her rulers forth,  
 And thus gave utterance to his anxious thoughts.

“Rulers of Belah, hear my voice! I come  
 Heaven's delegated minister, and speak  
 Its high behest, its last command to man!  
 I need not tell to you, how in past times  
 Our ancestors worshipp'd the One supreme;  
 His meed alone, who claims, nor brooks to share  
 With any other power of earth or heaven,  
 The homage, (his by right,) of creatures made  
 By him, and for his service.—Nor need say,  
 For that ye also know if ye will own,  
 How man departed from the one right way,  
 And only God, and worshipp'd other powers  
 And things, withholding his just due. The sun  
 Ye have fallen down and idolized, though made  
 By him, and but an orb like ours; at best  
 More bright and glorious. And ye have set up  
 In his own temples idols of your hand—  
 Nay, ye have worshipp'd ev'n demoniac powers—  
 Spirits of evil—enemies to Him  
 Ye ought to worship sole. And ye have giv'n  
 The reins to every evil passion; fill'd  
 The earth with violence and crime; until  
 The measure of your guilt is full, and God,

Too long insulted, will endure no more.  
 Your sins have ris'n to heaven; and the long  
 Protracted sentence has gone forth at last,  
 To doom you in the zenith of your guilt  
 To death,—to sudden, universal death.  
 Arise! repent in time,—or be destroy'd!  
 For ere another year its round complete,  
 This earth shall perish, and her nations sink,  
 Shrieking, in one unfathomable grave  
 Of overwhelming waters. Instant turn,  
 Propitiate heaven with penitence sincere,  
 Or die beneath its wrath; for know there comes  
 A star, whose near approach will draw the floods  
 Upon you; even now it hath past by  
 The dark red planet next above our own;  
 And will, unless your prayers prevail with heaven,  
 Whelm you and all the race of earth in death!  
 Ye have been warn'd, your blood be on your heads."

Mute wonder for a while transfix'd the men,  
 Who had scarce patient listen'd to his voice,—  
 Then, as from simultaneous impulse, burst  
 The long loud laugh,—but not a laugh of glee,  
 Showing the spirit's gladness—but it rang  
 Hollow and half sepulchral, and it spoke  
 Dark stern defiance, but was rest of joy:  
 And o'er the cheek the cloud of conscious guilt  
 Past suddenly, as if against the will.  
 They felt, but would not own; and thus replied  
 A sage, who echoed but the voice of all.

"Hast thou been dreaming for these six score years,  
 To come and fright us with thine idle tales?  
 Because our ancestors in olden time  
 Worshipp'd they knew not what, must we too bend  
 Before a power unseen,—unheard,—unknown?  
 If He thou speak'st of claims from man below  
 Homage and adoration, why not speak  
 His will in thunders, that all earth may hear;  
 Or write in fiery letters on the blue  
 Expanse of heaven, what he would have us do,  
 That men may know their duty. If our guilt  
 Excite his wrath, as thou hast now presumed,  
 Why has he suffer'd it at all; why not  
 Suppress'd it early? If he reign in heaven,  
 And there in his beatitude is blest,  
 Recks it to him what mortals do below?  
 Can man disturb his peace? If he have given  
 The pleasures that invite us, why refrain,  
 And take the bounties with a niggard hand,

While he so freely offers? For this earth,  
 For aught we know, from all eternity  
 Existing, self supported, we can trust  
 Its solid basis : on its axis hung,  
 Self-poised, it rolls as safe as heretofore.  
 Where are the waters to o'erwhelm it? Where,  
 But in thy fancy? Does the comet bring  
 A new supply to deluge all our fields,  
 And wash us from imaginary guilt.  
 Will He who made this world, if he did make,  
 Destroy his labour and his glory too ;  
 And with unheard of cruelty o'erwhelm  
 Her nations, only to evince he can?  
 Hence, to thy solitude, to dream again,  
 And end thy dotage ! thou wilt find a grave  
 As dry as thy forefathers found of old.  
 For us, we look on earth with other eyes,  
 And still will be content with present good."  
 He ceased : nor further speech th' assembly design'd ;  
 And Noah sorrowfully took his way,  
 Back to his forest home, to wait th' event,  
 And trust the power that he had trusted long.

But first, weeping, he took his last farewell  
 Of Belah : on her splendid domes he look'd  
 With anguish and despair ; he saw them shine  
 Bright in the evening sun, reflecting back  
 His glorious beams, and knew they soon must sink  
 Darkly in desolation : o'er their tops  
 The waves would roll tumultuous, till their weight  
 Strew'd them in ruins on the land : he heard  
 The voice of melody amidst her halls ;  
 And the glad laugh of joy, that spoke the mind  
 Thoughtless and reckless,—soon another sound  
 Should echo there,—the wailing voice of woe,—  
 The sudden cry of terror, and the shriek  
 Of wild despair,—these would be heard, where now,  
 Mirth shook the gilded walls, and all was glee.

"And must this fair and crowded scene,"—he said,  
 While in his eye the tears of pious grief  
 Hung trembling as he gazed,—“Must this famed spot,  
 Echoing with life,—the capital of earth,—  
 Become a desolation and a tomb,—  
 Nay, ev'n a buried tomb ! ages have roll'd  
 To raise its pomp and power ; and must it sink  
 In one dread hour for ever. Here the mind  
 Of man hath prov'd its wond'rous energy,  
 And flash'd its brightest rays ; and though estranged  
 From heaven, hath shown its origin divine.



Here science hath its deep discoveries made,  
 And aimed its loftiest flights; and hence the arts  
 Have shed their lustre o'er admiring realms:  
 Here hath the pencil in its pride array'd  
 The marble walls with beauty and with life,  
 Divine productions of degenerate man.  
 Here have the poets breathed their burning songs,  
 Profanely, and forgetting him who gave  
 Their soul's celestial fire.—Must all be lost  
 For ever in one instant,—mighty wreck!  
 The toil of centuries at once o'erthrown!  
 Domes, palaces, and cities,—man himself—  
 While his immortal spirit must survive  
 To suffer or be blest! And all these plains  
 Radiant with beauty,—and yon shining hills,  
 Crown'd with the golden light,—must all be whelm'd  
 In death and darkness? City of my birth!  
 Proud Belah,—ev'n despite thy guilt beloved—  
 Oh, that thou would'st have heard my warning voice,  
 When sent by heaven I told thy coming doom!  
 Oh, that thou hadst been faithful to thyself;  
 Turn'd from thy crimes, and by repentance sav'd  
 Thyself and all thy people! Then thy fate  
 I had not wept as now; nor breathed so soon  
 My last farewell to thee and all thy race:  
 Guilt,—reckless guilt! how dire hath been thy work."

Still all things seem'd as heretofore below;  
 The polar seas were quiet in their beds:  
 As yet the sun perform'd his daily round,  
 Pouring down glory: night as lovely came  
 As ever; and the stars as brightly shone;  
 The rivers slept beneath the silver ray;  
 And man upon his couch in peace reposed,  
 Scared by no midnight horrors. From the woods  
 The morning melody as sweetly rose,  
 As in their younger day,—the gardens smiled  
 With flowers as lovely as had ever bloom'd;  
 And earth her harvests and her fruits bestow'd  
 Bounteous as ever. Pleasure walked the plains  
 And peace o'ershadow'd with her silent wings  
 The teeming valleys. Not a sign of wrath  
 Was in the heavens,—not a darker cloud  
 Than usual sail'd the atmosphere of light:  
 No omen of destruction from beneath,  
 Spoke from the womb of earth,—but all was still!  
 Nature appear'd to smile as she was wont;  
 And earth herself seem'd durable as when  
 God spoke her into being: not a fear  
 Unusual smote the heart of living thing.

Night after night the Patriarch look'd abroad,  
 Fearful, yet confident, to see arise  
 The messenger of wrath ; the Comet rose,  
 True to its errand, faithful to its time !  
 A point just visible at first it shone ;  
 Its train as yet scarce seen ; but by degrees,  
 Nightly its fiery length shot o'er the vault  
 Of heaven, and shook the rod of vengeance there ;  
 So sees the mariner the distant cloud,  
 A speck upon th' horizon, soon to spread  
 In blackness round, and launch the tempest forth.  
 Strait towards the earth it came, a bolt of wrath,  
 Hurl'd by Omnipotence on guilty man ;  
 So near, as if its burning train would spread  
 O'er all the arch of night. The moon grew pale  
 Before its splendour ; night itself seem'd changed  
 To wild and awful day ; darkness was not, —  
 The sun went down as wont in happier time,  
 But light was left, a hideous, lurid light,  
 Such as the god of day himself sheds round,  
 When wintry mists oppose his noontide reign.  
 Beneath that midnight glare men walk'd abroad  
 Like spectres ; terror sat on every face :  
 In silent crowds they stalk'd, scarce daring speech,  
 Or question of the fearful sight above.  
 They saw it nightly growing to a size  
 Terrific, nearer still it hourly came,  
 As if attracted by the earth, to smite  
 Against it : if they slept, their dreams were fraught  
 With horror, — rest seem'd banished from the world  
 With midnight's welcome shades. But man, as if  
 Doom'd to infatuation, still pursued  
 His course of guilt, as though resolved to wage  
 War ev'n with heaven : as some desperate crew,  
 Shipwreck'd, and on the verge of instant death,  
 Fly to the bowl, ev'n in the hour of fate,  
 And perish madly. Larger than the moon  
 The comet grew, and betwixt her and earth  
 Came rushing down ; and its attraction drew,  
 In mighty vapours from the polar seas,  
 The waters up into the air, that form'd  
 A sight primeval earth had ne'er beheld.  
 Enveloped in a watery mist she roll'd  
 Along her journey, sun was veil'd by day,  
 And a dim yellow light alone declared  
 His presence in the heavens ; night was dark —  
 Dark as the deepest grave — the moon was hid ;  
 And that portentous star itself, that wrought  
 The hideous change unseen. The vocal tribe,  
 That lately fill'd the forests with their song,  
 Were silent, and amongst the branches found

Concealment; and the beasts in terror sought  
 The deepest covert of the woods to hide;  
 As if they saw th' approaching wreck, which soon  
 Would bury their whole race. The world was all  
 In wild commotion,—nations whelm'd in fear,—  
 Millions of men were hurrying to and fro,  
 Embracing those they loved, and breathing forth  
 Vengeance on whom they hated, as if they  
 Had brought that fearful curse upon the world—  
 And blood was shed ev'n in that awful hour!  
 Others impell'd their steeds with furious haste,  
 As if to fly the ruin; others sought  
 The maddening bowl, to drown their fears in wine.

The day was come! the destined day in which  
 A world was doom'd to perish; and the grasp  
 Of death seize all the family of man,  
 Save eight selected souls. All the vast host  
 That fill'd the cities; all that trod the plains,  
 Covering them with multitudes, at once  
 To fall into a boundless grave. The rains  
 Began to fall, and earth, as by some power  
 Below heaved up, shook tremblingly, as though  
 She felt her doom in terror. Noah stood  
 Close to his refuge, and look'd forth with awe  
 Upon the gathering omens; and he deem'd  
 The time was come to enter his abode,  
 Of dark and dreary sojourning. He look'd  
 Upon the still fair earth, as if to take  
 A last farewell of her delightful fields;  
 Fields, where his youthful foot had wander'd glad,  
 And manhood past in innocence. He felt  
 Like one about to leave his native land  
 For ever, for some dark and desert wild,  
 Cut off from haunt of man, and joy, and hope.  
 Six hundred years his eyes had seen those plains  
 Delighted, and his hand had pluck'd their fruits;  
 And he had rested there in peace, and now  
 Must they be sever'd from his sight, and roll'd all  
 In desolation hopeless and complete!  
 There was his happy time, and must he lose  
 Its joys for ever; must he even pass,  
 Over a dark immeasurable waste  
 Of stormy waters, to another world—  
 A world as different from the fair one lost,  
 As Saturn with his mystic zone of light?  
 Heaven had decreed it, and the hour was come!

And as he look'd around, scarce willing yet  
 To turn his last, last gaze away—and half  
 In hope the cries of man might reach, not vain,

To heaven,—he felt as if some hidden power compell'd  
 His lingering footsteps onward. A bright cloud  
 Enveloped him and shut all objects out,  
 Save the huge vessel, and the few designed  
 To enter with him there; and the long train  
 Of brute and bird, and countless living things,  
 That enter'd, nothing loth, their citadel:  
 Urged by a hand invisible, they past  
 In pairs into their refuge, as if glad  
 To escape the horrors gathering without.  
 The tiger and the lion, tamed by fear,  
 Or power supernal, walked as tamely in  
 As the young lamb; and the huge mammoth too  
 Found refuge, though his race hath since been lost  
 In earth's succeeding desolation: all  
 Of bird, and brute, and creeping thing that lived,  
 Approach'd unconscious of the power that urged.  
 Then woman, trembling and in tears, prepared  
 To turn her back for ever on that world  
 That she had loved to look on: where each morn  
 She led her children to inhale the breeze  
 That blew from gardens of undying bloom;  
 Where she had pluck'd the clustering fruit, to spread  
 The welcome board to greet her lord's return;  
 Where she had look'd upon the setting sun,  
 That threw in beauty o'er the western plains  
 His last bright rays,—where in the moon's pale light  
 She oft had wander'd joyous, and where love  
 Guiltless, had wooed her in the silent shade.  
 The Patriarch's sons, with resignation deep,  
 Led on the chosen of their hearts, and strove  
 To sooth their sorrows and to check their tears,  
 With all the tenderness that love so well  
 Knows to employ. And he the last, though chief,  
 Of that small sacred number of his race;  
 His foot the last to press the pristine earth,  
 His eye the last that saw it! Ere he past  
 The door that there divided life and death,  
 His eyes were open'd, and he saw around  
 Angels appointed to preserve the ark;  
 Gifted with power to steer it safely through  
 The coming desolation. Then he felt  
 As in the presence of Omnipotence;  
 A fear was on his spirit, and an awe  
 Unearthly. In the bright transparent cloud,  
 That like a fiery mountain towered on high,  
 Scarce bearing mortal gaze, he saw a form,  
 Shadowy and indistinct,—nor yet of parts  
 That man might trace composed,—but still a form—  
 Incomprehensible, though seen; obscure,  
 But palpably distinct from the bright cloud

It moved in,—and it seemed to reach to heaven;  
 But yet was on the earth! and when his foot  
 Had past the threshold, by a hand unseen  
 The door was shut—and earth was nought to him!  
 And then there rolled a long continued peal  
 Of thunder, that made every heart within  
 Sink, though assured of safety; and they saw,  
 Through the long window left to cheer their gloom,  
 The sheeted lightning mingling with the rain,  
 Then first let loose, and o'er the earth it spread  
 Its blazing fury, ev'n from pole to pole;  
 While bursting as from sleep, its awful voice  
 Shook the vast globe itself, and reach'd to heaven!  
 Charged with electric fury, all the air  
 Seem'd raging with the elemental strife.  
 They heard the floods in cataracts descend  
 On their protecting roof, and felt the ark  
 Rise, rocking on the waves that bore it up;  
 And then they knew they were on earth no more;—  
 And all, as if by one mute impulse fired,  
 Fell on their knees and pour'd their souls in prayer.

Then, Earth, thy day of desolation was!  
 And thou, with thine immeasurable plains,  
 Heaved in convulsive ruin; and thy hosts,  
 Innumerable as the insect tribes  
 That fill the air, when summer gilds the woods  
 Of wide Columbia's wastes, sent up a cry  
 Of woe that made the very vault of heaven  
 Echo!—Thou with the universal groan  
 Of all thy tribes, didst to thy centre shake.  
 Oceans came up against thee from their beds,  
 Where they had slept in darkness until now,  
 And roll'd along thy fields, and swept away  
 Their beauties. And thy forests were upturn,  
 And their gigantic trees, like feathers borne  
 Upon the whirlwind, floated on the vast  
 And foaming waves. The waters swiftly rose  
 Upon the dwellings of the sons of men,  
 Entered their courts and chambers, and compell'd  
 Their shrieking inmates to their roofs to climb  
 For refuge; but in vain, for none was found!  
 The cities, built as if to vanquish time,  
 Withstood not long the overwhelming weight  
 That beat against them, but gave way and fell—  
 And then was heard the crash of falling domes,  
 That, echoing, plunged like mountains in the sea,  
 When undermined by time. Then Belah fell,  
 In all her strength and splendour, beaten down  
 By the resistless element: her streets,  
 That stretch'd beyond the reach of human eye,—

Her palaces and temples, prostrate fell,  
 Till not a tower was left above the flood,  
 And she herself was not; and o'er her site  
 Tumultuous oceans rolled. While underneath  
 Their furious waves, her monarch and her lords,  
 Her people and her armies, lifeless lay,  
 Whelm'd in one deep and undistinguished grave!

From higher lands, where the flood gradual came,  
 And gave a pause to death, the dying cries  
 Of millions mingled with the awful roar  
 Of waters, and the howling of the beasts,  
 And pealing thunders, and loud rushing winds,  
 Blended in hideous discord, till the air,  
 Dark and chaotic, rang from pole to pole.  
 At once from underneath, and from above,  
 The growing flood was fed; and soon the plains  
 And valleys showed one boundless watery waste.  
 And they who climb'd the hills, beheld around  
 The rising deluge in prolong'd despair;  
 More hapless than the host that perished soon,  
 Beneath them, as the waters rose, they saw  
 The dead and struggling borne upon the waves;  
 Sometimes the watery element with roar  
 Impetuous, crown'd with foam, dash'd boiling on;  
 Then like the rising tide, scarce seen, it swell'd,  
 As if unwilling to invade the hills,  
 And whelm expiring hope. Far round were seen  
 Men strong as giants, grasping those they loved—  
 Wife, mother, children; and, with nervous arm  
 Battling the waves, as though there were a chance  
 To save them from the vast abyss, that grew  
 Each moment deeper, and their hopes the less;  
 Till the o'erwhelming surges bore them down  
 In the embrace of death. Others alone,  
 As if there were none left they cared to save,  
 Fought with the waters,—now beheld, now lost,  
 Until at last they clasp'd their hands in woe,  
 Flash'd their last gaze—and then the element  
 Rolled over them, and they were seen no more.  
 Some seized the topmost branches of the trees,  
 Or grasp'd the pointed rock with bleeding hands,  
 Till death unnerv'd them; others on their steeds  
 Sought safety, till the noble animals  
 Exhausted sunk, and both went down. Amidst  
 The universal wreck of life, were seen  
 The relicks of the herds that lately trod  
 The deluged fields; and each gigantic race  
 Of brute, lords of the silent wilderness,  
 Rising and sinking with protracted strength;  
 With mighty limbs battling the rolling waves,

Above whose foam the mammoth's tusk was seen,  
 Heaving convulsive, till his huge form sank.  
 And birds of mighty wing as vainly strove  
 To keep above the billows; beaten down  
 By the descending flood they fell supine,  
 And the waves bore their feathery forms along.  
 Ah! with what feelings did those few that reach'd  
 The hill-tops, look upon the scene of death!  
 They saw the waters gaining on the heights,  
 Their last sole refuge,—would they pass them too?  
 If not, must they endure a lingering fate,  
 Shut out from aid? the question not remained  
 Unanswered long. Nothing around they saw  
 But one unbounded flood,—save the high peaks  
 Of distant hills, that like their own were throng'd  
 With the despairing remnants of their race,  
 And these too, soon were lost! Then round their feet  
 The waters rose,—then like a girdle clasp'd  
 Their shrinking bodies, while their arms were prest  
 In life's last desolate embrace around;  
 The breasts they loved—until the surges past  
 Above their heads, or some huge mountain wave  
 Roll'd them away together in their woe.

Terrific element! gigantic power,  
 Omnipotent in wrath! we scarcely know  
 Thy strength, till thou art loosened from thy bounds,  
 And lash'd to madness! Then we see thee sweep,  
 Like a destroying angel arm'd with death!  
 Cities are chaff in thy resistless way:  
 The deeply seated hills, that meet the bolt  
 Of thunder with defiance, and unmoved  
 Confront the whirlwind, fall beneath thy rush,  
 Prone on the plains. We see thee glide along,  
 Serene and peaceful through the shadowy glen;  
 We see thee, when the slumbering ocean spreads  
 A glassy surface to the sun, nor dream  
 Of what thou art when roused to lawless power.  
 Then like a slumbering giant dost thou lie  
 Harmless; but, when awakened in thy might,  
 The globe itself beneath thine onset reels!  
 What thou canst do, and hast done, the wide earth,  
 Ravag'd, dismember'd, shook from pole to pole,  
 Points to her wreck to tell; and did not He  
 Who let thee loose in riot then, restrain,  
 She would no longer be a home for man.  
 Whence was thy source, in that devouring day,  
 To render earth a sea without a shore?  
 Where had'st thou slept, till he who form'd thee call'd  
 Thy world of waters up, to work his wrath?  
 Had'st thou beneath the hills and plains deep sunk,

Lain peaceful, while the earth went round her path—  
 Did men build cities o'er thy treacherous bed,  
 And sleep above their foe; were all the plains  
 That stretch'd in beauty round primevous earth,  
 Supported on thy faithless breast, and doom'd  
 To sink at last in thine unfathom'd grave—  
 Or did he form thee for his vengeance then,  
 And pour thee out the vials of his wrath?  
 Yes, thou hast triumph'd! though reduced to bounds,  
 And chain'd to order; from that hour that first  
 Saw thee the tyrant of the world, till now,  
 Thou hast establish'd thy dominion: still  
 Dost thou possess the larger part of earth:  
 The continents that thou didst whelm, remain  
 Submerged: and thy proud waves do riot there  
 Despotic: over kingdoms tomb'd in death,  
 Conquerors they roll. And thou hast reft from man  
 His chief proportion of the fruitful earth;  
 Wedged him in narrow limits, while thyself  
 Spreadest thy boundless empire to the sun.  
 Against the cliffs that fortify his fields,  
 Thy surges leap, and tear the bulwarks down;  
 Till heaven command them back. And what if man  
 Ride them triumphant in his bounding bark,  
 And flash his thunders o'er them; even there  
 Battling for empire,—oft' will they arise  
 Gigantic in their fury, and o'erwhelm  
 Him and his hopes together in their deeps.

Wide as the earth the roaring waters spread;  
 Not satisfied to sweep one realm, and tomb  
 One nation, but the reeling orb itself,  
 As it had plunged into a boundless sea,  
 Roll'd on engulph'd. Here suddenly they came,  
 And dash'd at once a nation from the light—  
 There slowly rose, to give despair and woe  
 Full scope to torture. Countries were heaved up,  
 By earthquakes of immeasurable range,  
 And shaken, till their loosen'd cities fell.  
 Now realms were sever'd, and a deep, dark chasin  
 Open'd, and from the watery abyss  
 Gush'd forth the torrents, as if glad let loose  
 From their imprisonment below,—and up  
 They rose, and shot into the clouds; and fell  
 In roaring fury, overwhelming all.  
 Now nations, rich, and populous, and proud  
 Of their late glory, felt the solid plains  
 On which their cities stood, and armies ranged,  
 Move under them; and then as if their props  
 Were sever'd by a hand beneath, they fell—  
 Fell hideous,—fell at once, with one wild dash,



Forests and fruitful fields, cities and men,  
 Into the subterraneous water; whelm'd  
 Instantly and for ever; and the waves,  
 Dash'd over them, and roar'd above their tomb,  
 Their chariots, and their horsemen, and their hosts,  
 Went down commingled; and one instant cry  
 From sinking nations rose—and all was still—  
 Save when the seas, divided by their fall,  
 Met o'er their wreck with wild and awful sound,  
 Down—down they sunk at once, never to shine  
 Again; save some few elevated lands,  
 Whose tops form'd islands in a future world,  
 When the wild waters found their level; all  
 The rest, with all that there inhabited,  
 For ever lost. The hills bowed down their heads,  
 And left their honours buried; and the woods  
 Deep sunken, and in fragments mix'd, were doom'd  
 To cheer the cold of after-ages,\*—cold  
 First by that dire convulsion brought on earth.

So near the comet past the northern pole,  
 That it impelled the ocean flowing there  
 Over the lands. Like chains of mountains roll'd  
 The long and towering surges, each a sea.  
 And its attraction drew earth's axis up,  
 And made it ever after from her path  
 Incline oblique,—hence winter came, and all  
 Its fierce attendants, like a demon train,  
 Ravage the yearly desolated fields,  
 And chill the soul, and sweep mankind away.  
 Hence never more perennial beauty robes,  
 As once, the alter'd earth: her fields no more  
 Perpetual harvests crown: her gardens bloom  
 Brief space, and then their charms expire. The sun,  
 Beneath whose beams they flourish, slowly sinks  
 Lower and lower in his daily path,  
 Until his slanting rays are scarcely felt.  
 And then the north sends forth its furious blasts,  
 Loud howling, and the streams are changed to ice;  
 And earth becomes a cold and flinty rock,  
 Where herbage dies; and desolation spreads  
 O'er the chill'd plains, and death and darkness reign  
 Despotic, over the abodes of men.

The work of wrath was done, and man was gone!  
 His guilt had digg'd his sepulchre, and he  
 Was sleeping in it. High and low were tomb'd  
 Together,—youthful charms and hoary age  
 Slept in the waters,—all the arts of life,

\* Coal-mines are supposed by some to have been formed by buried forests

And all the wisdom that a thousand years  
 Of misapplied experience, in one mind  
 Collected, were cut off at once, and lost  
 To after ages. All the monuments  
 That spoke the deeds of arms, and power of mind;  
 The toils of art, and labour's giant works,  
 Were buried in destruction deep and sure,  
 As if they ne'er had been. The cherish'd hopes  
 That flatter'd human pride were in the deeps!  
 Those entering on life, with all the flush  
 Of ardent feeling; and whose fancy drew  
 A glorious prospect of delights to come,  
 Nor saw in the bright vista one dark cloud;  
 And they whom age had shaken, and whose hearts  
 The ceaseless play of centuries had unstrung,  
 And whom another year had seen entomb'd  
 In their forefather's grave, were mix'd in death!  
 How many rose on that diastrous morn,  
 When first the floods broke loose, elate with joy,  
 Strangers to fear; how many pledged the vows  
 Of interchanged affection, who, ere night,  
 Embraced each other in the depth of woe,  
 And sunk entwined together. All the ties  
 That bind mankind were sever'd, and one woe,  
 One death, o'ertook and tomb'd a crowded world—  
 Save in the giant bark that rode the waves—  
 There only life remained to man or brute,  
 There sole was heard the sound of human voice.

For forty days and nights, (if day and night  
 Could be distinguish'd,) darkness veil'd the earth,  
 And falling waters fill'd the atmosphere.  
 The general ocean deepen'd every hour.  
 The moon and stars past o'er unseen,—the sun  
 Scarce told his presence by the dubious haze  
 That dimly mark'd the hemisphere of day.  
 And when the floods had done their havoc, light  
 Slowly arose; a dubious twilight first,  
 Even at noon, and day itself, at last!  
 But oh! how shorn of its primeval rays!  
 How faint, how chill, compared with what it was  
 Before that work of ruin; when the sun  
 But rose to fill the earth with glory. Now  
 The air was fraught with vapours, that denied  
 The perfect visit of his beams as once;  
 And when they found access, they did but gleam  
 On one interminable watery waste.  
 Not ev'n a solitary hill uprear'd  
 Its top to greet the morning. Over all,  
 More than sufficient for the work of wreck,  
 The deluge reign'd in mastery supreme.

Night threw her mantle o'er an orb of sea ;  
 And when the sun arose, he seem'd to spring  
 From out the waves, and sank at evening there,  
 And threw his useless lustre o'er the void.  
 And Dian hung her silver lamp above  
 An undivided sea ; her light was shed  
 In vain on one vast grave. The starry heavens,  
 Though dimm'd, and in a different aspect placed,  
 There shone as in a mirror : there was nought  
 To break the wide reflection of the skies,  
 That saw another galaxy beneath,  
 Stretching its belt of light across the flood.  
 But what was day or night, sun, moon, or star,  
 To a depopulated world ; where eye  
 Of man was not, to mark whether they came,  
 Or ceased their rolling flight ? what reck'd it then,  
 If Phœbus had exhausted all his rays,  
 And left the moon to roll, a blacken'd orb,  
 Around a circle and a world as dark ?  
 None hail'd their beams, nor was an object left  
 To cast one shadow over all the earth—  
 Save the huge vessel, whose gigantic bulk,  
 Heaven-steer'd, rode bounding on the ceaseless waves,  
 Sole mistress of the world. She had survived,  
 When cities, empires, continents, were gone  
 In desolation, and for ever lost—  
 She plough'd her way, triumphant over all,  
 Despite the elements ! Within her womb,  
 All that had being on this planet lived :  
 Of all th' unbounded plains, that lately rang  
 With life and beauty, not one spot could now  
 Produce one living soul, one form of life !  
 Death traversed the huge waste with spectre stride,  
 And gloried in his work : it was his day  
 Of perfect triumph, victory supreme !  
 His arrows could not find another mark :  
 Monarch of earth he moved, — master of all, —  
 Save those who in their floating refuge lived :  
 O'er them his power extended not, — a day  
 Distant must rise ere they should yield to him.

Still earth went on her journey round the sun ;  
 The seasons had begun their ceaseless change,  
 Albeit in vain : no herbage hailed the sun,  
 Opening their blossoms to the spring ; no birds  
 Shook the drear lethargy of winter off,  
 Nor sought their tuneful mates : nor man nor brute  
 Look'd out upon the plains ; nor saw above  
 The different path the sun pursued. The earth,  
 Like one huge orb of water, wheel'd her course,  
 A mark of wrath, beneath a wasted day,

And in a night of death. Her alter'd face  
 Perchance some other planet mark'd with awe,  
 And wonder'd at the change. How might the moon  
 Miss the reflected beams her shining plains  
 Once pour'd upon her fields; and her long night  
 Arrayed in silver lustre, glancing o'er  
 Her mountains and her woods; now all absorb'd  
 In her own desolated bosom; lost  
 In the unbroken waters dim and dark.  
 Her night must then have been a night indeed!  
 Earth must have hung in terror o'er her head,  
 And veiled her midnight scenes in hideous shade,  
 New and terrific, and the cause unknown.

And they who in their mighty vessel past  
 The lingering days of desolation, now  
 Began to sigh for their deliverance.  
 'Tis true they trusted heaven—but the months  
 They had been sever'd from their native earth  
 Roll'd heavily. Since light return'd, the day  
 Had only shewn them that they journey'd still  
 O'er an illimitable sea: whence'er  
 They look'd abroad, all to the farthest verge  
 Was water—nothing met their anxious eyes  
 But waves, interminable waves, that joined  
 On every side th' horizon; had one rock,  
 Though bleak and barren as Mont Blanc, where frost  
 Perpetual reigns, but ris'n upon their view,  
 It would have been a solace to their souls,  
 A point for hope to rest on. All they knew  
 Was that they sailed above a buried world,  
 And that beneath their bounding vessel slept  
 Extinguish'd empires—but how deep they lay  
 They knew not, nor how long the floods would roll,  
 Nor whence they would retreat, nor where would be  
 Their own new heritage,—all was unknown!  
 Unlike the mariner who ploughs the waves,  
 And reckons when the haven that his prow  
 Points to, will rise upon his view: they sailed  
 Along a sea that had not yet a shore,—  
 Where never coast familiar to the view  
 Would greet them, and where memory ne'er could trace  
 The fondly cherish'd spot they once had left.  
 Like those who with Columbus fearful urged  
 Their barks adventurous into unknown seas;  
 Unconscious whether land would ever rise  
 Upon their view again, or they be lost  
 Amidst a world of waters far from home.  
 Daily they gazed upon the liquid waste,  
 Till sight grew weary; their imprison'd feet

Long'd once again to tread the ground, how'er  
 Divested of its beauty. Could they feel  
 Themselves once more th' inhabitants of earth,  
 Ev'n though in desolation, it were bliss.

Vengeance had had its day—justice its claim—  
 And guilt was wash'd away. And He who made  
 This planet for a scene of happiness,  
 Would not that it should ever be a wreck,  
 A lifeless wilderness. Mercy design'd  
 That it should be again a home for man,  
 Fair to his view, and answering all his wants ;  
 With space enough for all, though chang'd and wreck'd,  
 And of its pristine splendour half divest ;  
 A place for life and labour,—not a home  
 Final,—but a probationary scene.  
 A rest beyond its bounds His will decreed,  
 Better than all its smiling fields could give ;  
 Enduring ever, subject to no change.  
 But He had will'd the waters should remain  
 In mighty seas, mementoes of His wrath,  
 And man's deep provocation : there they roll,  
 Type of past desolation, and the once  
 Avenging ministers of outraged heaven.

The sun was going down, and his broad disk  
 Seem'd like a blazing orb, ready to plunge  
 Into the waters of the west : his beams  
 Glanced horizontally along th' expanse  
 Of ocean, topping every wave with light,  
 And throwing o'er its deep and solemn grave  
 A golden mantle ; where the pall of night  
 So late spread darkly o'er a world entomb'd.  
 His edge had scarcely kiss'd the wave, before  
 The father of earth's little band beheld,  
 As mournfully he view'd the close of day,  
 A small dark spire that rose above the flood,  
 And partly veil'd the shining orb that sunk  
 In crimson pomp behind it. Could it be  
 A cloud that skimm'd along the verge of that  
 Illimitable ocean ? No, 'twas still,—  
 It seem'd to him a mountain peak that rose  
 Out of the watery waste ; it was,—'twas land !  
 He called his sops, and they beheld it too ;  
 And every bosom that had life below  
 Beat with high rapture at the sight, and hail'd  
 The welcome omen ; and prefer'd the prayer  
 Of gratitude to heaven. Long as light  
 Linger'd upon the horizon where it stood,  
 They watch'd that little spot,—and then with joy

And hope, greater than they had ever felt  
 Within their floating prison, sought their couch.  
 Day after day roll'd on, and they beheld  
 The summits of the mountains, one by one,  
 Emerge from out the waters : in a line  
 They seem'd to stand, as if a chain of hills  
 Beneath the surges stretch'd in giant length.  
 And soon upon their peaks the morning shone, —  
 The desolated orb no more appear'd  
 A world of waters. Then the hills leap'd up  
 Out of the ocean, to salute the sun,  
 As in a new creation, and the floods  
 Sunk daily to their destin'd beds ; and roll'd  
 Downward incessant ; and the ark had struck  
 Upon a mountain top, and moved no more.  
 Then sent the Patriarch a raven forth, —  
 Bird of ill omen ; but she came not back,  
 But stay'd to brood upon the wreck she found.  
 And then he sent a dove, — domestic bird ;  
 But she no resting-place congenial found  
 To her more social nature, and in vain  
 She beat the air with wearied wing, nor would  
 Alight upon the desolated peaks,  
 That only yet appeared a scene of death :  
 And, drooping, she return'd to where alone  
 A refuge yet remain'd. In seven days  
 He sent her forth again, and she return'd,  
 But not disconsolate, as heretofore ;  
 For, lo ! she brought an olive branch, pluck'd off  
 By heavenly impulse ; and the Patriarch hail'd,  
 And kiss'd the peaceful omen, that proclaim'd  
 That heaven and man were reconciled once more ;  
 That earth would yet return to fruitfulness.  
 Impatient still to know if there were room  
 For him, and those that shar'd his fate, to tread  
 The ground in safety, he again sent forth  
 The messenger of peace : she came no more !  
 Her feet had found a resting-place, — a home, —  
 Nor more required the refuge she had left.

And then the door, that other hand than his  
 Had closed, when death and havoc reign'd without,  
 Was open'd ; and he saw the land. His voyage  
 Of darkness and of death was done ; and all  
 Stepp'd out upon the ground with joyous tread,  
 And hail'd their glad release. 'Twas but a grave,  
 Indeed, they trod upon, — the grave of all ;  
 The greater mercy theirs, to be the sole  
 Survivors of that universal wreck !  
 It was a desolated world they view'd,

But still a world,—and one for their entire  
 Possession ; none beside were left to claim  
 A part or portion in it,—all was theirs,  
 Without competitor, without dispute.  
 But oh ! how changed—how deeply fall'n—as yet  
 The waters had but left the higher lands,  
 And still seem'd half triumphant ; far around,  
 To every point, they spread their ample reign ;  
 And tedious months roll'd on, before the vales  
 Greeted the sun that they had lost so long.  
 When last the eye of man had look'd abroad,  
 He saw a scene of loveliness expand  
 On every side, and in the sun's bright beams  
 Deep blushing ; full of fruits, and flowers, and crown'd  
 With ever-ripening harvests ; regular,  
 And beautiful,—a fairy scene of bliss !  
 Such as he now might recollect, or dream  
 He once had seen, but could no more behold.  
 Rugged and wild, and reft of all its charms,  
 A vestige of the wrath that it had borne,  
 It open'd on his view. Here mountains rose,  
 Lifting their barren summits to the skies,  
 Frowning in desolation ; there deep chasms  
 Yawn'd fathomless, in which the light of day  
 Was lost. Rocks lay in broken masses round,  
 Heav'd by the late convulsion from their depths,  
 And cumbering the ground. The verdant woods,  
 Whose foliage trembled as the breeze stole by,  
 Like a green ocean, now were swept away,  
 Buried beneath the soil, or strew'd in wreck,  
 And rotting on the surface. Far spread wastes,  
 Where not a leaf of herbage met the day,  
 Spoke barrenness and death. Of human toil  
 Was left no sign, no vestige ; nought to show  
 That earth had ever been th' abode of man !  
 Of his proud cities, not a stone remain'd  
 To mark where they had stood,—departed all !  
 Nothing was heard but the wild hollow wind,  
 That came to drive the waters to their beds,  
 And the waves distant roar ; the voice of man,  
 That lately fill'd the air with sounds of life,—  
 Laughter's glad peal, and sweetly trilling song,  
 And the soft melody of trembling strings,—  
 These late had echoed there, but all was now  
 Still as th' unvisited tomb. Nor low of herd,  
 Nor roar of beast, nor feather'd warbler's note,  
 Broke on the lifeless silence of despair.

'The men look'd out upon that dreary waste  
 With agony, that wanted words to speak

Proportion'd to its pang; but woman wept,  
 And pour'd her sorrows forth in sad lament,  
 For the delightful world that she had lost.  
 But all were pious still, and thankful; they  
 Of all earth's myriads were alone preserv'd,  
 And, though their souls, in gratitude to heaven,  
 Breath'd forth their silent prayer and praise— their hearts  
 Were human still, and mourn'd their alter'd lot,  
 And the sad change of all terrestrial things.  
 And there, amidst that scene of death and woe,  
 To raise an altar to the God they serv'd  
 Was their first care; and there they offer'd up  
 A sacrifice acceptable to heaven.  
 Their debt of gratitude was large, and all  
 With one accord their earliest tribute paid.  
 Toil was their lot, but labour bringeth health;  
 Their fellows found destruction,—safety they.  
 Tho' ravaged, earth was still a home for man,  
 And heaven had given it freely, and had made  
 Noah the second father of mankind.

Nor on the earth alone was seen the change  
 That general convulsion wrought below;  
 But in the atmosphere all seem'd as wild  
 And uncongenial as the ground. The wind  
 Blew cold, and, with unhealthy moisture fraught,  
 Wrapt in a chilling robe the shivering breast.  
 Clouds piled on clouds, in masses dense and deep,  
 Roll'd darkly on the bosom of the air,  
 Hiding the sun. While memory portray'd,  
 E'en as they gazed upon the gloomy vault  
 That frown'd above them, the bright scene that once  
 Past daily o'er their heads; when floods of light  
 Pour'd downward through the purple vast, and fill'd  
 The atmosphere with glory unobscured,  
 And shed eternal summer on the fields;  
 When, while the sun was sleeping in the west,  
 Night roll'd in scarcely less magnificence;  
 And stars of far surpassing brightness shone  
 Round the bright sovereign of the midnight hour.

And sail'd these darkening clouds along the sky  
 For nought? Had they not thence a boon to shed?  
 Yes, they were launch'd to pour upon the plains  
 Refreshing moisture, and to bid the fields  
 Unfold their harvests, and the gardens bloom  
 With flowers, and fill the purple vines with juice;  
 Now that the copious dew was sent no more.  
 But when the rain first fell,—sight strange to man,—  
 When thunders roll'd along the vault of heaven  
 In long loud peals, and through the darkness pierc'd



The sheets of livid lightning, flaming wide,  
 And opening on the blackness of the storm  
 Their wings of fire—e'en Noah, tho' his soul  
 Trusted in heaven, stood trembling; and in awe,  
 Never but once that solemn rolling sound  
 Struck on his ear,—never till then his eye  
 Had started from the flash, nor had the heavens  
 Pour'd water till that dark disastrous hour!  
 The dear companions of his solitude  
 Shook with their terrors, and in that wild uproar  
 Of flood and flame, and raging elements,  
 Deem'd they beheld another day of wrath  
 Approaching, to destroy the very wreck  
 The last had left,—till hope awoke again—  
 The blackness roll'd away, and through the clouds  
 They saw once more the sun's reviving beams.  
 And now another sight, till then ne'er seen,  
 Rose on their wond'ring eyes; the rainbow spread  
 Its arch of triple hue across the expanse  
 Above, of loveliest tints composed. What might  
 That beautiful phenomenon portend?  
 So fair a sight could scarcely speak of wrath—  
 Was it a sign from heaven, to reassure  
 Their sinking souls, and bid them fear no more?  
 And lo! a voice was heard, solemn and deep  
 As the expiring thunder,—from a cloud  
 Awful it seem'd to issue,—and it said—  
 “This is the token of the covenant  
 Which I do make betwixt Myself and thee,  
 And all thy generations, to abide  
 For ever. In the clouds I set my bow,  
 A covenant of peace between the earth  
 And me; and it shall be, that when I bring  
 Over the earth a cloud, my bow shall then  
 Ev'n in the cloud be seen; and I will not  
 Forget one living form that I have made.  
 The waters shall no more become a flood,  
 Destroying all: while I behold it there,  
 My everlasting covenant shall stand.  
 Go forth,—be fruitful, and replenish earth!  
 No more for man's sake will I curse the ground,  
 Nor e'er again smite every living thing,  
 As I have done; as long as earth remains,  
 Seed time and harvest, day and night, and cold  
 And heat,—winter and summer,—shall not cease.”

END.

## DISCUSSION.

## IS THE SALIC LAW UNJUST IN EXCLUDING FEMALES FROM THE THRONE?

ON this question the Opener proposed to contend, that there was injustice in excluding females from the throne. In this he should wish to be understood as not opposing the provisions of the Salic law, but the construction which French jurists had given them, in the celebrated contest between Edward III. of England, and Philip of Valois. The text of the Salic law under the head *de alode*, which formed the subject of contention, did not mention the exclusion of females from the throne, but merely a certain preference to the male sex.\* The question appeared naturally to divide itself into two parts: first, the consideration of justice as depending on the abstract principle, which decided the individual rights of human beings; and, secondly, justice as it related to the institution of society. If it should appear, according to both these views, that the exclusion of females from the throne was inconsistent with justice, he hoped he should be entitled to a decision in his favour. As to the first point, if we believed either natural or revealed religion, all members of the human race were equal.

\* The text of the Salic Law to which our discussion refers, is tit. 62, *de alode*. 1. Si quis homo mortuus fuerit et filios non dimiserit; si pater aut mater superfuerint ipsi in hæreditatem succedant.—2. Si pater, aut mater non superfuerint, et patres vel sorores reliquerint ipsi hæreditatem obtineavint.—3. Quod si nec isti fuerint, sorores patris in hæreditatem ejus succedant.—4. Si vero sorores patris non extiterint, sorores matris ejus hæreditatem sibi vendicent.—5. Si autem nulli horum fuerint quicunque proximiores fuerint de paterna generatione ipsi in hæreditatem succedant.—6. De terra verò Salica, nulla portio hæreditatis mulieri veniat: sed ad virilem sexum tota terræ hæreditas perveniat. There can be no doubt that this is the true reading of the law as it is thus quoted by Pithon and Rapin. Strange as it may appear, the President Montesquieu has strangely erred in his translation of the third and fourth articles of the law: thus, 3. S'il n'a ni frère ni sœur la sœur de sa mère lui succédera.—4. Si sa mère n'a point de sœur la sœur de son père lui succédera, liv. 18, c. 22. This is not a mere mistake of the printer, for Montesquieu proceeds to reason on this faulty translation. M. Echard, as quoted by the president, proves that *salic* is derived from *sala*, a house. This by figure was extended to the land appertaining to the house of each German. Some persons of high rank in the literary world have imagined that the Salic lands were feudal. But the title of the law "*de alode*," proves the opinion incorrect. It is almost impertinent to remark that *al-od* meant absolute property, while *fe-od* meant stipendiary property. Besides, the exclusion of females from property in lands was a custom among the Germans in the age of Tacitus (de Mor. Ger. c. 26.) long before the feudal obligation. When men left their homes to seek new settlements, the division was naturally made without reference to the other sex, and the customs of their ancestors of course continued their effect.

Women, as members of that race, were undoubtedly sharers of that equality. Were they viewed with relation to their necessity in the continuation of society, they must be regarded as of equal importance with men. It might as well be said that colour could exist without light, as society without women. This was as to their mere corporeal qualities, which they enjoyed in common with men. Of their rights they could only be deprived by the institutions of society.

How far these were just, came next to be considered. The justice of that deprivation, depended on the injury the supposed privation could produce to society. As the present question related to the government of countries, the injury must be produced principally by an inferiority of intellect; but the powers of intellect could only be displayed by the influence of education; they would be displayed in different ways, according to the difference of education; consequently, if the intellectual powers were required to produce similar effects, they must be cultivated in a similar manner. Until this similarity of education existed, any conclusion as to the intellectual powers of a number of human beings must be imperfect. The education of women was entirely unlike that of men, and therefore the judgment formed as to their equality or inequality of intellectual powers, must be imperfect or unjust.

How then, it might be demanded, could we arrive at a conclusion that the minds of women were fitted to embrace the ideas and to form the plans necessary in the government of a country. We could only form an opinion from those instances where chance had allowed women to be raised to the head of government. In most of those instances, women had shown a far greater proportion of the talents necessary for government, than those generally possessed by the male occupiers of thrones. Remember Anne of England, who could humble Louis XIV.—the Empress Queen of Hungary, who resisted the efforts of Louis XV. Frederick the Great, and the Elector of Bavaria; Elizabeth of England, who supported the protestant Henry IV. against the league,—and her own power against the supposed mighty Philip II.—the four Empresses of Russia, who in constant succession took possession of the throne. Still further to supply examples, look at the lives of the queens and female regents of France.†

From these, the fair conclusion was that, if a similarity of education and opportunity existed, there would be a similarity in the actions of both sexes.

\* Vide Voltaire, "Dictionnaire Philosophique, tome 7me, article Loi Salique."

† Vies des Reines et Regentes de France, par Dreu du Radier, en 6 tomes.

But what was the practice in the principal countries of Europe? Spain, England, Naples, Hungary, Russia, and Scotland, had admitted females to their respective thrones; no inconvenience had thence been experienced. What consistency there was in that nation which called itself the most gallant and enlightened in the world, thus denying the other sex the privilege of royal rank, was rather difficult to prove!

Besides, what was the opinion of the legislation who formed the law, as to its justice? In the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th articles, it expressly directed that females should obtain the estate of the last possessor. The 6th article could not, therefore, with propriety, be construed as of general effect, and operating to the exclusion of the whole sex, but merely as vesting in each possessor a species of estate tail male. The five first articles referred to the inheritance when a possessor died without sons; the sixth, to the inheritance when he had both sons and daughters.

Thus, the Opener hoped he had made it appear that, in the first place, the construction put on the law by the French jurists was unjust; and, in the second, that the law itself did not warrant the construction.

ON THE OTHER SIDE, the following observations were made.—With regard to the interpretation of the Salic law, there seems no reason for disturbing that which has been so long admitted. It has been said that the first four articles admit females to inherit; and the sixth only excludes them where there are sons. It is worthy of remark that, in the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th articles, which admit females in certain cases to inherit, the word *land* does not occur; while the 6th article most expressly excludes them from such inheritance, and declares that no portion of the Salic *land* shall descend to a female; but that the whole inheritance of the *land* shall be confined to the male sex. What can be understood from this, but that females were permitted to inherit any species of property, *land* excepted; \* from which they were rigorously excluded. If this be not so, the 6th article seems to have been framed for no earthly purpose. But the intention of it can hardly be doubted: it is scarcely possible for language to be more precise and explicit. But if a mere precedence were given to males, the case is not much mended for our opponents. For it matters little whether females are excluded altogether, or only allowed to inherit in case of the failure of heirs male.

As to the throne not being expressly mentioned, it can scarcely be supposed probable that the law which forbade a fe-

\* The title "*de alode*", may seem opposed to this interpretation; but the word is applicable not only to land, but to any other species of property held absolutely.

male to inherit a single rod of land, should call him to the existence of the sovereign power. The land of the house, or family, gave power and authority to him who held it: from that reason the succession was confined to males. On the whole, there seems no ground for questioning the accuracy of that interpretation which has been received for centuries.

But whatever may be the true meaning of the Salic Law, that into which we have to enquire is the presumed injustice of the exclusion, whether effected by the Salic law, or by any other. Now, wherein does this injustice consist? An action cannot be said to be unjust, unless it deprives an individual of something to which he has a right, either by the law of nature, or by the law of the community of which he is a member. By the law of nature, every human being has a right to his life, his limbs, his liberty. To deprive him of any of these, is, therefore, an act of injustice. In addition to their natural rights, men have certain civil ones conferred upon them by the state. In England, a man possessing a freehold of forty shillings per annum, is entitled to vote at the election of the members for the county. The legislature having conferred this right, it is unjust by fraud or violence to invade it. Is a right to a throne a natural or a civil right? It cannot be a natural right. Monarchy is indeed a lawful form of government, but it is not the only lawful form. No one can be said to have a natural right to a throne; because a man may be born in a country where monarchy does not exist, or on an island inhabited by a single family, where civil government does not exist. A right to a throne, therefore, is a civil right: it must be created by some previous act, either of the legislature, or of the whole people. It is desirable, for the sake of the community, that the limitations of the succession should be wise and beneficial; but no one has a right to complain of personal injury, because that is withheld, to which he had no previous claim. There is no such thing as a natural order of succession to the supreme power: every community must decide for itself as to the most eligible. When any one is established, it ought not indeed to be lightly departed from. But, previous to the establishment of any, no one is more just or legal than another; and, after one has been adopted, no individual, with a view to his own personal aggrandizement, or personal emolument, is entitled to say that it is wrong. It may be very pleasant to have a chance of obtaining a crown; but the law is not unjust, which refuses to give it. The opposite opinion would lead to universal discontent. If a female may complain because a throne is denied her; the commoner may complain that he has not the privileges of the peerage; the peer, that he has not those of the

blood royal, and the younger son of a royal dynasty, that he has not those of the elder. All restraint may be considered unjust.

Admitted, that the right of sovereign authority is a civil right; and, of course, can be enjoyed on no other terms than those which are prescribed by the civil constitution. It would be monstrous to say that the law is unjust, because, having given much, it does not give more; because, having elevated certain females to the rank of princesses, and given them precedence over all other females, it yet withholds from them the sovereign power. The right to govern having been conferred upon certain persons or families for the public good, none are entitled to merely complain of injustice, because they are excluded from this power by a law, made centuries before they were born.

"All mankind are equal." True, as to their natural rights; but their rights, as members of civil society, are very different. In the exclusion of females from the throne, in countries where the Salic law prevails, there is neither natural nor civil injustice: there is no natural injustice, because no natural right is invaded: there is no civil injustice, for the law itself, which confers civil rights, refuses to females the right in question. The law of nature does not give, and the law of the land denies.

It having been asserted that all men were equal, (which, when spoken of men in a state of nature, is true,) it was assumed that women were partakers of the equality. Now, independent of civil law, there does seem to exist a sort of natural subjection of the female sex to the other. We wish to speak with a great deal of caution, and we are almost afraid of going too far; but still we think that in every situation of life, — as a daughter, and subsequently as a wife, and, even in the absence of any other relation, as a sister, — it does seem to be the intention of nature that the female should be in some degree subject to the authority of the father, the husband, the brother. Authority is not to degenerate into tyranny, nor submission into slavery. It is to be a mild and almost impalpable sway, of graceful and voluntary subjection. We are quite sure that the ladies themselves would not wish the custom of society to be otherwise. It has been thus from the beginning of the world to the present time. We have some reasons, therefore, for concluding, that it is natural that it should be so. In the question of the intellectual equality of the sexes we have no occasion to enter. It seems to be conceded that the education of women does not qualify them for the duties of public life. Would our opponents wish them educated otherwise? Are they willing to sacrifice to the gratification of this wish (if they entertain it), that lofty purity which recoils from the approach of contamination; those retiring graces which

surround women with a superhuman charm; that delicacy and sensibility which, though bestowed on women by nature, are refined and matured by education? Will they be content with Spartan strength of body and Spartan energy of mind, united with Spartan coarseness and Spartan immodesty? if not, let them be satisfied with women as they are.

In all that has been said in praise of the female sex, we most cordially agree. We only contend that nature has not designed them for any empire, but that of the affections; that education does not qualify them to wield any sceptre, but that of domestic government. The few instances which occur of women displaying extraordinary talents for public rule, give no additional lustre to the female character. Where they have been marked by ambition, rapacity, or cruelty, we of course turn from them with disgust. But even where this has not been the case, the masculine character of their minds renders them unamiable; and, in the same proportion that our admiration of them as sovereigns is increased, that feeling of respectful tenderness which we entertain for them as women is diminished.

It seems somewhat strange that it should be held unjust to withhold from females the highest authority in the state, while it is not unjust to refuse them access to stations of subordinate authority. If females are entitled to be admitted of right to the highest dignity of the state, *a fortiori* they have a right to claim admission to the inferior: Why should not peeresses in their own right take their seats in the upper-house or chamber of Parliament? and why should not female commoners be eligible to be elected members of the lower? Why may we not have female Ambassadors, and Secretaries of State, female Commissioners, Treasurers, Councillors, Prefects, Presidents, and Plenipotentiaries? Why not female Barristers and Serjeants at Law, female Judges and a female Lord Chancellor? (a Lady Chancellor we should have said.) If there be no injustice in excluding women from these offices, there can be none in excluding them from the sovereign power.

On the policy of such exclusion, we are not now invited to give an opinion. In some countries the succession of females may not be objectionable. In this country, for instance, no evil effects have ever resulted from it. Our singular position, the constitutional limitations of the royal prerogative, and other circumstances, render our situation very peculiar. As a part of our own venerable law, it is devoutly to be hoped that the principle of female succession may long be preserved. We owe to it our preservation from one of the opposite, but equal horrors of slavery or anarchy. But there is no reason why all the nations of the earth should adopt it with implicit reverence. It may be wise and beneficial in some countries,—

directly to the contrary in others. The policy of each nation must be determined by the peculiar circumstances of that nation. All that we contend for is this, that a right to a throne is unknown to the law of nature; that the law, when creating the right, may restrain and limit its exercise in any way, and annex to it any conditions which may appear most beneficial to the community; that the law which limits that right, has precisely the same authority as that which creates it; and consequently, that the exclusion of any person or class of persons is not unjust, inasmuch as it violates neither a natural nor a civil right. Indeed, so long as the law of exclusion exists, it would be unjust to admit the succession of an excluded person; because this could not be done without violating the right of some other person.

Johns do not mean to argue that all legislative acts become just when they acquire the force of laws. A law may be unjust, but then it must *unnecessarily* restrain the exercise of some natural right. The right to the throne is *not* a natural right, therefore no limitation of it can be unjust.

IN REPLY, the Opener most candidly admitted, that, if the strength of his opponents' arguments were at all proportionate to their ingenuity, they were entitled to a decision in their favour. Unless a plain statement of what appeared to his humble mind the observations fairly rising out of the question could succeed, he was completely hopeless; for, in ingenuity, the contest would be quite unequal.

The construction of the Salic law was not very material to the present question; but, as his opponents had thought proper to deny the meaning he conceived it conveyed, he would make *obscure* two observations on that part of the subject. They had said the law did not mention "land," until the 6th article; and, therefore, the former ones, admitting females to succession, must apply to another species of property. If, however, the *6th* article were examined, no difference would appear in this species of property mentioned throughout. *Si quis homo mortuus fuerit, et filios non dimiserint, si pater aut mater superfuissent ipsi in hereditatem succedant.* From this it was clear that, if a man had died, leaving a son, that son would have obtained the *hereditatem*; if he had not a son, according to the language of the law, the father or the mother would *inherit*. Now, there could be no reason for excluding the son from the possession of land; therefore, if the *hereditatem* meant any thing, it meant land, as that was the estate the son was to receive; but, on the failure of her son's male issue, or the death of her husband, the mother was to succeed to the *hereditatem*; therefore, she was to succeed to the same estate, nor would her grandson, had such a person been in existence.



But this estate was land, therefore the law admitted the possibility of a woman succeeding to land. If, then, *hereditatem* meant *land* in the first article, there could be no reason why it should not have the same sense in the second, third, fourth, and fifth. The admirers of the Salic law had fallen into the same error as the French jurists, in the time of Philip of Valois, and many other writers since that period. They did not perceive that the five first articles referred to those cases where men died without children; and the sixth, to those where children of both sexes were left. Then, as to the argument, that no natural right to property existed, it proved too much, or too little; mankind either had, or had not, a right to property: if they had a right, that right must be equal, and therefore women could not be excluded with justice; if they had not a right, they could not justly take that on which they had no claim, and say, "we will deprive more than one half of our race of an opportunity to take a share of it," for that would be to introduce the title of brute strength. The Opener would not contend that women had a natural right to a throne: no human being had such a right; but, since all human beings were without a right to a throne, it must be unjust for one order of beings to arrogate to themselves an advantage over the other. He did not blame the limitation of the crown to one family, but he did blame the limitation to one sex of that family. The peace and happiness of kingdoms required the former, as experience shewed: the peace and happiness of kingdoms did not require the latter, as experience also shewed. In the natural subjection of the female sex, something like inconsistency existed. If this subjection meant anything, it meant the right vested in men of commanding the other sex. It was strange, then, that a man should not have a natural right to eat an apple, and yet he should have a natural right to make slaves of the other sex. If this principle had become old, it communicated by its antiquity other feelings than veneration. The observation that women would not be so pleasing as at present, if they were educated in a manner which should enable them to fill a throne, was purely selfish. It was much more convenient for usurpers to have the other sex as their pretty bubbles, than to give them an education; which would prove that the superiority of the former only arose from their greater share of impudence. What indeed was the present degree of *superhuman* respect commonly paid to women, but a refined species of contempt, and not the lasting respect which education and improvement inspired. Still he was not an advocate for women learning the masculine exercises of the Spartan school, nor assuming Spartan indelicacy. He would only wish that, when it was found expedient to limit the succession to one

family, such an education might be received by the females of that family as would fit them for government. It was no more necessary for all females to receive a political education than for all males. As to the minor offices of the state, they depended on a different principle. There was no greater necessity for having female barristers or female chancellors, than male sempstresses, or male laundresses.

Several of the subordinate duties of society had been so long confined to the male sex in all nations, that, however just the claims of the other sex, on the ground of abstract right, great inconvenience and injury would result to society from laying aside the established custom. It was different with a throne; no inconvenience had been found to result from permitting a woman to be its occupant. The custom only prevailed in that country, where the obsolete principle of the feudal system had been foisted on the world as the true interpretation of the Salic law. The idea of the insular situation of England being the main cause of our policy on this point differing from that of other nations, was, to the opener's weak comprehension, unintelligible. Surely the situations of Spain, Russia, Hungary, and Naples, were not insular: their policy on this head would, according to all reasonable calculation, be the same as that of France, if continental dominions required such a policy; yet queens were there admitted to sovereign power, and no disadvantage had thence resulted.

These were, the Opener believed, all the arguments his opponents had employed, and he hoped the answers he had given were satisfactory. Until it could be proved that one sex had a right to exclude the other from a privilege, to which that other had an equally powerful claim, and the enjoyment of which could produce neither injury nor inconvenience to society, he hoped he should remain entitled to a decision.

## STANZAS ON A SLEEPING CHILD.

Rosy cherub, sweetly smiling,

In the downy arms of sleep,—

What may be the dream beguiling,

While thine hours unconscious creep?

Are thy little pleasures rising

O'er thine infant vision now?

Or do fancied ills surprising

Blanch with new found fears thy brow?

On thy guiltless bosom folded,  
Motionless thine arms recline;  
As if innocence had moulded  
What seem'd nearest to divine.

O'er thy cheek, so sweetly blooming,  
Not a passion marks its path;  
There no grief sits darkly glooming;  
Burns not there the flush of wrath.

But the time is onward stealing,  
When the fiercest shall control,—  
When the tide of stormy feeling  
Shall distract and rend thy soul!

Then these features, now displaying  
Nothing but the calm of peace,  
Other eyes shall see portraying  
Passions that with years increase.

On these cheeks shall anger burning  
Track its fiery path along;  
Here shall vengeance, darkly spurning,  
Blacken at the bitter wrong.

Love and hate, by turns possessing,  
Shall the tortured heart reveal;  
Raging sorrow, past repressing,  
Then shall show how thou canst feel.

O'er these cheeks, that now are lying  
Smooth as marble cherubim,  
All the furies shall be flying,—  
Fierce convulsing heart and limb.

Care may trace its deep indentings,  
Where no line is pencil'd now;  
Vain remorse, and late repentings,  
Deeply mark this glossy brow.

And this arm, that now is curling,  
Fair as lillies ere they fade;  
In the battle may be whirling,  
Fierce and fast the deadly blade.

Rolling years shall render hoary  
Every lock that age hath spared;  
Then, how like a by-gone story,  
All that thou hast borne or dared!

Time shall leave its withering traces  
On this face where roses bloom,  
Whelm thy hopes, and steal thy graces—  
All thy toil but leave a tomb!

## ETYMOLOGY OF THE ENGLISH VERB.

### PART II.

IN pursuing our inquiry, it only remains to notice the grammatical inflections to which our verbs are subject.

The English language cannot, strictly speaking, be said to have more than two kinds of verbs,\*—the transitive and intransitive. We reject the distinction of passive verbs as a mere adoption in complaisance to the learned languages. What are called neuter verbs, we prefer to designate intransitives; for, although *to be*, *to walk*, *to sit*, are certainly neither active nor passive, and in that sense neuter; adopting but *two* classes of verbs, we could not employ this term: indeed, we consider it would be better if the verbs so ordinarily denominated were otherwise distinguished, as we have observed pupils who, familiar with the term as applied to nouns denoting *inanimate* objects, have been somewhat perplexed at observing verbs so denominated which described states of being and ordinary actions of life. By *transitive*, is meant such as affirm an action which passes over to or affects some object; by *intransitive*, such as denote actions or states of being confined to the subject itself.

There is another classification of verbs indicative of their modes of inflection, namely, regular, irregular, and defective.

\* It is usual to divide our verbs into three classes,—the active, passive, and neuter. This division was doubtless borrowed from the learned languages; but had our grammarians paid less deference to these, and more to the Saxon, from which we have already shown the great bulk of our language is derived, they would have been less reluctant to retain a needless term, which, having retained, it became necessary to seek something which it should denote. Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his *Essay on the English Language in the Time of Chaucer*, remarks, “The auxiliary, *to be*, was also a complete verb, and being prefixed to the participle of the past time, with the help of the other auxiliary verbs, supplied the place of the whole passive voice, for which the Saxon language had no other form of expression.”—Bosworth reasons admirably on this subject, in his *Elements of Anglo-Saxon Grammar*:—“What is generally termed the passive voice, has no existence in the Anglo-Saxon any more than in the modern English language. In every instance, it is formed by the neuter verb and the perfect participle. In parsing, every word should be considered a distinct part of speech; we do not call ‘to a king’ a dative case in English, because it is not formed by inflection; but by the auxiliary words ‘to a.’ If these bases be rejected, by common consent, from English nouns, why may not the passive voice, and all the moods and tenses formed by auxiliaries?”

*Ed* in the past tense is the termination of our regular verbs; those which deviate from this general rule are denominated irregular; and, although we have nearly 3000 verbs, it is pleasing to observe, that the irregular class does not comprehend 200. Those which are deficient in some of their moods and tenses, are properly called defective.

Mr. Murray, in his excellent Grammar, has supplied an admirable list both of the irregular and defective verbs, distinguishing those which are used both in a regular and irregular form; which list he has followed by some useful remarks on those preterits which are to be preferred, as well as those which, although to be found in old authors, are now obsolete.

On account of the numerous inflections to which verbs are subject, the distinctions of conjugations, moods, tenses, numbers, and persons, have been adopted.

The peculiar simplicity of English verbs relieves the inquirer from the perplexity of numerous conjugations, or modes of declining.

The leading powers of the soul (says Harris,)+ are those of perception and volition. All speech or discourse is a publishing some part of our soul, either a certain perception or a certain volition. Hence, according as we exhibit it, either in a different part or after a different manner, arises the variety of modes or moods.

These moods have been multiplied and named according to the diversified taste of grammarians; and, as it respects our own language, according to the devotedness of the writers to the languages of Greece and Rome.

Mr. White, in his Essay on the English Verb, published about sixty years since, maintains we have ten moods, the indicative, the subjunctive, elective, potential, determinative, obligative, compulsive, imperative, infinitive, and the participle. On this principle, it would have been easy to have increased their number, although it is difficult to give any solid reason why they should be so multiplied.

The fact is, we have no other mode of distinguishing any number of moods we may think fit to adopt, than that which is furnished by our numerous auxiliaries. If it be contended that we lose in conciseness and neatness of expression, because we have no terminational distinctions, it must be allowed that we gain in accuracy of representation; because, our auxiliaries being numerous and diversified, we easily express those delicate shades of meaning, which it would require endless and perplexing terminations to denote.

Perhaps in no part of Murray's compilation has he shown

\* See Eng. Gr. 27th edit. pp. 112-117.

+ Hermes, bk. i. ch. 8.

more judgment than in his selection and arrangement of words. He appears, in this respect, neither redundant nor defective; he enumerates five, the indicative, imperative, potential, subjunctive, and infinitive. The indicative is placed first in all Grammars, on account of its importance: Scaliger calls it, "*solus modus aptus scientiis, et solus pater veritatis*," and Harris finely philosophises on it. "It is this (says he), which publishes our sublimest perceptions; which exhibits the soul in her purest energies, superior to the imperfections of desires and wants; which includes the whole of time, and its minutest distinctions; which, in its various past tenses, is employed by history, to preserve to us the remembrance of former events; in its future, is used by prophecy, or (in default of this) by wise foresight, to instruct and forewarn us as to that which is coming; but, above all, in its present tense serves philosophy and the sciences, by just demonstrations, to establish necessary truth; that truth which, from its nature, only exists in the present; which knows no distinctions either of past or future time, but is every where, and always invariably one."

The imperative is a favourite mood of man, at least in one of its uses, as may be seen from the term by which he has distinguished it; for its nature is much more comprehensive than its name indicates. It is used for entreating as well as for commanding: it is not, therefore, correctly named. Blazed supreme in this lower world, or, as he has been sometimes called, "lord of the creation," to him was given the subordination of inferior creatures. The well-being of society producing distinctions of rank, and our individual peace and security requiring that we should surrender a portion of our liberty in return for the enjoyment of such advantages; the very distinctions of nature, in parent and child, giving authority and producing dependence; and the errors of man entailing endless afflictions and miseries, render this mood as useful as it is often pleasing; for, without grammatical variation, but purely by the diversified modulations of the voice, in obedience to the eloquence of nature, it not only expresses the mandate of authority, but the exhortations of friendship, the entreaties of charity, and the petitions of misery and distress. If it occasionally displays man in all his pomp and worldly dignity, it more frequently presents him in all his wretchedness and humiliation.

The potential and subjunctive moods are only conversant about contingencies, of which we cannot say with certainty that they will happen or not. They have, therefore, been called the moods of conjecture; exhibiting man in his doubts and

difficulties, exposing his ignorance and his weakness, and as he unfrequently made the vehicle of his pride and boast. The subjunctive is the only mood in our language about which there is any doubt. Persons in general need not feel surprised nor discouraged that they should not thoroughly understand its application, seeing it forms one of those grammatical difficulties which has never been satisfactorily elucidated. Unlike our moods in general, a part of it being denoted by a terminational difference, errors in its use are once exposed, and the diversity of practice with regard to it, even among the learned, cannot but perplex the less informed inquirer.

Murray has very carefully examined the conflicting opinions and practice of grammarians, particularly those of Priestley, Johnson, and Lowth, adopting those of the latter, in which determination he was evidently strengthened by the practice of the translators of the Holy Scriptures, in which are confessedly found the finest specimens of the genuine English style extant. The result of his observations he thus expresses: "It appears, that with respect to what is termed the present tense of any verb, when the circumstances of contingency and futurity concur, it is proper to vary the terminations of the second and third persons singular; that without the concurrence of these circumstances, the terminations should not be altered; and that the verb, and the auxiliaries of the three past tenses, and the auxiliaries of the first future, undergo no alterations whatever; except the imperfect of the verb *to be*, which, in cases denoting contingency, is varied in all the persons of the singular number."

It only remains that, on the subject of moods, we should notice the infinitive, so called from its indefinite and general nature. This was the favourite mood of the stoics, when they considered the genuine verb as alone displayed in its simplicity.

Some grammarians, observing that an infinitive supplied the place of a nominative case to the verb, and occasionally followed it instead of an objective case, pronounced it very significantly a verbal noun, or the verb's noun; and they considered themselves strengthened in their opinions by its application in the Greek language with the prepositive article. There is doubtless much truth in this opinion; but, as Dr. Crombie has justly remarked, "to proscribe terms which have been long familiar to us, and, by immemorial possession, have gained an establishment, is always a difficult, and frequently an ungracious, task. Its usual name will therefore be retain-

\* Eng. Gr. pages 201-2. † Etymology, page 137.

on all these observations on its real character will prevent any misapprehension.

In most languages, the infinitive mood is indicated by a characteristic termination; in English, it can only be known, in certain situations, by the prepositional prefix *to*, which it became necessary to employ, after the disuse of the old termination of the Anglo-Saxon verbs, in order to distinguish it from nouns of similar orthography; for, it is obvious, there is no difference in the noun *work* and the verb *to work*, but what is made by the prefix *to*.

Dr. Crombie considers as merely the word *do*, the incipient dentals *d* and *t* having been exchanged. The learned author of the "Diversions of Purley" traces the preposition *to* (in Dutch written *toe* and *tot*), to a Gothic substantive, *THU*, or *THUTS*, which signifies *act, effect, result, consummation*.

It has been well remarked,\* that "the application of this mood is somewhat singular. It naturally coalesces with all those verbs that denote any tendency, desire, or volition of the soul, but not readily with others." \* \* \* "The coalescence is often so intricate, that the volition is unintelligible till the action be expressed. *Cupio, volo, desidero*,—I desire, I am willing, I want.—What? The sentences, we see, are defective and imperfect; we must help them by infinitives, which express the proper actions to which they tend. *Cupio legere, Volo vivere, Desidero videre*,—I desire to read, I am willing to live, I want to see."

It is usual, in the examination of verbs, to include the participle, although those grammarians who maintain it to be a distinct part of speech, do so with great strength of argument. An acute grammarian† has well observed, that "a participle is derived from a verb, and partakes of the nature of an adjective, in agreeing with a noun; and of the nature of the verb, in denoting action or being; but differing from it in this, that the participle implies no affirmation."

Of these, Murray has enumerated three; but Pickhorne, with his usual consistency, but two; rejecting what the former denominates the compound perfect, as the mere union of the other two, in which it strictly resembles its parent, the Anglo-Saxon.

Verbs (says the last quoted authority‡) have two participles, one always ending in *ing*, and the other generally in *ed*. The former of these denotes an imperfect or unfinished action;

\* Harris's *Hermes*, book i. c. 8.

† Bosworth, in his *Elements of Saxon Grammar*, part ii. ch. 5.

‡ Pickbourn's *Dissertation on the English Verb*.



and the latter a perfect or finished one; but they are nevertheless them confined to any time or voice."

The participle in *ing* has by some grammarians been called the participle of the present tense; but, I humbly conceive, not with strict propriety. For it does not appear to have in itself any relation to time, for we can with equal propriety say, *I was writing* yesterday, *I am writing* now, or *I shall be writing* to-morrow; which considerations have induced Bosworth to call it the imperfect participle.

In noticing the resemblance of the English language to the Saxon, in respect to its participles, analogy only is intended with regard to their number and their nature, and not to their modes of formation; the participle which we invariably terminate with the harmonious *ing*, they employed various terminations to form, as *ande*, *ænde*, *ende*, *inde*, *onde*, *unde*, and *ynde*. The perfect participles of our regular verbs always end with *ed*; the Saxons employed all the vowels before *d*—*ad*, *æd*, *ed*, *id*, *od*, *ud*, *yd*; besides which, they often prefixed the syllable *ge*. Bearing in mind the comparatively small number of our irregular verbs, as already hinted,\* it will be at once perceived, that the fluctuations of language have been greatly in our favour, and that, in this respect, we have greatly the advantage of our forefathers in the simplicity of construction of our participles.

Amidst the indications of that reserve and taciturnity for which the English character is said to be so remarkable, that afforded by our language should not be overlooked, not only in the lamentable propensity of so accenting our words that they may take but little time to pronounce them, but in actually contracting the words themselves, for the same purpose. This is particularly the case with verbs and participles. If, however, the plea of parental example could be admitted in extenuation of filial guilt,—if, in those failings which are hereditary, it were fair to divide the blame,—then might we plead Saxon example, and strongly suspect that our ancestors also were sparing of their words, or, rather, were not remarkable for loquacity; for they not only afforded the precedent for dropping the vowel before *d*, in participles where it could be done, but also of changing it into *t*, and hence arose many of our irregular verbs, and the licence for those poetical contractions, against which grammarians have so often, but so uselessly, complained.

"All that is peculiar to the participle, (says Pickbourn,†) is that the one signifies a perfect, and the other an imperfect, action. The one points to the middle of the action, passion, or

\* See page 290.

† Dissertation on the Eng. Verb. 1763.

state, denoted by the verb, and the other to the completion of it; or, in other words, the one represents an action in its progress, that is, as begun, and going on, but not ended; as performing, but not as performed: whereas the other denotes an action that is perfect or complete; an action not that is performing, but that is performed."

While it was necessary that language should possess means of expressing the various *modes* in which actions are intended, so it was as necessary, yea, even more so, that it should be able to denote the *times* at which these volitions operated, and the consequent actions ensued. Hence arose tenses, concerning which, as on other subjects, writers have not a little disagreed.

The distinctions of time, with which every one is familiar, are those of past, present, and to come; each of which divisions has been variously subdivided, according to the judgment or partialities of grammarians. If, to form a grammatical tense, a variation of the principal verb itself be indispensable, as in strictness of speech it is, then our language, like the Anglo-Saxon, has but two tenses; yet, by the application of its auxiliaries, it can denote variations of time with unusual precision.

It does not appear to us desirable to spend much time in disputation concerning names, except when names, instead of being indicative of correct ideas, are rather subversive of them. The two tenses to which we have referred, are generally called the present and the imperfect; but Bosworth\* has, with much more correctness, denominated them the indefinite tense and the perfect or past tense.

It has been justly remarked, that, strictly speaking, there is no period of time we can call present; for the moments pass with such rapidity, the past and the future are so contiguous, that there is no interval we can dwell upon and denominate the present. "Strictly speaking, that which is denominated present time, how minute soever it may be considered, is nothing but a part of the past associated with a part of what is to come, a convenient sort of ideal limit, between the two extremes of past time and future, or any portion of time including what we term the *present instant*, which is itself composed of the past and the future." "Hence, (continues this grammarian,†) if the English or Saxon language do possess a tense capable of implying futurity, then that tense is the one commonly considered as the present; in proof of which, many examples might be given:—"Hold you the watch to night?

\* Elements of Anglo-Saxon Grammar.

† Ibid. part ii. chap. 5.

"We do, my lord." Or, in the Saviour's words, "I go up to Jerusalem."

The opinion, that our language possesses but two tenses, is by no means singular: we might easily refer to numerous authorities in support of it. It follows, therefore, that our language is greatly distinguished for the simplicity of its verbs, and we may add, it is not less so for their copiousness; and, although the two tenses named are employed with considerable latitude, yet we can express affirmations with the greatest correctness.

We have already shown that what, in its grammatical form, is called a present tense, has often a future signification: so we shall find, that what are generally denominated future tenses have a present signification. If we examine the sentence, "*I will attend*," we shall observe that it is composed of two verbs: the first in the present tense, as *I will* or *determine*; the second in the infinitive mood, with the sign *to* understood, and so habitually implied, that it is scarcely ever considered that it is elliptical; but it unquestionably means, *I will or determine to attend*.

Our verb having but two simple tenses, it follows that it must make great use of what are called auxiliaries; and we cannot but express our regret, that this term has been employed to denote them, as it seems somewhat to have degraded them in the scale of words, and to denote an inferiority. Now upon close investigation, it will be found that it is their vast and indispensable importance that has caused their constant use.

Our actions being the result of previous volitions, which volitions had verbal signs as well as the actions themselves, it was very natural that, when speaking of the actions, they should be ushered into conversation by some words indicative of the mental operations which urged them. Thus, *I will write*, is merely stating that *I wish to write*; for, in the Saxon language, the same word was used for both acts of the mind; so of *would*, which is only an alteration of *willed*; *may* is the Saxon word for *power*, and denotes what the speaker conceived he had liberty or power to do; so of *might*, which manifestly has the same meaning. The auxiliary *do* signifying *act*, *I do write* is equivalent to saying, *I act writing*, or *am in the act of writing*; and so of the rest.

In justification of the alleged copiousness of the English verb, let us glance at the means we possess of denoting the ordinary divisions of time,—the past, the present, and the future. We have in the indicative mood, five modes of denoting past time,—*I wrote, I did write, I was writing, I had been writing, I had written*. Grammarians have arranged these forms of expression into two tenses, classing the three

former and the two latter together: thus, *I wrote*, *I did write*, or *I was writing*, as one tense; *I had been writing*, or *I had written*, as the other. One consequence of which arrangement has been, that foreigners have considered them as synonymous forms of expression, although, when examined, they will be found to possess distinct and important uses.

*I wrote*, and *I did write*, are both used affirmatively and negatively; but it is curious to remark the friendly interchange of services between these two forms of expression. *I wrote*, is used affirmatively in the most familiar composition; but, to augment the force of the affirmation, or in repeating the declaration, especially after doubt, *I did write* would indicate solemnity, dignity, and impassioned feeling.

On the contrary, speaking negatively, the reverse of this usage prevails,—*I did not write*, is the familiar phrase, and *I wrote not*, the grave, the solemn, the formal, mode of expression. The same practice will be found usual in interrogative sentences: *Didn't you write?*—the familiar: *Wrote you not?*—The grave, solemn, and formal.

It is somewhat surprising that so able an investigator as Pickbourn, should not have noticed this peculiarity, seeing he dwells at such length on the auxiliaries. "The principal use of these tenses, he remarks, is, to signify particular actions, and to ascertain the precise point of time in which they were performed."

"*I was writing*," is strictly and properly a preter imperfect tense. It is always definite, and means that the action was performing at a certain time past, i. e. had been begun before, and was then going on, but not yet finished;\* and it is never otherwise employed, an advantage of which neither the Latin nor the French language can boast.

"*I had been writing*," it has been remarked, has no corresponding tense in the language just named. It carries back our minds to an earlier period than did the last form of expression; denotes continuity of action; but does not determine whether the action was finished or not.

*I had written* is usually called the pluperfect, and is well defined in our popular grammar,†—as representing "a thing not only as past, but also as prior to some other point of time specified in the sentence."

It is deserving of notice, that we have the same number of variations expressive of present time, arising from the use of the same auxiliary verbs in their present tenses, thus: *I write*,—*I do write*,—*I am writing*,—*I have been writing*,—and *I have written*.

\* Pickbourn's Dissertation.

† Murray's Grammar, 27 Ed. p. 82.

The admirable copiousness of the English verb is here triumphantly displayed, and certainly shows in our language, as in many other respects might be shown, a more philosophical structure, than many idolized languages can claim. "There is not more than one tense either in the Latin or French language to answer to the three first of these tenses," says Pickbourn.

It was a view of the first of these expressions, *I write*, which made Bosworth term this tense indefinite, rather than present; for it is used to express general propositions; as, *virtue promotes happiness*; to denote habits, "*he writes badly*," and that even although the persons should have been long deceased, as, *Virgil sings sweetly, Milton rivals Homer*: after certain adverbs, to point out the relative time of a future action, as *when he arrives he will hear the news*; and frequently, and certainly elegantly and energetically, in historical narrations.

Concerning the second expression, *I do write*, we must repeat the same remarks which we ventured to make relative to the corresponding past tenses.

"*I am writing*," Pickbourn has significantly called the present imperfect. It is definite, and refers strictly to what we consider present, and philosophically, because it leaves the action unfinished, carrying our minds to the future, which is always arriving.

The next form of expression, "*I have been writing*," is very peculiar,—perhaps idiomatic.

It is allowed it cannot be easily translated. It is composed of singular materials, an active auxiliary, a perfect auxiliary participle, and a present or indefinite principal participle; the first denotes present time, the second past time, and the last time indefinite, or the progressive state of the action; and it is remarkable; that grammarians, in their classification of tenses, frequently omit this, and such like forms of expression, to the no small confusion and discouragement of the anxious inquirer.

The last form of expression, *I have written*, is called by Murray the perfect tense, but it has by others been called the present perfect, or perfect indefinite, because, although it speaks of what has been done, yet it refers to what has been completed in a present time,—in the present day,—the present year: thus, although it would be proper to say *we have made some progress in the present year*, we could not say *we have made great improvement during the past year*. Dr. Kippis remarked to Pickbourn, that this tense must be made use of when speaking of the works of authors deceased, provided they are extant: as we may say, "*Cicero has written orations*," but we cannot say, *Cicero has written poems*. In the first instance, by a bold figure, we suppose Cicero, as it were, still

existing, and speaking to us in his orations ; but, as the poems are lost, we cannot mention them in the same manner." In general, this tense may be applied wherever the action is connected with present time, by the actual existence, either of the author or of the work, though it may have been performed ages ago; but, if neither the author nor the work remains, it cannot be used. "Thus speaking of priests we may say, *they have in all ages claimed great powers*, because the order subsists. But, if we speak of the Druids, we cannot say *the druid priests have claimed great powers*, but *the druid priests claimed great powers*, because that order is no more."

It only remains that we notice our means of denoting future time, further to show the copiousness of the English verb, of which we have eight: *I shall write, I will write, I shall be writing, I will be writing*, denoting future time in the simplest manner. *I shall have been writing, I will have been writing, I shall have written, I will have written*, denoting future time in a complex sense.

It will be readily seen, that it is the free use of varied auxiliaries which gives to our language this peculiarity and advantage.

It is customary for grammarians, that they may avoid the multiplication of tenses, to class some of these forms of expression: thus, *I shall* or *will* write, as if they were synonymous modes of expression: and, although habit renders a tolerably correct application of these different auxiliaries familiar even to the illiterate, not only foreigners, but our northern brethren, commonly misapply them. And often, it is not until they have excited the mirth of their friends, that they are aware of their error, and then perhaps are left to grope, if we may so speak, for the reason of it. This reason appears to be, that the difference between *shall* and *will*, is "rather modal than temporal." They are allowedly of the same tense, and the difference in mode has not been deemed sufficiently important to require a distinct grammatical mood.

Even Dr. Blair, the celebrated professor, needs correction in this particular. In vol. I. of his Lectures, he writes: Without having attended to this, we *will* be at a loss in understanding several passages of the classics. Vol. II.: *I would* offend unpardonably against unity, if I should mingle in one discourse, arguments for the love of God and for the love of our neighbour. Vol. I.: as, besides the general fault of prolixity and indistinctness, this sentence contains several inaccuracies, *I will* be obliged to enter into a minute discussion of its structure and parts.

The great difference between *shall* and *will*, will be further shown by the following quotation, which some years since ap-

peared as an article of intelligence in a public paper, which, whether it be considered as real or fictitious, will equally illustrate our meaning.

"Yesterday morning a boat was overset in the Thames, and a foreigner unfortunately drowned. A waterman, who saw the accident, put off from the shore to his assistance; but, when he heard the unhappy gentleman vociferate, *me will be drowned, me will be drowned*, he returned instantly, muttering in a surly tone, 'then be drowned for what I care.' The waterman, on being reproached for inhumanity, answered, 'why, he said he *would* be drowned.'

Dr. Lowth makes the following remarks: *will*, in the first person, promises or threatens; in the second and third person, only fortels: *shall*, on the contrary, in the first person simply fortels, in the second and third person promises, commands, or threatens. But this must be understood of explicative sentences; for when the sentence is interrogative, just the reverse for the most part takes place.

The author of a singular work, entitled *Aristarchus*, has these additional remarks and regulations: "When you speak of yourself, or of a company of which you are a part, never use *will*, unless it can be resolved into its primitive idea, *desire*. When the necessity by which you act is independent of your will, it is proper to use *shall*. Therefore, never use *shall*, unless you can resolve it into necessity arising from foreign influence. Foreign influence results either from the laws of nature, or from moral obligation."

"If the speaker be not the subject of the proposition, he may use *shall*, whenever necessity is implied. Thus the Deity proclaims his holy law, Thou *shalt* do no murder. Inferior legislatures assume a similar style. But, in social life, polite people soften a precept, or indicate a necessity of compliance in milder terms, by supposing the concurrence of the *will*."

Besides these distinctions of moods and tenses, to verbs also belong numbers and persons, which, as Harris observes, are rather among the elegancies than the essentials of verbs. There can be no doubt, however, that the varying terminations of verbs were originally different words, or parts of words, which in the haste and familiarity of conversation, became so abridged and blended, as to become one long word, some of which can, and others cannot, now be analyzed.

Etymological inquiries, to persons of thoughtful habits, cannot but be interesting, and cannot fail of unfolding much of the genius and history of a language. On an occasion of this kind, however, nothing more than a few general remarks can with propriety be attempted.

It is highly probable that originally verbs were merely

nouns employed in a verbal sense. This opinion is strengthened by a review of the Hebrew language, to which, in its grammatical construction, it bears a strong resemblance. It is very frequently so in the Saxon; thus, *may* signified power, and, used as a verb, it denoted the power of the speaker, and hence originated our auxiliary *may*, which, with a slight orthographical variation, is still the same word, and with no great alteration of meaning.

The noun *Seon*, the sight of the eye, in that language, became also the verb *seon*, to see, which, with a slight alteration of the vowel, and dropping the final consonant, became the English verb, to see. Indeed, the great body of Saxon verbs are merely nouns verbalized by the addition of *un*, *ian*, or *gan*, *gean*. These terminations are not to be considered arbitrary, but fragments of words long since obsolete, and signifying action, motion, possession, and power; and originally the whole of the words now so abbreviated were employed, but it became more convenient thus to contract, till, at last, almost all trace of the parent word was lost.

From the view we have taken of this part of speech, we trust it will be shown that our verbs are as remarkable for their simplicity, as their copiousness. "There is," to use the language of a modern writer, with which we shall conclude, "no variety of conjugations, and there are no gerunds nor supines. The verbs preserve in many instances very nearly, and in some exactly, their radical form in the different tenses. Almost all the modifications of time, past, present, and future, are expressed by auxiliaries. This simplicity of structure renders it easy of acquirement. Of all languages, says the Abbe Sicard, the English is the most simple, the most rational, and the most natural, in its construction. These peculiarities give it a philosophical character, and as its terms are strong, expressive, and copious, no language seems better calculated to facilitate the intercourse of mankind, as a universal medium of communication."

We shall merely add that the characteristics of a language furnish an unerring index to the discovery of the character of the people who speak it; and that, in the remarkable simplicity of the English language, are afforded striking indications of the undisguised and virtuous simplicity of the English character, while its copiousness and energy pleasingly bespeak the unrivalled wealth and vigour which distinguish the inhabitants of this happy country.



## WED ME NOT.

As my soul's health, I love thee;

Yst, if thou have a thought

I love aught else above thee,

Wed me not!

Oh! love me as sincerely,

Be weak and woe forgot!

If thou love wealth more dearly,

Wed me not!

If, while the summer smileth

Upon the sun-loved spot,

Thine *echo* smile *beguileth*,

Wed me not!

If poverty's foul weather

Could make thee curse the lot

That brought us two together—

Wed me not!

But if the shade and sun, love,

Be each alike to thee,

So but our doom be one, love,

Wed with me!

J. A. H.

## SONNET

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE LATE MRS. ANNE RADCLIFFE.

Potent enchantress of the midnight hour!

Who hath not felt, with interest strong and deep,

The thrill of terror o'er their spirits creep,

Beneath thy magic spell?—owning a power

None like thyself could wield! The moonlight tower,

The dim, lone dungeon, and the pine-crown'd steep,

Pass o'er our vision, and in memory keep

Possession of our minds. The tempests lour

O'er the dark battlements; and spectres glide

Before our eyes; as when thy mystic page

We ponder'd breathless; and we hear the stride

Of captive in his clanking chains,—the rage

Of baffled tyrant—and in thought enjoy

Again thy deep romance, which time shall ne'er destroy.

J. B.

## THE POST.

THERE is perhaps no possible event that would cause so great a revolution in the state of modern society, as the cessation of the Post. A comet coming in collision with the earth, could alone cause a greater shock to its inhabitants: it would shake nations to their centre. It would be a sort of imprisonment of the universal mind,—a severing of the affections, and a congelation of thought. It would be building up a wall of partition between the hearts of mother and child, and husband and wife, and brother and sister. It would raise Alps between the breasts of friend and friend; and quench, as with an ocean, the love that is now breathed out in all its glowing fervour, despite of time or place. What would be all the treasures of the world, or all its praise, to a feeling heart, if it could no longer pour out its fulness to its chosen friend, whom circumstances had removed afar off? What could solace the husband or the father, during his indispensable absence from the wife of his affections, or the child of his love, if he had no means of assuring them of his welfare, and his unalterable love; and what could console him, could he not be informed of theirs? Life in such circumstances would be worse than a blank; it would be death to the soul, but death without its forgetfulness. Write soon,—pray do write soon and often,—are among the last words we breathe into the ear of those we love, while we grasp the hand, and look into the eye that will soon be far from us. What other consolation or hope is left us, when the rumbling wheel, or the swelling sail, is bearing that beloved being far from us, while we stand fixed to the spot where that object uttered its last adieu. And how impatiently do we wait the arrival of the welcome letter, that will assure us of its well being and safety. The object of our solicitude may have to cross inhospitable deserts, or stormy seas; dangerous mountains, or forests infested by beasts of prey, or the sons of plunder; and were there no channel by which we could be informed of its subsequent safety, our suspense would prove overwhelming and intolerable. But the welcome sheet arrives, and we are blest by the intelligence that the being concerning whom we were so anxious, has surmounted all dangers, and still lives to think of us, and to love us. Again we converse together,—again we interchange our thoughts as if present with each other; we speak to those we cannot see, and we listen to them who are too far off to hear even the thunder that rolls along our horizon.

If ever mortal deserved a monument to perpetuate his memory, it was the inventor of writing; (what are the claims of

kings or conquerors in the comparison ?) it is the next best gift to life itself; and, deprived of it, life would hardly be worth the possessing: it is truly like the air we breathe; if we have it not, we die. The best enjoyments of being emanate from this divine art: it pours the brightest sunshine that illumines the desolate path of life; without it, the gift of genius would be bestowed in vain, and talent would expire unseen and unenjoyed, like the bright flowers of an uninhabited region. And without the medium of communication by the Post, even this would be divested of half its advantages; with a cheapness that no other mode can compete with, a swiftness that none else can rival, and a certainty and dependance that no other can offer, it presents the finest instance of communication between men, that the world has ever witnessed. Crowned heads; and the nobles of the land, might indeed send their communications by messengers or couriers, but these would hardly be available for the merchant, and not at all for the tradesman or artisan. But now we can receive the most needful intelligence, or the kindest effusions of regard, from a distance of nearly three hundred miles, for almost nothing: and in four or five days, a letter may be dispatched, and an answer received, from the metropolis to the Land's End in Cornwall.

Thus may the prodigal, who has absented himself from his paternal roof, and the arms of his parents, solicit and receive permission to return to the hearts that mourn over his absence. I knew a father whose son had left his home, and was an exile above two hundred miles off. This father was taken ill, and was told he could not survive many days. His palsied hand was yet able to scrawl a few lines to his still darling boy, whose retreat had just become known to him. He conjured him, if he wished to receive his dying blessing and forgiveness, to return immediately. The unconscious paper was dispatched; it flew upon the wings of the wind along the dreary road,—it traversed the long heaths,—it past over the high hills and the deep rivers: neither the floods nor the precipices retarded the important message; and, in a few days, the repentant prodigal was at his father's feet, and in his arms, and received his pardon and blessing, and saw him close his eyes in peace; when, but for this, the one would have lived wretched, and the other died miserable.

I never see the mail flying along the road, with its lamps gleaming through the darkness, and its horn breaking the stillness of midnight, but I think of the thousand intense interests that are conveyed in its packages. The timely assistance which it is conveying to solace, and perhaps to save, the distressed,—the pleadings of love, the outpourings of friendship, and the supplications of despair,—the joys and the sorrows

of the heart, are all going to their respective destinations, to carry peace or hope, succour or sympathy, to the bosoms that need them. To some it will terminate a suspense worse than death. To whole families deprived of the means of existence, it will carry plenty and peace. It oft makes whole the breaking heart, revives the sinking spirit, and illumines the haggard eye; and, if it do convey some sad intelligence, it is that which must be known, and is always better known than feared.

How many a man has its speed and punctuality saved from bankruptcy and from ruin. M. was, and is still, in prosperous and happy circumstances; but, owing to the failure of his banker, he was once nearly involved in irreparable ruin. He had a large acceptance coming due in six days after this event happened; and, upon the honouring of this, his credit as a tradesman, and perhaps his very liberty, depended. The state of his mind during this period is not to be described. He had indeed a friend, possessing both the means and the will to save him; but he, alas, was afar off,—a distance of more than three hundred miles spread between them. Could he breathe his distress into the ear of that friend, he was safe; for him to go and return in the time, was indeed difficult, to say nothing of the expense; but he seized his pen, he described his misfortune, the *Post* conveyed it to his friend; the answer might arrive on the day the bill became due, but sooner it could not. The fated day came, the bill was presented, the clerk left the address; he had done his part, and cared for no more.

M. paced his counting-house in all the agonized suspense of a man whom that day must save or destroy. His wife was weeping at home, his children wondering at the cause of such unusual sorrow. The postman entered the street, and every knock that sounded caused the heart of M. to beat with increased velocity; the unconscious messenger past his door,—M. clasped his hands, and felt himself undone! Suddenly the man returned; he had overlooked the number, and his knock sounded like a reprieve to a malefactor on the scaffold. The letter was torn open, it contained a sufficient remittance, and a command to call upon the donor in any similar emergency, with a heart-inspired assurance of unaltered friendship. The throbbing heart of M. was stilled; his difficulties were surmounted, and he is now independent and happy. Had his letter miscarried, or the answer been less punctual, he and his family might have been undone.

Similar was the fate of H., one of the best of men; he was in danger of falling a victim to one of the foulest conspiracies that ever threatened the honour or the life of a good man. He was falsely accused of forgery, and the principal witness to prove his innocence was in a neighbouring country. In all the

tortures of despair, he wrote to that individual; he used no persuasion to induce his presence, he only stated his case, and the consequence that would ensue, in the event of his non-arrival. He entrusted this letter, productive of life or death, to the Post, accompanied by the prayers of his family and friends. This momentous message was sent, together with a host of others, on business, pleasure, or amusement. Ah! if it should miscarry;—it has long, lonely roads to traverse, and regions infested by robbers, and it may be intercepted and destroyed,—it has to go over the deep and stormy ocean, and the winds may be adverse, and the vessel may sink. But the Post is punctual, and his guardian angel watches over it. His friend sets off at an instant's notice; he travels post, nor stays night nor day; he reaches the coast, a vessel is about to depart, and he leaps on-board. Again the breeze is favourable,—the day of trial arrives, but the witness is not come,—the trial commences,—a carriage drives up to the residence of H., an attendant leaps in, and they depart to the court of justice; the important name is called, H. looks round in agony and despair, but the call is answered, and the witness rushes forward, covered with dust, and almost fainting with fatigue—but his testimony was sufficient; and the victim, instead of being consigned to a fearful punishment, that day presided at his own table, with his friends and family around him; and still lives to think of the Post, to which he had entrusted his honour and his life, with heart-felt gratitude.

The Post! how often is it the only remaining link that unites the fondest hearts on earth! When fortune has torn them asunder, and they beat in different hemispheres, it is the only connecting chain that still binds them together. It is as if another sense, over which distance had no control, were added to those we already possess. By this channel alone, each knows that the other still lives. But for this, how doubly afflicting to the fond mother would be the absence of a son, who had gone in search of fame or fortune to distant climes; how many fears, which nothing could allay, would fancy conjure up to torture her: how else could she know that he had not expired on the pestilential shores of Africa, in the fever of the West Indies, or beneath the poisoned dagger of the Malay; that he had not been engulfed in the stormy billows of the Cape, or been wasted to death beneath the burning heat of an equinoctial sun? Now she knows that he still lives, and waits in fond hope for the day that shall restore him to her arms; she is assured by a messenger she cannot doubt, that he was, when that was dispatched, living and well, and her sorrow is disarmed of its sting.

When a battle has been fought on some distant shore, how

many thousands are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the sealed messengers, which can alone assure them that those they love have survived the carnage of the field, and still live for them. And, till the letters arrive, how many thousand eyes are passing sleepless nights,—how many bosoms are throbbing with suspense,—how many fond lips are counting the days that must intervene before the Post can bring the longed-for tidings. Till then they are imagining that the objects of their solicitude may be entombed beneath the field of slaughter, or writhing in the anguish of cureless wounds, and praying in vain for the tender hand of friend or relative to smooth the couch of pain: thus, even while friends at home are conjuring up all the harrowing circumstances that fancy can devise, the sealed papers are speeding on their way, to set their hearts at rest.

But to depict all the interests that are connected with the Post, would be to write the history of human life, and the portraiture of human feelings: there is no passion that can actuate the breast, that is not fed or solaced by its visits; there is no interest that concerns the welfare of man, that is not carried on and perfected by it. Events the most momentous to those concerned, are forwarded and completed, without the parties ever seeing each other during their progress. A man's dearest interests may hang on the safe conveyance, and punctual arrival, of a single letter, and seldom does it fail. If victory have blest the arms of the nation, the Post conveys the welcome news to all parts of the empire, and from east to west the joy is simultaneous. It is the most perfect system of intercourse that has ever been devised,—it scatters wealth and happiness in a thousand directions. No place is too distant for it to reach,—no village too insignificant for it to visit. Like the sun, dispensing delight, it goes its daily journey. The heats of summer, and the cold of winter, are not allowed to intercept or retard it. In spite of Malthus, and all the economists, it carries on the important business of courtship, and leads to matrimony, whether for better or worse. It solaces the lover's sorrow, and transmits hope through many a cruel league. The bashful bachelor, who has not the courage to make a personal declaration, may do it through the medium of the Post; nay, if he prefer it, he may even put the last question itself into the hands of the postman. It assists to bind society in one common union, for who would emigrate to a region where it could not reach! It is better than the gold mines of Peru; and, like the Nile in Egypt, it scatters blessings along its track; and deserves to be considered as one of the most happy and distinguishing features of modern times.

## THEY TELL ME THAT MY LOVE IS GONE.

They tell me that my love is gone  
 To reap in honour's field:  
 'Twere better far he'd tarried here;  
 His peaceful scythe to wield,  
 With mickle strength,  
 And sweeping length,  
 Nor dream'd of sword or shield.

What cruel inmate of his breast  
 Could tempt him thus to rove,  
 To purchase toil with peaceful rest,  
 And all the joys of love:  
 To fly these arms  
 For war's alarms—  
 Was it my faith to prove?

Alas! these charms, though late so dear,  
 By which so oft he swore  
 To love till death,—these charms, I fear,  
 Shall bind my love no more;  
 For softer dames  
 Can kindle flames  
 On Cyprus' yielding shore.

Ungentle, cruel thought, begone!  
 That would my bosom move,  
 (As absence tore my heart alone),  
 To doubt my soldier's love.  
 That parting kiss,  
 Of grief and bliss,  
 Sure could not faithless prove!

## SONG.

I have no heart: young love hath stole it,  
 Foolish boaster of a day,—  
 I vow'd, and call'd heaven to enroll it,  
 Ne'er to own his tyrant sway.  
 Oft he strove unseen to draw me  
 To his fane with silken cords:  
 In laughter's dimple couch'd he saw me,  
 And kiss'd, (to snare me,) Ellen's words:  
 But my rebel heart defeated  
 Every lure he could devise,  
 Till the wily boy retreated,  
 And flipp'd his dart in Mel's eyes.

## DISCUSSION :

## WOULD THE ENDS OF JUSTICE BE PROMOTED BY THE APPOINTMENT OF A PUBLIC PROSECUTOR?

THE proposer of this question spoke in favour of the appointment, and the arguments brought forward by him and his coadjutors were to the following effect :

The term "justice," in its abstract sense, is of somewhat uncertain import. Generally speaking, what is or is not just is in a great degree, if not entirely, a matter of opinion. There is no positive criterion of justice to which men can resort on every occasion, and by which they can determine with certainty and precision, what actions are conformable to the rule of right, and what are inconsistent with it. Hence, in a great majority of cases, the question of right or wrong can be decided only by individual judgment. It will not be necessary, however, on the present occasion, to enter into a metaphysical disquisition of the nature of justice in the abstract ; because, whether justice be understood in its most general and unlimited sense, or be confined to that species which is usually denominated distributive, and which it is the peculiar province of criminal tribunals to enforce, it will clearly appear, from many obvious considerations, that the ends of justice would be promoted by the appointment of such an officer as the question contemplates.

Justice, in its most abstract sense, requires that the laws should be administered with impartiality ; and distributive justice not only requires the same thing, but also that they should be enforced with that degree of strictness and regularity which shall make punishments as certain, and in that respect as effectual, as possible. Now, for want of a public prosecutor, the administration of the criminal laws is attended with great partiality and with great uncertainty ; the consequence of which is, that the first principles of justice are outraged, and the great object of all penal jurisprudence, namely, the prevention of crime, is in a great degree frustrated. In order to prevent these serious evils, the ends of justice require, that the laws should be strictly enforced ; and, that the appointment of a public prosecutor is necessary for this purpose, nothing can more clearly shew, than a detail of the various public mischiefs which, for want of such an officer, have long been felt and lamented by those, whose duty it has been, as police magistrates, to assist in giving to the criminal law of the country its intended operation.

According to the present system, the whole burden of con-



ducting a prosecution is borne by the injured party. He who has been maimed in his person, or plundered of his property, is compelled to spend his money and his time, not in procuring redress, (for that he cannot get,) but in bringing the felon to justice, so that society may be protected from future aggressions of a similar kind, as far as the infliction of punishment on offenders can furnish that protection, by deterring them and their comrades from the repetition of their offences. The expence to which parties are sometimes put in the prosecution of criminals is enormous. Cases have occurred in which the prosecutors have spent not less than 500*l.* in bringing an offender to trial; and, though the expence is not usually a tenth part of that sum, it is still by no means inconsiderable. Instances may no doubt be cited, on the other hand, in which the expence has been little or nothing; but they again are at least as uncommon as those in which the disbursements have amounted to some hundreds. But, whether small or large, the expence ought to be borne by the public, on whose behalf, and for whose benefit, the prosecution is instituted, and not by the prosecutor, who is merely a witness for the crown, on the prosecution of a public offender.

The trouble and loss of time attendant on the pursuit of a prosecution, are serious inconveniences to individuals, especially if, as is most generally the case, they are engaged in business. In the first place, there is the attendance on the magistrate, frequently on many different days, before the prisoner is fully committed; then there is the attendance on the grand jury; and lastly, on the trial. But independently of the prosecutor's *personal* attendance, he has to seek for evidence in corroboration of his own statement, and to procure the attendance of the different persons who may be able to throw any light on the case. These persons he has to bring before the magistrate, the grand jury, and the court, and to take care on all these several occasions, but more especially at the time of the trial, that they are in the way when their evidence is required; otherwise, in all probability, after all his previous trouble and expence, the prosecution will at last fail, merely for want of the necessary proofs being ready at the proper time. The trouble thus occasioned to the prosecutor, and the time which he must unavoidably spend in taking the necessary steps to get a felon punished, can only be fully conceived by those who have had to perform the task. No two cases, perhaps, are in these respects alike; and it may occasionally happen, from peculiar circumstances, that the prosecutor has little or no reason to regret his having engaged in the prosecution; but for the most part, it is far otherwise; so much so, indeed, that apart from considerations of public duty, indi-

Individuals would find it better, as far as their interest is concerned, rather to let an offender escape with impunity, than to embarrass themselves with a prosecution, by going before a magistrate to complain of the injuries they have sustained.

The consequence, as might be expected, of the expense, trouble, and loss of time, to which prosecutors are now exposed, for want of some public officer by whom prosecutions might be conducted, is, that in numberless cases, individuals do put up quietly with their losses. They are strongly induced, if not compelled, to abandon the duty they owe to society, by suffering offenders to escape with impunity, instead of prosecuting them with vigour and effect, and thus giving to the laws that efficacy for the prevention of crime, which they never can have, while, in a great number of instances, they are suffered to remain a dead letter.

But even if parties should be willing to prosecute, in spite of the difficulties they have to encounter, and the expense to which they are exposed, there is another evil to which the want of a public prosecutor gives rise, namely, the frequency of those cases in which felonies are compounded. When people have been robbed, they are naturally very anxious to recover their property, or at least as much of it as they can. If they can do this, they will seldom concern themselves greatly about the interest which the public have in bringing robbers to justice, but will be ready to make any arrangement with the thieves or their confederates, for the restitution of the stolen property, on payment of a sum of money. Whenever the property stolen is of such a nature that the thieves cannot readily convert it into money without danger, their ends may be readily gained by proposing to the sufferers to restore it upon terms; a proposal which is almost sure to be accepted. For, notwithstanding the illegality of such transactions, the parties injured generally think it worth their while to run some risk in order to diminish their loss, in preference to increasing it, as they cannot fail to do, by undertaking the burden of a prosecution. Even if the compromise should take place after they have been bound over to prosecute, that is no restraint upon them, when the advantage to be gained by the compromise is greater than the loss to be sustained by forfeiting their recognizances. But if a responsible public officer existed, who had no interest except that of promoting the cause of justice, and who, as soon as he had received notice of a felony, should proceed to take all necessary measures for carrying the law into effect, without the parties having any other concern in the prosecution than that of attending to give evidence when required, which the public prosecutor would take effectual means

to make them do, if they were at all unwilling, it would scarcely ever be possible, that felonies should be compounded, at a very rate after information of them had been laid before the proper officer.

In some special cases, perhaps, of a domestic nature, in which the offence was known only to the criminal and those whom he had injured, and in which, from peculiar circumstances, it might be thought fit to forego a prosecution, an amicable settlement might take place without any injury to the public, and without an opportunity being afforded to the public prosecutor for his interference, which of course could take place in such cases only as came to his knowledge. But after a criminal charge has been once made public, by being preferred before a legal tribunal, to let the accused escape without a trial, is to give notice to all the villains in the community, that punishment does not inevitably wait even upon detected guilt, but that there are means by which they may set at defiance the laws and the justice of their country.

But it is not always from views of interest that individuals are induced to abstain from prosecuting offenders. Better, though erroneous, motives frequently operate upon the minds of the injured parties. Sometimes mistaken humanity leads a person to spare an offender, who for the public good ought not to escape unpunished; and in other cases, peculiar notions of right and wrong, and speculative opinions on criminal jurisprudence, are suffered to interfere with the administration of justice. In consequence of these, the feelings and sentiments of private persons are allowed to control the wisdom of the legislature, and, to a certain extent, the country may be considered as under the government, not of the laws which are made for the general good, but of the capricious will of particular individuals, who, whether right or wrong, ought not to subvert the law of the land, but submit to it while it remains in force, and, if they consider it to be injurious, endeavour to procure its alteration in a regular and constitutional way. A public prosecutor would take care that, in most cases at all events, the existing law should be enforced; always, indeed, when a matter was brought before him; and, perhaps, where the party injured did not think fit to complain, it might be expedient, in cases of property at least, that the offence should be overlooked.

But even when parties are not deterred from prosecuting by any of the above-mentioned causes, the prosecutions are frequently conducted with so little vigour and effect, that from negligence and inattention, either in the framing of the indictments, or in the procuring of the requisite evidence to

support the charges, the criminals escape, more hardened than ever in their vicious courses, from their success in evading the law, even after being brought to trial.

The following details, founded on official returns, are taken from Colquhoun's *Treatise on the Police of the Metropolis*:—

Persons acquitted at the Old Bailey in ten years, ending 1795, 6186  
Discharged in four years, ending 1795, by proclamation and bail  
delivered, having been committed in consequence of being  
charged with various offences, for which bills were not found by  
the Grand Jury, or where the prosecutors did not appear to  
maintain and support the charges 2962

Discharged during the same period by acquittals in the different  
Courts, (frequently from having availed themselves of defects in  
the law, from frauds in keeping back evidence, and other devices) 2962

It is not conceivable that so many as 6186 persons should in ten years be acquitted at the Old Bailey only, without supposing that nine tenths of the prisoners were acquitted from defects either in the pleadings or in the evidence, and not because they were really innocent. That so great a number of really innocent persons should even be put on their trial, would argue a degree of remissness, on the part as well of the magistrates as of the grand juries, which we cannot imagine to exist. Indeed, when we find, that in the last four of the same ten years, no less than 2962 were discharged by acquittals in the different London Courts, with respect to whom we are expressly told it was "frequently by availing themselves of defects in the law, from frauds in keeping back evidence, and other devices," we may form some tolerable idea of the probable innocence of the 6186 who were acquitted in ten years at the Old Bailey. But when we also learn, that, in the same four years, 5592 were discharged by proclamation, because the bills were ignored by the Grand Jury, or because the prosecutors did not appear to maintain and support the charges, what further evidence can be necessary to shew, not merely that the ends of justice would be promoted by the appointment of a Public Prosecutor, but that such an appointment is indispensably necessary to prevent the ends of justice from being constantly and shamefully defeated?

It is not, indeed, at all wonderful that so many criminals should escape with impunity from the causes just assigned, when we consider the lame and inefficient manner in which prosecutions are very commonly conducted. The prosecutor and his witnesses go before a magistrate, who, without knowing any thing of the matter beforehand, extracts what information from them he can, and if he sees fit, binds them over to prose-

cute, and commits the prisoner for trial. The indictment is prepared by the usual officer, the witnesses go before the Grand Jury, and perhaps a true bill is found. In that case, the witnesses attend the court and give their evidence, frequently without any counsel being employed to conduct the prosecution, and as the inclination of the court is generally to acquit the prisoner, if the indictment be at all defective, or the evidence in any degree incomplete, it is a great chance if the prisoner be not acquitted. In private causes, a plaintiff's case is not conducted in this slovenly manner. Even in a trumpery case of trespass, all the evidence is diligently collected by the plaintiff's attorney, a statement of it is then laid before some able counsel to draw the declaration, a regular brief of the pleadings, facts, and evidence, is given to perhaps two or three counsel to conduct the cause in court, and the attorney takes care that all the witnesses to prove the facts are in attendance; the leading counsel addresses the jury, the witnesses are then examined by him and his juniors, previously well versed in all the intricacies of the case, prepared to defend the legal accuracy of the pleadings, and to cross-examine the witnesses for the defence, and all this, perhaps, where the real damage sustained by the plaintiff does not amount to one fourth part of a penny. But in a case of felony, where a villain, by his gross breach of the laws of his country, has rendered himself liable to death, or imprisonment, or transportation, as the only means by which society can be protected from a repetition of his atrocities, the prosecution is left, one may almost say, to conduct itself, to get on how it can, and to succeed or fail by mere chance, as if it were a matter of no importance. Is this the way in which the dignity of the law is to be vindicated, in which the public business is to be conducted, and in which the community is to derive the benefit of those penal provisions that were intended for the suppression of crime, but which, when thus trifled with, tend more to encourage than to prevent? Surely a prosecutor for the crown would not suffer the prosecutions carried on in the sovereign's name to be worse managed than the trifling suit of a private person! If the laws are to be enforced at all, they should be enforced with energy and vigour; otherwise, it would be better to let them become obsolete; nay, to repeal them at once.

It is a strong recommendation of such an appointment as that in question, that it is not the visionary scheme of theoretical reformers, but has been supported by the deliberate testimony of practical men, whose habits of life, from their official situations, must render them peculiarly competent to form an enlightened and correct judgment on the subject. That active and intelligent magistrate, Dr. Colquhoun, in his valua-

ble work before quoted, forcibly points out, in various parts,\* the necessity of a Public Prosecutor, and the evils arising from the want of such an officer. The result of his experience is, that prosecutors are frequently influenced by bribes and persuasions, and oftentimes intimidated by the expence, or softened down by appeals to their humanity; that under such circumstances, they neither employ counsel, nor take the necessary steps to bring forward evidence; the result of which is, that the bill is either returned *ignoramus* by the Grand Jury; or that, if a trial takes place, under all the disadvantages of deficient evidence without counsel for the prosecution, an advocate is retained by the prisoner, availing himself of every trifling inaccuracy which may screen his client from the punishment of the law; the hardened villain is acquitted, and escapes justice. With regard to the particular point of expence, he justly observes, that no hardship can be so great, as that of subjecting an individual, under any circumstances whatever, to the expence of a public prosecution, carried on in behalf of the king; and that besides adding, almost on every occasion to the loss of the parties, it is productive of infinite mischief, *in defeating the ends of justice*. After stating that the registers of the Old Bailey afford a lamentable proof of the evils arising from the present mode of trying criminals without a Public Prosecutor for the crown, for the purpose of preventing frauds in the administration of justice, he specifies the want of such an officer as one of the principal causes, out of nine that he enumerates, to which the insecurity of the public, with regard to life and property, and the inefficacy of the police in preventing crimes, are to be attributed. The vast numbers of prisoners discharged or acquitted at every session, as shown by the tables before quoted, he imputes in a great degree to the carelessness and inattention of prosecutors, who are either unable or unwilling to sustain the expence of counsel to oppose the arguments and objections which will be urged on behalf of the prisoner; or who are soured by loss of valuable time, experienced, perhaps, in former prosecutions. He then urges various weighty considerations which ought to awaken in the minds of men that species of public spirit by which sufferers in general, from robberies of various kinds, would be induced to become willing prosecutors; but states the result of experience to be, that, owing to the trying delays of courts of justice, coupled frequently with the expence of bringing from the country a number of witnesses, who are kept in attendance on the court perhaps several days together, the duty of prosecuting offenders is in numberless cases neglected. He also expresses his apprehension, that nothing can cure this

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evil, and establish a general system of protection, but a rigorous police, strengthened and improved by the appointment of deputy-prosecutors for the crown, acting under the Attorney General for the time being. Dr. C. maintains, that such an appointment would terrify the hordes of miscreants now at open war with the peaceful and useful parts of the community, in a greater degree than any one measure that could possibly be adopted;—that it would be the means of destroying those hopes and chances which encourage criminal people to persevere in their depredations upon the public;—that it would not only remove the aversion, which prosecutors manifest on many occasions, to come forward for the purpose of promoting the ends of public justice; but that it would prevent, in a great measure, the possibility of compounding felonies, or of suborning witnesses;—that it would also be the means of counteracting the various tricks and devices of old thieves, and occasion an equal measure of justice to be dealt out to them, as to the novices in crimes;—that it would do more,—that it would protect real innocence, as in such cases the Public Prosecutor would never fail to act as the friend of the prisoner.

If Dr. Colquhoun be correct in but half of his views, it seems clear to demonstration, that the ends of justice would, in many most material respects, be promoted by the appointment of a Public Prosecutor. But long since his work was published, other magistrates of the metropolis, who must have been well acquainted with his opinions on the subject, and have had many opportunities of investigating their truth, and bringing them to the test of several years additional experience, have, in their evidence before committees of the House of Commons, recommended the appointment of such an officer. Their evidence it may be satisfactory to quote *verbatim*, with the questions by which it was elicited, as it is otherwise scarcely practicable to give it with fidelity, and still less to convey a clear idea of the positive determination with which they spoke.

W. Fielding, Esq. magistrate at Queen's Square, Bow-street Office, was examined on the 6th of June, 1816, before the select committee appointed by the House of Commons to enquire into the state of the police of the metropolis, and deposed as follows:—

**Question.**—Has it ever occurred to you, that considerable impediments are thrown in the way of the execution of public justice, from the want of a character who might be named a public accuser; individuals not having in many instances, either the time or the means of obtaining for themselves that justice which is their due?

**Answer.**—I have had such an abhorrence of the very name of a

\* Minutes of Evidence before the Police Committee in 1816, pp. 240-242.

public accuser, from its existence at the time of the French Revolution, that I have taken no opportunity, and have had no inclination, to cogitate upon such a matter; but this I am sure of, that if there was a character in the nature of a solicitor or attorney, to watch the views of justice, as well as of the very interesting circumstances of particular parties often coming before us, and they could have their assured assistance, *the benefit would be wonderful*. But in the character of public accuser, as counsel, I have an abhorrence to such an appointment. But if there was a well regulated institution, such as I have mentioned, it would be attended with considerable advantage; it would aid the parties having a strong title to justice. The want of such assistance it is frequently our misfortune to lament.

Q.—Do you not think, that it would be advantageous, if crimes against the public peace were attacked by some person who might be considered as a Public Prosecutor?

A.—No doubt it would be attended with good effects; no doubt that all matters which are ultimately to go before a Jury, and higher courts, having the advantage of being under the care of a Public Prosecutor, who would get up, and go through with it, would be an immense blessing to the people.

Q.—You then think it would be of great advantage to the public, if there was a person paid by the public, who would act in the nature of a public solicitor for individuals, who are not in a situation to pay themselves?

A.—Most assuredly; there can be no doubt of it, if the appointment is made by the magistrates.

Q.—Would not the ends of justice be answered, by preventing what too often takes place, namely, those collusions between the prosecutor and the person accused?

A.—No doubt about it.

Q.—Do you not think, that even if this plan should not be adopted, that bills of indictment ought to be prepared; and subpoenas and summonses issued, free of expense, where the public interest is concerned, to persons wishing to have an indictment and other proceedings?

A.—There can be no doubt of it; for though the expense of an indictment is no more than 2s. 6d. or 3s. yet it turns aside the intentions of justice, in even the most miserable cases, ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

Q.—I think it is the practice in the country, but I do not know that it is in London, that for loss of time and expenses, allowances are made by the different counties to prosecutors?

A.—At the Old Bailey only; they give there a species of reward as well as indemnity for money laid out, and allowances to different witnesses; at the other sessions they will not. I know not the reason why; but it is losing a vast benefit to the public. I think it should be in the option of the justices at the sessions. In many of the counties, for instance, in Essex and Kent, they will do it at the sessions, but they will not do it here; I do not know why. But the less expense that should be in every process to detect crime, certainly the better it is for the public. Such proceedings should be free of all the expense possible to the prosecutor.



John Gifford, Esq. the senior magistrate at Worship Street, was examined before the same committee on the 20th of June 1816, and deposed as follows:†

Q.—Do you think that it would be a considerable furtherance to public justice, if there was a person in the situation of a Public Prosecutor?

A.—I certainly think it would materially promote the ends of justice, by bringing forward many more prosecutions than are at present brought forward, owing to the dread of the parties of incurring the expense and trouble of a prosecution.

Q.—Do you think it would also prevent that of which every day furnishes fresh examples, namely, collusions between parties?

A.—I do think so.

Q.—In what way do you think that person ought to be appointed and paid?

A.—I should think the appointment should be vested in the crown, and he should be paid by the public as the judges are paid.

Q.—He would of course be somewhat in the situation of the Attorney General, who would act constantly for individuals?

A.—Yes, as far as criminal prosecutions are concerned.

Q.—He would have the arranging of the evidence, and the leading and conducting of the prosecution?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Acting in the joint capacity of solicitor and counsel?

A.—Yes.

Mr. Henry Newman, the keeper of Newgate, deposed that he had turned his attention to improvements in the police of the metropolis, and produced a paper which he had drawn up, containing eight proposed improvements, the last of which was as follows:†—

The appointment of a public prosecutor for the crown, so that criminals may not escape punishment on account of the injured party being deterred by the expense from prosecuting to conviction.

Mr. W. Tooke, the deputy bailiff of Westminster, was examined before the above-mentioned committee on the 23rd of June, 1816, and recommended the appointment of "some efficient officer, in the nature of a city solicitor, who then might upon public grounds prosecute what is now left to individuals to present as nuisances."† The evidence of Mr. Tooke on this point relates chiefly to the prosecution of houses of ill fame; but it goes upon the same general grounds as the preceding, with regard to prosecutors being deterred by the fear of expense, trouble, (and in this instance,) odium, and danger.

The foregoing testimony in favour of the appointment in question, is further corroborated by the circumstance, that both in France and Scotland there is a Public Prosecutor.

Minutes of Evidence before the Police Committee in 1816, p. 430-434.

† Id. pp. 321-322.

The proposition, therefore, of appointing such an officer, is not a mere visionary whim, but a well considered suggestion, of which the practical utility has been ascertained by the experience of two countries, in which the prosecution of criminals is carried on much more efficiently than in England, and in which for that reason it is not remarkable to find, that crime is much less prevalent. With these examples before them, it will be incumbent on those who object to the appointment to shew, that it is not attended with advantages in France and Scotland, and that the evils which they may think fit to contend would spring from it, do accompany it in those countries; or, in default of this, they must at least demonstrate, that there is something so peculiar in the condition of the English people, as to prevent them from deriving those advantages which others experience, and avoiding those evils which others find it possible to shun.

That the necessity for such an appointment as that of a Public Prosecutor is generally felt, nothing can more clearly shew, than the various voluntary associations which have been formed for the purpose of obviating those inconveniences which have been long found to exist, for want of some legally authorized officer to prosecute criminals. Associations in different parts of the country for the prosecution of felons, the society for protection of trade against swindlers and sharpers, that for the suppression of vice, and the late *soi-disant* constitutional association, have all owed their existence to that defect in the law, which nothing but the appointment of a Public Prosecutor can adequately supply. Yet, however well-meant, and however useful in some respects, such societies are open to considerable objection. Some of them are positively illegal, others are inconsistent with the spirit of the constitution, at least, if they are not prohibited by any law; and all of them are free from responsibility, and liable to abuse. But, notwithstanding these evils and dangers, the public necessities have given being and support to such establishments, by which the duties of a proper officer is in some degree, though very inefficiently, performed. For their use, such as it is, is very partial in its nature, and very limited in its extent. Nevertheless, it may fairly be inferred, that such societies would never have been formed, had it not been that the individuals who compose them, felt the want of that protection and assistance which the law had not provided, and which therefore they determined upon affording to each other.

In conclusion, let it suffice to say, that if it be at all desirable to avoid the evils which have been adverted to, or to procure the advantages of a well-conducted system of prosecution;—if it be in any respect an object of public importance to increase the certainty of punishment, and thus diminish the

pronouncement of crimes, if society be entitled to protection, and criminals have really no claim to impunity; — the appointment of a Public Prosecutor does seem calculated, in a very great degree, to give efficiency to the criminal code; and thus to produce those desirable effects which constitute the ends of justice alluded to in the question.

Such were the arguments used by the advocates of the appointment.

THEIR OPPONENTS argued thus:

We cannot admit that justice, in its abstract sense, is of uncertain import, and is mere matter of opinion. Justice we conceive to consist in rendering to all their due, in satisfying each man's strict demands; in giving him all that he can lawfully claim. In the application of the principle to particular cases, difficulties may arise. Considerable uncertainty may exist as to what is due to any individual: we may find it difficult to ascertain precisely how much he may lawfully demand; but, with regard to justice in the abstract, we cannot conceive any difficulty to exist at all. The advocates for the appointment of a Public Prosecutor appear, however, to entertain some singular opinions as to the nature of justice. They seem to think that justice requires that punishment should be inflicted upon a criminal in the same way as it requires that a debt should be paid; and that, as it is unjust to avoid paying a man that which we owe him, or to pay him less than his just demand, so it is unjust to decline inflicting punishment upon a criminal, or to inflict upon him a less degree of punishment than we may suppose his crime to deserve. Now, if this were so, we should certainly be placed in a very difficult situation; because we have no means of ascertaining precisely what quantum of punishment should be given in any particular case, nor even of what nature the punishment should be. If a sum of money be due from one man to another, we can ascertain, with some degree of accuracy, what is the amount; and we know that justice would not be satisfied if less were paid. But, when a crime has been committed, how can we tell whether we ought to put the criminal to death, or to punish him by banishment, or imprisonment, or whipping, or in any other way; and, if we could satisfy ourselves as to this, how should we ascertain whether we should banish him for five years or for ten, or for life; whether we should imprison him for one month or twelve; whether we should inflict upon him forty stripes, or twenty, or ten. But the truth is, that justice does not require punishment; it only permits it. The justice of punishment is merely negative. To punish a criminal is said to be just, solely because it is not unjust. We mislead ourselves on this subject by the loose manner in which

WE ARE accustomed to speak of the relation of punishment to crime. When we say that punishment is due to crime—that justice requires its infliction, and so forth, we cannot mean that the criminal has a right to demand to be punished, as a creditor has a right to demand to be paid. If he had, his claim would be so indefinite in its nature, that we should be at a loss to know how to satisfy it. If, therefore, we mean any thing that is reasonable by such phrases as those referred to, we can only mean that justice does *not forbid* the punishment of him who has broken the law, and that we *do no wrong* in inflicting it. We speak affirmatively, though our meaning is negative: we mean that there is no obligation to refrain from punishing; which is true; but neither is there any obligation to punish. Obligation and right are correlative terms. Where any person has a right, some other person or persons are under an obligation, which corresponds with that right; and, on the contrary, where any person is *under an obligation*, some other person or persons *have a right*, which corresponds with that obligation. If, therefore, there be an obligation to inflict punishment, there must be a right somewhere to demand it. The criminal has no such right; and, if he had, we may be pretty certain that it is a right which he would very willingly part with. The infliction of punishment is therefore not in the nature of the payment of a debt.

But if the criminal cannot demand it, who may? Is it the person who has been injured by the crime, or those who apprehend injury from the evil disposition which has been manifested by the criminal? Of the claim of these persons, we shall have occasion to say a few words in a subsequent part of the discussion. For the present, it will be sufficient to observe, that if *they are satisfied*, no wrong is done by the impunity of the offender.

It is not justice, but policy, that requires the punishment of crime. Justice does not forbid, but it does not command; and *policy* sometimes requires that which *justice* only permits. Of course, human punishment cannot be presumed to partake of the nature of vengeance, for vengeance is not for man. It is quite obvious, therefore, that it cannot with propriety be said, "that the first principles of justice are outraged" when a few criminals escape that punishment which might be inflicted without doing them any wrong. This position, indeed, is coupled with another, "that the great object of all penal jurisprudence, namely, the prevention of crime, is in a great degree frustrated;" which assertion may be true where the escape of criminals is invariable; but it relates to the *policy* of permitting such escape, and not, like the former, to the *justice* of it. To require, therefore, our assent to both positions

at once is unreasonable. It introduces the fallacy of two questions. Are honey and gall sweet? The claims of justice and of policy must be investigated separately. If all the criminals in England were to escape punishment, there would be no violation of "the principles of justice," provided that those who had been injured, or were likely to be injured by them, were content. But certainly, in this case, "the great object of all penal jurisprudence" would be frustrated. Crime would not be prevented by a *threatened* penalty, which every one knew was never inflicted. But if the penalty were usually, or even frequently inflicted, the evil disposed would be restrained, to a very considerable extent, from the commission of crime, by the apprehension of the consequence; because, although punishment did not always follow crime, yet as it often did, no one could be assured that he should not be the luckless victim of the law. But, however this may be, it is policy, and policy alone, which requires us to punish; and if it be said that, although in the case just supposed, where all criminals escape, no wrong might be done, yet where a part suffer punishment, and a part escape it, injustice is done to the former by the impunity allowed to the latter; we answer, that if the punishment inflicted be not in itself unjust, it cannot become so by being withheld from another. If those who have a right, for their own protection, to call for punishment, are willing to forego the exercise of that right, the offender is fortunate; but no other criminal has any right to complain, because he does not meet from those whom he has injured the same degree of forbearance. The law is equal: it has awarded a certain punishment to a certain crime. Both criminals were liable to the same punishment: if both suffer it, neither will have reason to complain, unless the punishment be beyond measure: if one escape, the punishment of the other will not be increased in consequence: he will suffer no more than he would have otherwise suffered. Though the condition of one of the offenders is better than he might reasonably expect, that of the other is no worse; he therefore suffers no wrong. It is not unjust to subject him to punishment; consequently, he cannot, from the example of any one, derive a right to demand a remission of it. The remission of punishment is not an act of justice, but of grace and favour, and of course is not the subject of demand. The obligation (where any obligation exists,) is an imperfect one, and the boon may be granted or withheld at pleasure. If we bestow that which we might lawfully have withheld, no one is entitled to say, Why do you thus, or why did not this or that individual partake of those favours which you are not obliged to confer upon any. Besides, it is not usually the same person who enforces against

one individual the penalty of the law, and extends to another the favour of impunity. One man chooses to prosecute to conviction, and another chooses to forbear. Undoubtedly, this forbearance, like every other manifestation of benevolence, should be governed by a sound discretion. But still, whether it be an act of well directed and judicious charity, or the result of mere caprice, no criminal can reasonably complain that mercy is shown to another as criminal as himself. Neither of them can claim mercy as a matter of right; and its being voluntarily bestowed upon one can confer no right of demanding it upon the other; more particularly when, as is almost always the case, the injured party is not the same, but another individual, who will of course act upon his own views of right and wrong, and who is accountable to no man for his use of a right with which the law has invested him.

In the exercise of the prerogative of mercy by the crown, indeed, great care should be taken not only that it should be guided by sound principles, but that it should be apparent to all the world that it was so guided. It is mere waste of words, to say, that no private feeling or private influence should ever be permitted to interfere with the exercise of this delicate prerogative. Upon this, of course, there can be no doubt. But the royal privilege of mercy should be so exercised, as to exempt it even from the shadow of suspicion. The sovereign is exercising a great public trust: he is entrusted with the sword of the people for the benefit of the people; and he must not sheath it when the well being of the community requires that it should be drawn. The royal mercy should, therefore, never be extended but when there is a sufficient reason to justify a mitigation or a remission of the penalties of the law; when it would ill become the sovereign, as the father of his people, to close his ears against the voice of one of his children imploring for mercy.

10 But with regard to private individuals, who are under no such responsibility, there appears little reason to apprehend that any serious evil can arise from their refusal to prosecute an offender, more particularly as the task declined by one, may devolve upon any other who is public spirited enough to undertake it; and, at any rate, if the offender be not prosecuted at all, no wrong is done. None is done to the criminal, for he escapes an evil which he might have expected to incur; nor to any other criminal who may be punished for the same offence, for neither of them escapes *of right*; and the impunity of the one does not increase the suffering of the other; nor to the party who has been injured, for the refusal to prosecute is his own act; nor to those who may apprehend future injury, for they have all

declined to take up the prosecution which the injured person has abandoned. To whom, then, is any wrong done? The extension of perfect immunity from punishment to all criminals, would not be unjust, if it were done with the consent of the rest of the community. It would, indeed, be extremely inconvenient; and we have a sufficient security, in the common interest of mankind, that it will never take place. Justice, therefore, does not require the appointment of a Public Prosecutor, nor, as far as we have yet seen, policy. But let us pursue the enquiry a little further.

The objects of Penal Law must be, 1st. The protection of the rights of society collectively. 2ndly. The protection of the rights of each individual member of society. To attain the first object, it seems necessary that there should be a public prosecutor. The dangerous tendency of crimes against the state renders it absolutely necessary that they should not be suffered to pass with impunity: and, as no particular individual can be supposed to feel sufficient interest in their detection and punishment, to devote much time or trouble to the purpose, it follows that there should be a proper officer appointed to watch over the public safety, and bring to punishment those who may conspire against it. The same may be said of offences against public morals; and the latter reason applies also to frauds upon the revenue. They are not, indeed, more criminal or more dangerous than other frauds, but no one feels it to be his duty to watch them; and, without a public prosecutor, they would never be punished. For these offences, therefore, the law has very properly provided a public prosecutor in the Attorney-general; while, with equal propriety, it has left offences against private individuals to private prosecution. Individuals may fairly be presumed to be the best judges when their private rights are in danger. They are scarcely likely to slumber when they find them invaded; and, if they should now and then choose to part with them without invoking the protection of the law, who shall complain? If an accusation is made, the law must enquire; if the accused is convicted, the law must punish. But why should it step in unnecessarily and impertinently to do that for men, which they ought to do for themselves. Mankind may generally be trusted to take care of their own interests; and the great difficulty is, to restrain them, not from injuring themselves, but from injuring others. If men feel a necessity for prosecuting, they will prosecute; and, if there be no necessity, there ought to be no prosecution. The object of punishment is not vengeance for the past, but security for the future.

But then, it is said, that the inconveniences attending the

efforts of a prosecutor, are so numerous; and the difficulty of obtaining a conviction of the offender so great, that private persons are constantly deterred from prosecuting, even in cases where they feel it to be necessary; and that criminals escape, whom the good of society requires to be punished. (The evils of the present system, which evils are all to be remedied by the appointment of a public prosecutor, are,

First, that men are discouraged from prosecuting by the heavy expense attending it, which burden it is said is borne by the injured party. To this we answer, that if it were so, the burden is not very heavy; for, although we are told of cases in which the expenses have amounted to 500*l.* it is not of course meant to be inferred that such cases are frequent.\* It is indeed conceded, that the expense is not usually a tenth part of that sum, *a tenth part of five hundred pounds!* No, nor a five hundredth part. In nine cases in ten, especially in London, the expense borne by the prosecutor, (and that in the first instance *only*), is perhaps, a trifle more than five shillings, and is incurred in the payment of fees for the indictment, &c. which fees might be defrayed from some public fund, and prosecutors be thus enabled to go into court without any expense at all. But how should persons be deterred from prosecuting, by the expense attending it, when, after all, they incur *no* expense, but the whole is defrayed by the county. The prosecutor must indeed pay some trifling charges in the course of the proceedings; but, at the close of them, he claims his expenses; and, unless very good reason appears for refusing, invariably has his claim allowed. It is admitted, that this is the case in the country, but a magistrate is quoted, as saying, that the practice prevails *no* where in London, but at the Old Bailey. This was in 1816; we know not whether there has been any alteration in the law since that time; but, at any rate, the practice is altered, if the statement made were correct at that time, for we have ourselves repeatedly witnessed such claims being made at the Westminster sessions, and allowed. No one need, therefore, be deterred from prosecuting by the fear of expense, as, if his hands be clean, he is sure of being re-imbursed, whether the prosecution be successful or not.

Secondly, the trouble of prosecuting, as well as the loss of time, have been much dwelt upon. We have here only to ask one question; wherein would the trouble be diminished, or the loss of time remedied, by the appointment of a public prosecutor? The present prosecutor is, in most cases, also an im-

\* Where such a sum has been expended, it must have been where some extensive fraud or forgery had been committed, probably on a bank, or other large establishment.



portant witness. We presume that the advocates of the new appointment do not propose to abolish any of the preliminary proceedings which are at present necessary. The injured party in most cases, therefore, must attend first before the magistrate; secondly, before the Grand Jury; and, lastly, on the trial,—precisely the same attendance which he must give now. As to any other trouble, he knows what witnesses are necessary to prove the fact, and he has only to require their attendance at the proper times and places. The truth is, that some persons are so indolent, or dislike so much to be put out of their usual course, that they would not encounter the trouble unavoidably attending a prosecution, whether there were a public officer to conduct it or not. If this were universal, the consequence would be most mischievous to the peace and welfare of society; but it is impossible that it should ever become so. If an individual should suffer it to be generally known, or even suspected, that no injury could rouse him to appeal to the law for protection, it would be equivalent to an invitation to all those who wanted any thing which he possessed, to avail themselves forthwith of their strength or their cunning to obtain it, as they might do so with perfect impunity. The absolute necessity, therefore, of defending the right of property by prosecuting those who would invade it, will always ensure its being thus defended in a great many instances.

Thirdly, it has been urged that, under the present system, felonies are frequently compounded to the great injury of the community, and that the appointment of a public prosecutor would put an end to this evil practice. How should it? Why do men compound felony? Because they see it to be their interest to do so? Because they know that, by prosecuting, they can only hope to protect themselves from future injury, and have no chance of remedying that which they have already received; while, by compounding, they will get back that which they have lost: if not all, a part of it; and, if it be no longer in existence, or in the possession of the criminal, something else instead. Suppose there be a public prosecutor appointed, will that remove the temptation to compound? The public prosecutor will bring the criminal to punishment, but will he remunerate the injured party for the loss which he has sustained? Will he give him back his property, or any thing of equal value, or any portion of the value? If not, the temptation to compound will still exist. Even after being bound over to prosecute, the parties so bound will forfeit their recognizances, if the thieves will make it worth their while. So would they, though a public prosecutor existed. He might call his witness on the day of trial; but, if sufficiently well paid, the witness would be *non inventus*. The public prosecutor, we

would, would take effectual means to make the injured party stand and give evidence at the trial. What man would? What is he to do? Is he to shut the injured person up in prison like an accomplice who is to be admitted king's evidence, and then keep him safe till he is wanted? Or is he to do something very terrible afterwards? The law at present attaches penalties to the compounding of felony, yet felonies are compounded. Of course, when men intended to compound, or had compounded, they would not go and tell the public prosecutor. They would not think it necessary to advise him that he need not expect the pleasure of seeing them on the day of trial. What they did they would do secretly. And as the temptation would be as strong as it is now, and the secrecy might be as perfect, there would be as many felonies compounded then as are compounded now. The practice complained of is certainly mischievous. We do not in this case dispute the existence of the evil, but we do deny altogether the efficiency of the remedy.

Fourthly, It seems that men are sometimes restrained from prosecuting by motives of *humanity*, or by "peculiar notions of right and wrong," or by "speculative opinions on criminal jurisprudence;" and a Public Prosecutor, we presume, would tolerate neither humanity nor freedom of opinion. Now we do not think that there is in the world, too much either of humanity, or of freedom of thought; and, we should be sorry, that the quantity of either should be diminished. As to the first, will it be said that all cases in which the law is violated are equal in criminality? The fact is, that no two cases are precisely alike. The crime may have been committed under circumstances of great aggravation; or under circumstances which in some degree diminish its guilt; or under such as almost extenuate it completely. It may have been committed under circumstances of such strong temptation, as human virtue can scarcely be expected to surmount; or it may be the first deviation into crime which has marked a life hitherto irreproachable; or the youth of the offender, may afford a probable hope, that it is not too late to expect from him a return to the path of innocence; or his interests may be so bound up with those of others entitled to consideration by their virtues, their misfortunes, or their connexion with the injured party, that we cannot strike the criminal without wounding those who ought to be spared. The Prosecutor will generally be acquainted with these circumstances where any of them exist. If he be a humane man, he will afford to them their due weight. And shall there be an officer appointed to interpose between his humanity and its object, and say mercy shall not be shewn; you shall punish, though punishment will here produce more evil than good: the law shall have its

victim, and humanity shall not deliver him? Surely we are not prepared for this. But let us look at the second class of cases in which the Prosecutor is supposed to be restrained by his peculiar opinions. Some respect is due to the honest peculiarities of opinion, even though they may be erroneous. But, in the present state of the criminal law of England, a man may hesitate as to the prosecution of felony without being singularly fastidious. "Many, who would rejoice in an opportunity of reforming a thief, would shudder at the thought of destroying him." Why should men *be forced* to call into action sanguinary laws, which their reason condemns, and their feelings abhor? Is a similar violation of conscience required by the law in any other case? The people called Quakers refuse to swear: in some cases their affirmation is taken, and where it is not, they are *not compelled* to swear; they are neither forced to do that which their consciences forbid, nor subjected to any penalties for refusing. Why then should a man, who honestly and conscientiously believes that the punishment of death ought not to be inflicted at all, or that it ought to be confined to a few very atrocious offences,—why should such a man be compelled to become an accessory to that, which he regards (however erroneously,) as a judicial murder? He is willing to yield obedience to the law as far as he honestly can; but the law is not the keeper of his conscience. Though his allegiance be due to the state, he owes a superior allegiance to Him, "by whom kings reign and princes decree justice." It is recommended to us, indeed, to acquiesce in the law while it exists, and to endeavour to effect its alteration in a regular and constitutional way. Pleasant morality! But, is it for general use? Will its advocates say to the Quakers—the law at present requires that oaths should be taken by witnesses in courts of justice; therefore hesitate not to take them; swear lustily, as long as the law requires it, and satisfy your consciences by petitioning the legislature to abolish the practice of requiring oaths. It may be worth while also to observe, that no alteration of the law can entirely remove the difficulties of prosecutors. The law must award punishment to offence; and, whether a particular offence *under all the circumstances* requires to be punished or not, is a question for private consideration; while no possible alteration of the law could meet the various differences of private judgment, or assign to each offence a penalty, which would satisfy every mind.

There is a remarkable admission made by the advocates for the appointment of a Public Prosecutor, which is this:—that "when the party injured did not think fit to complain, in cases of property, at least, that the offence should be over-

looked." Why, then, the Public Prosecutor would be altogether inefficient, either to banish humanity, or to suppress liberty of conscience, however desirable these things might be; because he who wished the criminal to escape, would of course *not* complain. The humane or conscientious man would be silent; and, consequently, nothing would be done. What then should we gain? But not only is the injured party allowed to submit in silence to the injury which he has sustained; but, in "some special cases," he is to be allowed even to compound. In these "special cases," it is said that "an amicable settlement might take place without injury to the public." This is obviously liable to the charge made in another place of "private persons" controlling "the wisdom of the legislature," and so forth. "The wisdom of the legislature" has decreed a certain punishment to follow a certain crime: but, by an "amicable settlement," this is to be prevented. "The man shall have his mare again, and all will do well." It is impossible here to refrain from asking,—what is the Public Prosecutor to do,—anything or nothing?

The only cases in which a Public Prosecutor could be supposed to be wanting, are precisely those in which he ought not to interfere. For the highest class of offences—those which strike at the very existence of the civil community, a Public Prosecutor is appointed. There are other atrocious crimes, in which society may be said to be directly injured, as murder, where it loses one of its members,—or arson, where a portion of the property of the community is not, as in the case of theft, illegally transferred from one member to another, but is actually destroyed. Such crimes are, moreover, such monstrous violations of the peace of society,—the danger to the rest of the community is so fearful, as well as the injury to the individual so great, that they should on no account be suffered to go unpunished. They are scarcely ever likely to do so; for, although no Public Prosecutor be appointed for them, all mankind feel so much interest in preventing their recurrence, that every one is willing to contribute his quota of assistance in bringing their perpetrators to condign punishment. It is not contended that any evil would result from having a Public Prosecutor for such crimes; but only that the common interests and common feelings of mankind render it unnecessary. But there are other offences, which are strictly private in their nature, and which therefore *ought to be left* to private prosecution. To this class belong all the varieties of theft. If those who have been despoiled of their property, do not think fit to have recourse to the law, it may be presumed, either that the injury which has been received was not very serious, or that the probability of its repetition is not very great. At any rate, if

men will not protect their own property, there appears no reason why they should be forced to do so.

Fifthly, Complaint is made, not only that a sufficient number of persons are not prosecuted, but that of those that are prosecuted all are not convicted. Reversing the maxim, that every man is to be presumed innocent until he is proved guilty, it seems to be assumed that every one is guilty who happens to be suspected. On the authority of Dr. Colquhoun, we have a statement shewing that, in the space of ten years, there actually were a good many persons acquitted at the Old Bailey; and it is supposed that nine-tenths of these persons were acquitted from defects in the pleadings or evidence, and not because they were really innocent. Now all we know of the matter is, that there was a certain number of persons acquitted: why, or wherefore, does not appear. The above-mentioned proportion of nine-tenths is therefore a pure assumption: there might be nine-tenths, or there might be only one-tenth, although it is not probable that the proportion was either so great or so small. It is true, indeed, that in an accompanying statement of the number of persons acquitted in all the London Courts during the last four years of the term, Dr. Colquhoun says that the acquittals were *frequently* brought about by the parties availing themselves of defects in the law, by frauds in keeping back evidence, and other devices. Dr. C. we know had no objection to making the most of a thing. He wrote two great books; one to show that the wealth of the nation was boundless; the other to show that the crimes of the metropolis were numberless. From the first, we might almost think that gold and silver were to be picked up in the streets; from the second, we might conclude it impossible for any peaceable, well-disposed person to live quietly in London for a week. Now, we would ask, what does the learned doctor mean by *frequently*? Does he mean nine times in ten? or five times? or three times? The last might, perhaps, justify him in the use of the word *frequently*. Of course we suppose that such things *sometimes* happen, but we can form no idea of the proportion from being told that they occur *frequently*. Had the doctor given us the proportion, he would have done something. But with regard to the persons thus acquitted. The indictment is always, we believe, framed by a professional person, and usually by a public officer: here, then, to a certain extent, is the very thing called for,—a public officer to conduct a part of the proceedings; and he, it seems, performs his duty in such a manner, that a large proportion of the guilty are acquitted through his ignorance or carelessness. Thus much for *his* efficiency. As to those who are acquitted for want of evidence, we know that there are cases in which, though all men are morally

convinced of the guilt of a prisoner, it is impossible to obtain legal evidence of it ; and all the prosecutors in Christendom cannot procure evidence, if evidence is not to be had. It is indeed to be lamented that such should be the case ; but, unless we are willing to run the risk of *frequently* (to use the learned doctor's word,) hanging the innocent, we must be content now and then to let the guilty escape. But there can be little doubt that a great number of those acquitted, are acquitted on the merits of the case. We are warned not to entertain such a notion, because it would presume a great degree of remissness on the part of the committing magistrates. Now, without intending any disrespect to those valuable persons, we may be permitted to observe that some (certainly not all) of them do exhibit a very great facility of committal. A little more caution would not, we think, be amiss. Indeed the number of bills ignored by the Grand Jury is a convincing proof that more care is required in the police magistrates ; for it is as inconceivable by us, that all the persons discharged in consequence should be guilty, as it is by our opponents that they should all be innocent. But many, it is said, obtain their discharge through the non-appearance of the prosecutor. Of these probably some are guilty of the crime for which they are committed. But we do not admit that this affords any reason for taking the business of prosecution out of private hands, and vesting it in a public officer. The persons thus discharged owe their escape either to the humanity or to the cupidity of their prosecutors. In some cases, calling strongly for compassion, the prosecutor is not aware of the extent of the claim upon his mercy until after the accused has been committed for trial. Discovering circumstances of extenuation, or some other claims on his forbearance, which, had he known them earlier, would have deterred him from proceeding at all, he resolves, with a feeling as honourable to himself as it is beneficial to the accused, to discontinue that which he is now satisfied ought never to have been commenced : he declines to appear, and the prisoner is discharged. In other cases, an arrangement is made ; or, to speak plainly, the business is compounded, by the return of the whole or a part of the property, or the payment of a sum of money ; and the prisoner is safe. Now a Public Prosecutor could do no good in either of these cases : he ought not to impede the exercise of mercy in the former instance ; and it has been shown that he could not prevent the bargain between fraud and covetousness in the latter. In one case his interference would be mischievous, in the other powerless.

But, to show the necessity for the appointment of a Public Prosecutor, we have an appeal to authority. Now, if the

reasons in favour of the appointment are sufficient, the authorities are superfluous; and, if the reasons are insufficient, we shall certainly not be satisfied to compound for this by admitting the weight of authority in place of the force of argument. But here the authorities themselves are very suspicious: they are five in number, consisting of three police magistrates, a keeper of Newgate, and a deputy bailiff of Westminster: all persons connected with the business of the police. Now, although we doubt not that they were all most respectable men, yet, as to *matters of opinion*, we object to their authority; first, because from their constant and familiar acquaintance with worthlessness and depravity, they were not likely to form the most correct opinions of human nature; while, if they erred, the error would hardly be on the side of charity: and, secondly, because their situation, though it would bring them acquainted with the details of crime, was little calculated to give them any very enlarged or liberal views of jurisprudence. But we must take these authorities as they are; and, to begin with Dr. Colquhoun. We have had an abstract of his opinion, in which, if we pass over the doctor's usual flourishes about "hordes of miscreants at open war with the peaceable part of the community," and so forth, we shall find the substance of the matter to be, that in his opinion the appointment of a number of Public Prosecutors would be a most excellent thing. (Perhaps the doctor would have liked to be one of the number.) All the reasons which he assigns for the appointment, we have already endeavoured to deal with. We therefore pass on to the next authority, W. Fielding, esq. with whom we shall not part quite so easily. The evidence of this gentleman is certainly a curiosity. He is asked as to the expediency of appointing a public accuser or prosecutor: he answers—

"I have had such an abhorrence of the very name of a public accuser from its existence at the time of the French revolution, that *I have taken no opportunity, and have had no inclination, to cogitate upon such a matter; but this I am sure of*, that if there was a character, in the nature of a solicitor or attorney, to *watch the views of justice*, as well as of the very interesting circumstances of particular parties often coming before us, and they could have their assured assistance, the benefit would be wonderful."

Now here is a gentleman with admirable candour professing at the outset that he knows nothing of the matter; *that he has never had either inclination or opportunity to think* (we beg his pardon, *to cogitate*) upon the subject; and yet he is prepared to say, that, if the appointment were of a certain description, *the benefit would be wonderful! This he is sure of!* He subsequently declares, that there can be "*no doubt*" that the appoint-

ment in question (upon which he had never allowed himself to think) "would be attended with good effects." That "*most assuredly* it would be of great advantage to the public." (He knew it by intuition, of course.) And that it "would be an *immense blessing* to the people." What was his idea of the duties of the office, we cannot exactly ascertain, because we cannot fix with much precision the meaning of such a phrase as *watching the views of justice*. Nor can we give any very probable guess at the meaning of the entire sentence in which that delicate expression occurs. We must remain therefore in ignorance of the precise duties expected from this "*character in the nature of an attorney*," who was "*to watch the views of justice*." We are equally at a loss to know who was to afford the "assured assistance" spoken of, and who was to receive it. Nor can we take upon ourselves to say whether, with the *views of justice*, the aforesaid "*character, in the nature of an attorney*," was to watch "the very interesting circumstances of particular parties often coming before us," or not. But we are consoled, amid all our ignorance, with the assurance that the benefit which would result from such an "*immense blessing*," as "*a character in the nature of*" a *view-watching* "*attorney*," *would be wonderful*. Very wonderful, indeed, is all this to us! We were told, that unless the evidence were given *verbatim*, it would be scarcely practicable to convey a clear idea of the *positive determination* with which the witnesses spoke. Here, as a specimen, is a witness who is indeed positive enough, and who happily is positive just in proportion to his avowed ignorance, which (to use his own words) is an *immense blessing*. There can be no doubt! No, truly, none whatever, in the mind of the witness. Your people who *never think* (alias *cogitate*) are precisely those who *never doubt*. We have done with the second authority; and we are so obstinate as still to retain our former opinion.

John Gifford, esq. another police magistrate, who is the third authority, may be passed over altogether at present, as his evidence contains nothing very remarkable either for novelty or absurdity, with the exception of *one suggestion*, which we shall have occasion to advert to hereafter. Mr. Henry Newman, the keeper of Newgate, will only detain us to point out a striking difference between him and a *preceding witness*; for he (Mr. Newman) deposed that he *had turned his attention* to improvements in the police of the metropolis. Only one reason is assigned by him for the appointment of a Public Prosecutor, which has been already answered. Mr. William Took, the deputy bailiff of Westminster, recommends the appointment of "*some efficient officer*," chiefly, it should seem, with a view to the prosecution of houses of ill



fame. It may be observed, that there is already in every parish a body of officers, whose duty it is to institute such prosecutions. They are not indeed lawyers, but they have at their command the services of the vestry clerk, who is usually a legal practitioner; and, if he be not, these persons have ample funds at their disposal, which of course would enable them to obtain whatever legal assistance might be necessary. Yet these public officers never institute such prosecutions, but when urged to do so by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood; and not unfrequently, even when the nuisance calls loudly for a remedy, the respectable part of the neighbourhood find it impossible to prevail upon the parochial authorities to perform their duty. So much for the superior activity of public officers.

Of the voluntary associations which have been mentioned as having arisen from the want of a Public Prosecutor, those which exist in various districts for the prosecution of felons, are the only ones which have any relation to the present question. These, however, will do any thing but service to the cause of our opponents. Their existence serves to shew that when prosecution is necessary, men will prosecute; and that if it be inconvenient to do so individually, they will associate for the purpose. The "Society for the Protection of Trade," as it is called, has nothing at all to do with prosecution. Its object is not to bring fraud to legal punishment; but to put doubtful paper out of the market. Circulars are sent to the members, denouncing as swindlers such persons as public spirit, private interest, or malice, may have so described. There can be no doubt that such publication is libellous, and consequently that the proceedings of the society are illegal. If, therefore, there were a Public Prosecutor, he could not stand in the place of this society; first, because it never prosecutes at all, (though its agents sometimes appear in courts of law as defendants,) and secondly, because it would be the duty of a Public Prosecutor to enforce the penalties of the law against those who had incurred them; and not by the commission of a new offence to inflict *illegal* penalties upon persons, who, whether *morally* culpable or not, are guilty of no *legal* offence. The "Society for the Suppression of Vice" prosecute only for misdemeanours; and for these there is already a Public Prosecutor in the Attorney General. Still, however, *notwithstanding the existence of a Public Prosecutor*, there is, unhappily, abundant room for the exertions of this society; and, had they been confined to the punishment of those miscreants who, for lucre or for lust, blast the innocence of the youthful mind by licentious books and pictures,—had these and similar abominations been the principal objects of prose-

cution by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, its directors would have deserved the thanks of every honest and well regulated mind.\* But, unfortunately, no inconsiderable portion of their transactions seem to entitle them not so much to be called a Society for the *Suppression* of Vice, as a Society for *ensuring the monopoly* of vice to the opulent and the powerful. With regard to the "Constitutional Society," it may be sufficient to observe that the duties which it assumed were precisely those which both law and custom have committed to the Attorney General; of course, therefore, it could not shew the want of a Public Prosecutor.

We are called upon to show cause why there should not be a Public Prosecutor here, as well as in France and Scotland. Now, if we are to have such an officer merely because there are such in France and Scotland, then must we also adopt the practices of the French and Scottish criminal law in every other respect in which they differ from our own. In France, an accused person, instead of being mercifully warned to say nothing that may criminate himself, is interrogated as to the charge against him, and urged to establish his own guilt. Are we prepared to adopt this species of *moral torture* in this country? In Scotland there is no grand jury. Is the existence of a grand jury therefore an evil? But if it be admitted that we must adopt all the legal usages of France and Scotland, yet it is worth while to enquire where we are to stop. If the practices of France and Scotland are to bind us, what degree of respect are we to pay to the institutions of Sweden and Denmark?—of the various states of Germany?—of Spain and Portugal?—and of all the rest of the world? But, say our opponents, shew us the evil of a Public Prosecutor in those countries where the office exists. To this we answer, shew us the good. If the advantage is to terminate in the creation of the office; if the most that we shall be able to say in its favour will be that it does not produce much harm; and if the subsequent benefit is to be *exclusively his* who is lucky enough to obtain the appointment, then we say we had better remain as we are. There is no greater absurdity, and few greater grievances, than a mass of unnecessary legislation; and it can scarcely be considered *necessary* to legislate for the purpose of merely creating a new office.

We come now to a few considerations which appear to

\* The disgusting profligacy of the books and prints now exhibited for sale at certain shops in Holborn, Little Pulteney-street, St. James's, and other places, calls aloud for the interference of the law.

interpose insuperable difficulties in the way of the proposed measure.

First,—Is there to be one Public Prosecutor for the whole kingdom, or a greater number. If there be only one, he must have a great many deputies; as in populous districts, there must be a prosecutor in every parish, and consequently several thousands all over the kingdom. The principal officer will of course be appointed by the crown, but who is to appoint the deputies? What an immense addition will be made to the patronage of the crown, if the deputies be appointed by the same authority as the principal! One witness before the committee of the commons suggested that the appointment should be by the magistrates; (the witness was *himself* a magistrate.) There are very strong reasons, which we trust will occur to others as well as to ourselves, against giving the power of appointment to the magistrates. Shall then the appointment of the deputies be by the principal prosecutor? This appears the most natural, because he will be in a certain degree responsible for their acts, and it seems unreasonable to make a man responsible for the acts of another, over whom he has in fact no control,—whom he did not appoint, and whom he cannot remove. But if it be so arranged, you will place at the disposal of the prosecutor general, several thousand desirable offices. You will create a functionary with a greater portion of patronage than is at present enjoyed by any individual in the country; the highest law officer in the state not excepted. And even thus the patronage will be *indirectly* in the crown, because the crown will appoint the principal officer, who also, if in the situation of the attorney general, will be removeable at pleasure. But if not, the person holding the office may not object to be removed to a higher station. If there be no general prosecutor, but one in every district, responsible to no superior, we have still the difficulty as to the patronage. To vest it in the crown, or in the magistracy, seems to be alike objectionable. It may be pardonable here to mention, that however improbable to occur in this country, yet in others less happily governed, such an office as that of a Public Prosecutor, might be converted into a political engine of immense power and fearful oppression.

Secondly,—What is to be the professional rank of the Public Prosecutor? Is he to be an attorney or a barrister? If an attorney, according to the statement of our opponents, the business must still be imperfectly done, for want of counsel. And if he be of the rank of counsel, then, (according to their own statement also,) great evil must arise from the neglect of those duties which fall peculiarly within the province of an attorney. There must then be two prosecutors; a prose-

cutting attorney, and a prosecuting counsel: both of course must be paid, and consequently the expense must be doubled. One gentleman, indeed, who gave evidence before the committee of the House of Commons, recommended that the Public Prosecutor should be a sort of non-descript,—not in strictness either attorney or counsel; yet performing the duties of each: an amphibious animal—neither fish nor flesh; yet both. It was not stated in what manner this *legal factotum* was to qualify himself for his laborious practice. Whether having passed the usual period of clerkship in an attorney's office, he was to take his seat among the counsel learned in the law, without being required to comply with the established rules of admission to the bar; or whether the regulations for the admission of attorneys were to be dispensed with in favour of some member of one of the inns of court, who might be anxious to share the profits and invade the privileges of that branch of the profession. But we cannot help looking with wonder and alarm at the Herculean labours which this learned person would have to perform. Nor can we deny his claim to the remuneration which might be awarded him; when we contemplate him assiduously collecting the evidence which is to overwhelm the criminal,—hunting about for John Nokes and Thomas Stiles, to ascertain what they know of the matter,—framing his indictment with such skill and cunning, that not a loop-hole may be left for the wretch to creep out,—running to the offices to take out his subpœnas and summonses, and perhaps, to save expence, serving them himself,—drawing up *his own* brief for *his own* instruction,—then, on the day of trial, marshalling his witnesses that they may answer his first call, and (his office as an attorney being about to sleep a little,) hastily clapping on his gown and wig, and taking his seat among the gentlemen of the bar, *in pontificalibus*; haranguing the jury on the merits of the case, and mooted points of law with the bench; examining his witnesses, and cross-examining those of the prisoner. — Then, while the jury consider of their verdict, rushing out into the avenues of the court to look for his witnesses for the next cause; but not succeeding in finding them, doffing the flowing gown and sapient wig, and scouring all the taverns and coffee shops in the vicinity, with the hope of picking the stragglers up; and, this accomplished, again assuming the awful insignia of legal learning, and returning into court to harangue, discuss, examine and cross-examine, as before; and so on all the day, and every day as long as the sessions last. We cannot help entertaining some feeling of pity towards this laborious officer. If he had not a frame of iron, we suspect that after the close of the sessions, he would stand in need of a month's rural retire-

ment in some sequestered situation to recruit his exhausted strength.

We will not suppose, however, that the advocates of the measure adopt the opinion of Mr. Gifford. There must, therefore, be two officers,—an attorney and a counsel, or the alledged evil will not be remedied.

Thirdly,—How are the District or Deputy Prosecutors to be paid? If by a stated salary, you will only provide a considerable number of persons with snug comfortable situations, the emoluments of which they will thankfully pocket, without giving themselves much trouble about the duties. They will do little mischief, for they will do little of any thing. Now you cannot so define that which they may be reasonably expected to perform, as to ensure their doing it. Much of their efficiency would depend on a careful attention to minute points of detail. Now you cannot precisely say whether or not a legal practitioner has been reasonably active and cautious, unless in cases where very gross negligence indeed leaves no room for doubt. These persons might, therefore, for the most part, be idle with impunity. On the other hand, if they were to be paid according to the services, or supposed services, which they might perform, there can be little doubt that they would be active enough; but they would be mischievously active. We need not dwell upon the evils arising from the practices of low attorneys, who subsist by urging creditors to ruin themselves as well as their debtors, by proceedings at law for sums of trifling amount; or by watching for some petty assault, with the hope of inducing the party assaulted to commence an action, or prefer an indictment. Such persons as these would be very likely to become district prosecutors, and would be thus let loose upon society, armed with considerable power, and depending for a subsistence upon their exertions in this occupation. An inquisitor would thus be created in every parish, prying into the habits of every individual in it; pertinaciously dragging forth petty crime, which not merely the criminal, but every one else wished to conceal; invading even the sacred recesses of domestic life, and disregarding the claims of charity, and even those of substantial justice, anxious only to grasp at the miserable wages which were to reward his unhallowed labours. Such men find abundant means of employment in the police establishment of France, from whose example a Public Prosecutor is recommended to us. Such men in this country find employment in pressing the law in all its severity against miserable insolvents, and those removed one degree from insolvency,—in fomenting useless and malicious litigation, and in assisting knavery to evade the claims of justice. The proposed appointments would furnish a fine field for the labours of these odious nuisances,—these filthy and pestilent

reptiles, engendered and fattened in the rotten and loathsome parts of the law. Even if they were subject to a superior, appointed by the crown, no vigilance, no integrity, in the principal, could preserve the office from abuse in its minor departments. It is obvious that it would be impossible for every prosecution to be investigated and sanctioned by the principal prosecutor; first, because the necessary delay could not be permitted, and secondly, because no one man could encounter such a labour, whatever time might be allowed for its completion. If Sir Samuel Romilly were living, and were appointed principal Public Prosecutor, we could have no security that the office would not be abused; because it must be exercised by a body of persons too numerous to admit of much selection,—too far removed from the principal officer, to admit of any efficient superintendence,—and too much exposed to temptation, (if they were to be paid *by the piece*,) to be implicitly trusted. If these persons were paid for each prosecution, whether successful or not, they would commence prosecutions without number. If a certain sum for each step in the proceedings, still they would commence, and if they could get the matter to trial, so much the better; but if the grand jury should throw out the bill, they must yet be paid for what they had done; and this would be preferable to sitting idle; while if they were paid only *on conviction*, here would be a direct premium offered for men's liberties and lives, and the system of *blood money* would be revived in its full and fearful horrors.

These difficulties appear to us conclusive against the plan.

But does not this appointment of a Public Prosecutor, in common fairness, involve something more? You will be careful to bring guilt to punishment. This may be well: but will you do nothing for the defence of innocence? If you enable men to prosecute effectually, does not common justice require that you should give to the accused the means of effectually defending himself? Much has been said of the slovenly manner in which prosecutions are managed. In private causes, it is urged that a plaintiff's case is not thus conducted. "Even in a trumpery case of trespass," it is said, "all the evidence is diligently collected by the plaintiff's attorney, a statement of it is then laid before some able counsel, to draw the declaration; a regular brief of the pleadings, facts, and evidence, is given to perhaps two or three counsel, to conduct the cause in court, and the attorney takes care that all the witnesses to prove the facts are in attendance: the leading counsel addresses the jury; the witnesses are then examined by him and his juniors, previously well versed in all the intricacies of the case, and prepared to defend the legal accuracy of the pleadings, and to cross-examine the witnesses for the defence." All this is very true. The plaintiff in a civil suit has all these advantages: it

cannot be denied. But *has not the defendant the same?* Has not *he* also his active and skilful attorney, his learned pleader, his briefs accurately prepared, his witnesses in attendance, his two or three able counsel in court, and every other advantage enjoyed by the plaintiff? And here both parties have a chance of losing something, while neither of them *can* lose more than the amount contended for, with the costs of the suit. But do the accuser and the accused thus meet before a criminal tribunal? No, surely. Whether he succeed or not, the accuser, *can* lose nothing, except it can be shewn that he acted maliciously: while the accused contends not for a sum of money of small or great amount, but for liberty or life. If then there be any favour, to whom should it be shewn? To him who, if he fail, will depart from the court uninjured, or to him who has all that is most dear to man at stake? It is a source of complaint that a prisoner is sometimes able to retain counsel, while the prosecutor has none. This may occasionally happen, but not very often. It is much more frequent that counsel is retained for the prosecution, while the prisoner is undefended. Be it remembered also, that the counsel for the prosecution is permitted to address the jury, while the prisoner's counsel, (if he happen to have any,) is forbidden to do so. Will you then increase the fearful odds already existing against the man who has every thing at stake? Will you give the means of attack, and withhold the means of defence? Will you array against a wretched individual all the power of the law, and will you not interpose the shield of the law to protect him from causeless harm? It is said that the Public Prosecutor would be *the friend* of the prisoner. Alas! miserable is the condition of that man who has no better friend than the counsel or attorney instructed against him. No! it must not be thus. If there be a public accuser, there must be also a public defender. If there be a considerable number of the one, there must be an equal number of the other. The means of repelling an accusation must be provided for on the same scale with the means of making it. If there be both a prosecuting attorney and a prosecuting counsel provided by the state, there must be a defending attorney, and a defending counsel, also, provided by the state. They must be paid in the same way. If on the one side they be stimulated to exertion by a reward proportioned either to their labour or their success, so must they on the other. Even handed justice will be satisfied with nothing less.

We contend then against the appointment of a Public Prosecutor, because it is unnecessary, and would be mischievous. There are already sufficient means afforded for the prosecution of crime when the good of society requires it, and men should not be subjected to punishment unless the good of society *does* require it. No one need be deterred from prosecuting by the

terror of the expence, for the expence is defrayed by the public, unless there be good reason to the contrary. The trouble of prosecutors would be in no degree diminished, except in those very few instances in which their attendance is not required as witnesses. The compounding of felony could not thus be prevented. Whenever it is the interest of men to compound rather than to prosecute, there will be found some who *will* compound in spite of a Public Prosecutor, or any other impediment. A Public Prosecutor could not compel persons to come forward, whom reason, or humanity, or religion, restrained ; and if he could, he ought not. The existence of a public officer would not ensure the business of prosecution being done well, for that which is already done by public officers is frequently done ill. The state ought to interfere as little as possible with private judgment and private feelings. For crimes against the state, a Public Prosecutor has been appointed with good reason. But those offences which are of a private nature, ought to be left to private prosecution,—to the notice of those persons who have been or may be injured,—of those who know the peculiar circumstances of each case, and are the best judges of the danger resulting from it. To take it out of their hands, and entrust it to others, would be to withdraw from society that wholesome control which public opinion and public feeling at present exercise, and to substitute the *surveillance* of a band of licensed spies, armed with the most fearful power, which might be exerted either for good or for evil. We see such difficulties in the way of the proposed appointment,—difficulties as to the professional rank of the prosecutors,—as to the nature of their duties,—as to the mode of appointing them, and the manner of rewarding their services, — that were the measure desirable, we should regard it as impracticable, without incurring greater evils than it was intended to remedy. Lastly, we say that justice requires that the means of defence should be as great as the means of attack, and consequently, that the appointment of a number of persons to procure the conviction of those accused of crime, involves the necessity of appointing an equal number, of equal professional skill, and equally well paid, to defend them.

THE REPLY of the Opener was in substance as follows :—The appointment of a Public Prosecutor has been objected to on various grounds. All the objections, however, appear to originate—either in a perversion of the terms of the question,—or in a misconception of the objects of the proposed appointment,—or in the apprehension of imaginary evils and difficulties. It seems to have been thought, that nothing can be useful, which it is possible to dispense with, that whatever is liable to abuse must of necessity be injurious, and that to be difficult is to be



absolutely impracticable. Fallacies, the most subtle have been maintained with the most ingenious plausibility, and what which could not be answered by argument, has been assailed with the weapons of ridicule. But truth and justice are superior to such attacks; their interests are secure from all permanent injury; and though their excellence may for a time be obscured, repeated investigation will never fail to dispel the mists which perverted ingenuity may have raised.

That the meaning of the term "justice" is very vague, when the use of it is unaccompanied by an explanatory context, is evident from the different views which have been taken of it in the course of this discussion. The opponents of the proposition have been pleased to represent its advocates as entertained *singular* opinions on this part of the subject; in reply to which it will not be difficult to shew, that the sentiments of the former are not merely *singular*, but *erroneous*. Adopting their definition, that justice consists "in rendering to all their dues," which is correct as far as it goes, the conclusions which they have drawn from it are wholly groundless. After setting out in the right road, which, if they had continued to pursue it, would soon have led them to truth, they almost immediately turned aside into a wrong path, and became involved in the maze of error. That justice requires the infliction of punishment on a criminal, *in the same way* that it requires the payment of a debt, — that is to say, as something which the criminal has a right to demand in the character of a creditor, with whose claim the community is under an obligation to comply, — is a position of our opponents, which they have thought fit to father upon us, apparently with the view of giving them the opportunity of exposing it as an absurdity of ours. But they might as well have spared themselves this part of their labours; for while we repudiate the notion altogether, we readily admit, that it is perfectly ridiculous.

It does, however, by no means follow, that because justice does not require the infliction of punishment, as a debt due from the community to criminals, it is therefore merely *permitted*, but *not required*, by justice. Punishment is required by justice, and as to debt too, or at least as the only means by which that which is a debt can be paid. The only question is, who is the creditor that has a right to demand payment. Our opponents seem to consider, that there can be no one to demand it but the criminal, which they truly say would be the height of absurdity. But we say it is the community that has a right to demand the infliction of punishment on criminals, — a right which belongs equally to the whole community, and to every individual. Justice requires, we are told, in rendering to all their dues, and requires that every debt should be punctually paid — granted. Now, protection from crime is a debt which the government owes to

society at large, and to every individual in it; and as punishment is certainly the principal, and, unhappily, almost the only means by which that protection can be afforded, it becomes a debt which every one has a right to claim, and which, whether claimed or not, it is the duty of the government to pay. By becoming or remaining members of civil society, men relinquish a portion of their natural liberty. That they give up in exchange for those advantages, which are unattainable in a state of nature. Protection for their persons and property is one of those advantages; and because society engages, either expressly or by implication, to afford that protection, individuals are prohibited from taking the law into their own hands. They have a right, indeed, to protect themselves by force from forcible aggression; but they cannot make that protection extensive and effectual, by the punishment of those whose force or fraud may have been successful, as they might, if strong enough, have done in a state of nature. Every man, therefore, by the resignation of his natural liberty, pays for that protection which he might otherwise procure for himself. Now, does not justice require, that a man should have what he pays for? The debt of protection is originally due from society to each individual; but as society can only pay this debt through the medium of the government by which it is represented and regulated, it becomes due from the government, as the common trustee of all public rights. Each and all have, therefore, a claim on the supreme power and its several subordinate authorities, for that protection which they were appointed to afford, and have consequently a right to insist on the infliction of those punishments, which the legislature has prescribed as the means of that protection.

It seems, however, to be imagined by our opponents, that justice can never require the doing of any thing, the precise extent of which is not capable of being calculated with as much exactness as a sum of money. It is said, that if justice does require the infliction of punishment, we cannot tell what degree of punishment we are bound to inflict, and therefore cannot know when the demands of justice are satisfied or exceeded. But this only shows what, though true enough, has little bearing on the present question,—that it is sometimes difficult to ascertain exactly what our duty requires. In such cases, we must exercise our judgments. Justice forbids that a greater punishment should be inflicted than is necessary for the prevention of crime; and it requires, for the reasons already given, that such a degree of punishment should be inflicted as is necessary for that purpose, without which the protection due to society would not be given. But what degree of punishment is necessary, must, from the nature of things, be a matter of opinion;

and, in such a case, justice is satisfied when as much is done as is truly and honestly believed to be required. Even in the case of a sum of money, it cannot always be ascertained with accuracy what is due; and, in a case of doubt, it could not be said that a man acted unjustly, if he paid all that he really believed to be owing; at least, it must be admitted, that, if he were wrong, he would not be guilty of intentional injustice. It cannot, therefore, be said with any propriety, that justice never requires punishment at all, merely because the precise degree of punishment required may be unknown.

One great error which pervades the reasoning of those who have opposed the appointment, is that of considering all crimes, except those against the state, the public morals, and the revenue, as *private* injuries. On this ground, it is observed, that if the party injured by a crime be satisfied, no wrong is done by the impunity of the offender. A more dangerous or erroneous position, we cannot well conceive. Admit that, and the commissioning of felonies would very soon increase the commission of them to an extent the most alarming. But, in truth, though crimes against the persons and property of individuals are private injuries, they are not *merely* private; they are public also. Not only is an individual injured by a crime, but the laws of society are violated, and the safety of the community would be endangered, if the criminal were permitted to escape unpunished. The rights of thousands, therefore, who never heard of the crime, would be disregarded, because that protection would not be given to them, which the infliction of punishment on criminals is calculated to afford. On a question of this kind, we are not to confine our view to individual cases, but should extend it to general consequences. It is thus only that we can arrive at a just conclusion with regard to the propriety of an appointment, which is to affect, either beneficially or injuriously, the rights of a whole nation.

It has been said, that the punishment of crime is required by policy only, not by justice; but this is a distinction for which there is no foundation. The punishment of crime is equally required by justice and by policy. Justice requires it as a means of affording to society that protection which the government is bound to give; and policy requires it, because it is the only means which has been yet devised, capable of general application, for the attainment of that end. And when it was observed, that by the partial administration of the criminal laws the first principles of justice are outraged, we do conceive that an undeniable position was advanced. We have always been accustomed to consider, that impartiality was essential to justice; and that partiality, on the other hand, was destructive of its very nature. To be partial in the administration of the laws, more

especially of those laws which regard life and liberty, is the height of injustice. To treat all men under the same circumstances in the same way, is no more than even-handed justice imperiously requires. To punish one man and spare another, is to violate justice in the grossest manner; this is not holding her balance even. It is said, indeed, that he who suffers has deserved his punishment, and has therefore no right to complain that the prosecutor of the other chooses to be merciful. But this opinion proceeds upon the ground which we have already examined, and endeavoured to refute,—that prosecutions for crimes are mere private matters, with which the public have no concern, but which every individual prosecutor has a right to proceed in or discontinue at pleasure, as he would an action for a debt. This, however, we conceive to be so manifestly inconsistent with the acknowledged principles of criminal law, that to give it any further answer, than we have in our preceding remarks, is quite unnecessary.

The opponents of the appointment seem to entertain a wrong view, not only of the nature of crimes themselves, but also of the duties of prosecutors in enforcing the laws for the punishment of those who commit them; though the latter error naturally flows from the former. The crown, it is said, should never remit the penalties of the law without sufficient reason, because the sovereign has a great public trust to exercise. But, with regard to private persons, it seems to be thought, that they have a right to punish or to spare, as charity, caprice, or any other motive, may happen to dictate. It should, however, be remembered, that prosecutions are not intended to procure redress for injured parties, still less to gratify their thirst for vengeance; but to promote the public good, by preventing, as far as possible, the commission of crimes. Whether the prosecutor, therefore, be the party injured, or an indifferent person, or a public officer, it makes no difference. The prosecution is a public affair, the prosecutor is, *as such*, a public character, and should be influenced only by public considerations. He has as much a public duty to discharge as the sovereign himself, and has a public trust to exercise, which he has voluntarily undertaken. By commencing the prosecution, and thus preventing others from doing so, he has pledged himself to let the law take its course, without suffering his private feelings or interests in the slightest degree to interfere. If, after the conviction of the criminal, the sovereign should see any palliating circumstances, requiring that the sentence should be either mitigated or remitted, it is for him alone to spare the offender. The injured party usually is the prosecutor, because he has stronger motives for being so than any one else, and is also, from his knowledge of the facts, the best qualified to institute proceedings; but it is not in his cha-

racter of sufferer from the crime that he becomes the prosecutor of it, and he ought therefore either not to prosecute at all, or to prosecute with effect. He ought not, indeed, to be bound to prosecute, if he do not think fit; but, when he has once assumed a public trust, he is bound to perform it.

On the foregoing grounds, then, it is conceived, that they who object to the appointment are radically wrong in the principles of their opposition, even admitting their definition of justice to be complete as well as accurate. But we beg to submit, that the phrase "ends of justice," in the present question, is not to be understood as signifying those objects which are imperiously required by justice, and which cannot be disregarded without injustice. The term "justice," like many others, is often used, as it is here, in a popular and somewhat figurative sense. To tie it down to its strict literal meaning, is to create a mass of absurdity, such as our opponents have amused themselves by triumphantly exposing. They have also, in the same way, led themselves into many false principles, which otherwise they would never have adopted. They have, indeed, from this cause, confounded *commutative* justice, which respects the common transactions between men, with *distributive* justice, which regards the administration of the laws by judges and other magistrates. But justice is very frequently used to signify punishment, as in the common phrase "brought to justice," when we speak of a criminal who has suffered the sentence of the law; and this is one of the meanings of justice given in Johnson's Dictionary. It is in this, or some equivalent sense, that the word is used upon the present occasion; for, without entering into any further argument on this part of the subject, (which we should never have thought of discussing at such length, had not our opponents led us into it,) the plain meaning of the question is,—whether the appointment of a Public Prosecutor would make the criminal law more efficient;—whether the object which punishments are designed to answer, namely, the prevention of crime,—which, when we speak of criminal prosecutions, must certainly be what is meant by "the ends of justice,"—would be promoted by such an appointment. Of course, we must also understand the enquiry to be, whether the prevention of crime can be thus attained, consistently with justice in its more strict and ordinary sense; but, with that qualification, the real enquiry is that which we have stated. Much, however, of the reasoning advanced in opposition to the appointment, has had no relation whatever either to the question of justice, or to the increased efficiency which the criminal code would possess, if there were a Public Prosecutor to enforce its provisions. All the arguments which have been urged as to the expense of the appointment, the evil it would occasion by increasing the patronage of the

crown, and several other objections, however important and worthy of consideration in themselves, have nothing to do with the actual question, which does not involve the general expediency of the appointment, but only its efficacy in a particular point of view.

But, even at the outset of their arguments as to the real point at issue, our opponents have given an erroneous representation of the objects of penal laws. These they have stated to be,—1st. the protection of the rights of society collectively; and 2dly. the protection of the rights of each individual member of the society. Now, we deny altogether, that criminal laws are intended to protect the rights of individuals, except so far as such rights are included in those of the public. Private rights, properly so called, are protected not by criminal, but by civil laws. If a man's private rights are invaded, his remedy is by a civil action; but, whenever a criminal prosecution is either requisite or admissible, the act committed must be a public wrong. Many actions, which as public wrongs are liable to be criminally prosecuted, are, it is true, private injuries also; but it is not as private injuries that they are subject to the provisions of the penal code. Our opponents, therefore, are not warranted in the distinction which they have drawn between public offences,—such as those against the state, the public morals, and the revenue,—and offences against private individuals. A forgery, a burglary, or a highway robbery, is as much an offence against the community, as a political libel, the publication of an immoral book, or smuggling. The difference between them is apparent only, not real, even if we look at each individual case of crime; but looking, as we ought, at the crime in the abstract, there is no difference at all. The last-mentioned crimes, it is admitted on both hands, are offences against the community; but so are forgery, burglary, and highway robbery, because the public have a right to have their property, their dwellings, and their persons, protected,—a right which they would be deprived of, if those who invade them were allowed to go unpunished. If those crimes were common, the injury to society would be great; every instance of impunity has a tendency to make them common; and society has, therefore, a right to insist, that they never shall go unpunished.

Our opponents continually proceed upon the groundless assumption, that every prosecution for a crime by which an individual has been injured, is designed to protect the rights or redress the wrongs of *that individual*. But that is altogether a mistake. His rights cannot be thus protected more than the rights of people in general; and, for his wrongs, he can get no redress, except in the gratification of his revenge, which our opponents very justly represent as foreign to the objects of

human punishments. It is, therefore, beside the question when they say, that "mankind may generally be trusted to take care of their own interests," as in criminal prosecutions, the public interests, and not their own, are at stake. And in reply to the remark just quoted, we would observe, that when men have to look after the public interest to their own private inconveniences, it is not likely that they will be particularly diligent. The very reason why there ought to be a Public Prosecutor is, that the prosecution of criminals, which is a public matter, is now left to be conducted by private individuals, who, beyond the resentment which their loss has excited, have no greater interest in prosecuting than any one else, as they can derive no peculiar benefit from doing so, and are liable, at least, to sustain an increase of their injury; the consequence of which is, that prosecutions are very badly managed, and the increase of crimes is promoted by the great uncertainty of punishment. Surely, public business ought to be managed by a public officer, instead of being left to private hands, with the chance of being done or neglected, according to the public spirit, integrity, caprice, resentment, or other personal motives and feelings of individuals. The thing seems too clear to require argument in proof of it; and, were it not for the mistake of confounding private and public wrongs, merely because the latter may sometimes include the former, it would scarcely have become a disputed point.

It has, however, been contended, that the appointment of a Public Prosecutor would not answer the ends proposed; and, first, as to the expence, with which we alleged that private prosecutors were burdened; it has been said, that they are not put to any expence, as the whole is paid by the county. It is, however, much easier to refer to an Act of Parliament in proof of what ought to be done, or was intended by the legislature to be done, than to show what actually is done. True it is, that the expences frequently are paid by the county; that is to say, such part of them as the court chooses to allow; but the evidence of the magistrates before quoted shews, that they found the fear of expence to operate very prejudicially in deterring prosecutors from coming forward. Dr. Colquhoun repeatedly states the same thing in his Treatise; and, with regard to the county allowance, has expressed his opinion, that little benefit resulted from it. Notwithstanding, then, what has been said on the other side as to this point, we have much better proof of the

"It is true, (says Dr. C.) that by the Acts of the 25th Geo. II. cap. 36, and 18th Geo. III. cap. 13. the expences of the prosecutors and witnesses are to be paid; and also (if the parties shall appear to be in poor circumstances,) a reasonable allowance made for trouble and loss of time; but this is connected with the regulations of the justices, confirmed by one of the

actual state of things, than the sweeping statements of our opponents as to the five shilling prosecutions to which they allude; and cannot but think, that the appointment of a Public Prosecutor would much more effectually dispel the apprehension of expense, than the present mode of granting the expenses when applied for at the close of the prosecution.

With regard to the trouble and loss of time which prosecutors now sustain, it has been broadly contended, that the proposed appointment would in no degree remedy the evil. In reply to this, we shall only ask, whether it is more trouble for a person to conduct a prosecution himself, or merely to attend as a witness in a prosecution conducted by another person?

That felonies would be sometimes compounded, even if there were a Public Prosecutor, at least before the commencement of the prosecution, may be readily admitted; but the existence of such an officer would be a great check upon transactions of that nature. Much good might be done, if the evil could not be entirely remedied; and shall we do nothing, because we cannot effect every thing? The temptation to compound would still exist, even if there were a Public Prosecutor; but it would be greatly counteracted by the fear of being punished for doing so, which, as prosecutions are now managed, has little, if any effect, the law being so seldom put in force for that offence, though it is one of very common occurrence. When, therefore, our opponents say, that felonies are frequently compounded, notwithstanding the penalties which the law attaches to that crime, they urge one strong argument in favour of the appointment in question. Men are not now prosecuted when they compound felonies; but, if there were a Public Prosecutor, they would be, and that would tend in a great degree to prevent the evil.

The objections which have been made to the interference of a Public Prosecutor in those cases in which, from motives of humanity, or peculiar notions of right and wrong, or speculative opinions on criminal jurisprudence, the injured party might be unwilling to prosecute, require but a brief answer. It is, we trust, already sufficiently obvious, that the business of prosecuting criminals is

judges of assize, which vary according to local circumstances, and it is also necessary to plead poverty in order to be remunerated for loss of time; but, as the poor seldom suffer by thieves, these acts appear to have had little effect in encouraging prosecutors to come forward; and it is believed few applications are made, excepting in cases of real poverty. In the county of Middlesex there is an exception; where witnesses are directed to be paid by the overseers of the poor of the parish, where the person was apprehended; but this mode of payment is seldom, if ever, adopted. The fund, however, which the legislature has thus provided, if economically and judiciously applied by a Public Prosecutor, would remove many difficulties, without any material addition to the county rates. *Colquhoun, on the Police of the Metropolis*, ed. 1797, pp. 225, 226, in notes.



of a public, and not of a private nature; and, for that reason, ought to be managed by a public officer. That being the case, the peculiar sentiments or feelings of individuals should not be allowed to interfere. They should be compelled, not to prosecute themselves, but to give evidence of what they know respecting the offence that may have been committed. This is all they would have to do in the matter; and, if private opinion is to be regarded so far as to be allowed to prevent persons from giving evidence whenever they think fit to withhold it, the whole authority of the law would be sacrificed to that freedom of thought, which it seems to be indulged to such an extent, as to enable every one who pleases to set the law at defiance. Freedom of thought, in such a degree, could not fail to be mischievous; and, if it had its basis in humanity, it must be humanity of a very perverted kind, as it would be more concerned to spare the guilty than to protect the innocent. It is not, however, necessary, in contending for the appointment of a Public Prosecutor, to maintain, that there are no cases in which it could be expedient for him to forbear from prosecuting. Except when he was applied to by the injured party, and even sometimes when he was, he would, of course, use some sort of discretion in the selection of cases fit for prosecution. He would not prosecute indiscriminately every person against whom a charge might be preferred, without some regard to the probability of a conviction, and he might also take other circumstances into account; so that, in the domestic and other cases alluded to by our opponents, it does not follow that they must be prosecuted. On this, and various other points, the alleged inconveniences attending the appointment are either entirely imaginary, or such as might readily be obviated. It is not to be supposed, that the appointment should be made without proper regulations. By a course of reasoning like that which has been pursued in this discussion, the most valued establishments of the country might be proved inexpedient, if experience did not shew them to be otherwise. Our present space will not allow us to follow the opponents of the appointment through all their arguments in detail; but one consolation is, that many of them will furnish their own answer, and many others have been substantially answered in the course of the preceding part of the reply.

The authorities that were cited in the opening have been objected to, either as unnecessary or useless; unnecessary, if the reasons for the appointment were sufficient, and useless, if they were insufficient, as mere authority could not supply the place of argument; but surely, because a case has two good supports, one in argument, and the other in authority, that can be no reason why either should be abandoned, nor does the use of both indicate any doubt as to the sufficiency of either. With regard

indeed, to the authorities themselves, it has been said, that the reasons urged by the magistrates, and other witnesses, have been answered; and that, beyond their reasons, the opinions they gave are of no weight. But though a competent judge may give a bad reason, or no reason at all, when speaking without much deliberation in answer to a  *viva voce*  examination, we are by no means to despise his opinion notwithstanding. The mere circumstance of a well-informed and intelligent person entertaining an opinion on that subject, which, of all others, he may be supposed to understand the best, is of itself sufficient to induce some degree of confidence in him; and surely, police magistrates may fairly be presumed to understand the subject of police as well as most other persons. We cannot, therefore, think, that our opponents have treated the evidence of the police magistrates with that respect which was due to it. That they were very positive, though they had not much considered the subject, rather argues in favour of the appointment than otherwise. The thing was so manifestly good, that they decided at once in its favour, because their past experience had shewn them the necessity for it.

The remarks that have been made on the professional rank of the proposed officer, the expence attending the appointment, the increase of patronage to be occasioned by it, and the mode of payment to be adopted, which have been urged as presenting conclusive objections to the plan, have in fact little to do with the immediate question. They are all either matters of detail, or questions of expediency, which would remain to be considered after it had been decided, that the appointment would promote the desired ends. It is, therefore, needless to attempt refuting what, in great part, at least, it was unnecessary to advance. The wit and humour displayed on the occasion have been very amusing; but it cannot have escaped observation, that they have been employed to make that ridiculous, which is surely a matter of grave deliberation, and that they have been accompanied by a display of ingenuity in the support of difficulties, the most fanciful, in many respects, that it is possible to conceive.

The concluding suggestion of our opponents, that a Public Prosecutor would render a Public Defender necessary, we conceive to be no objection at all. Such an appointment as that of a Public Defender would not be a novelty even in the territories of the British empire; and, whatever inconvenience might attend it, would, we conceive, be more than counterbalanced by the

In the island of Ceylon there is a Public Prosecutor, the King's Advocate Fiscal, who, in criminal trials, executes the same duties as the Lord Advocate executes in similar cases in Scotland. There is also an advocate for the prisoner, an office created by Sir Alexander Johnston, for the purpose of affording gratis, to all prisoners who choose to employ him, the best legal advice that can be procured in Ceylon.

removal of that disgrace to our courts of justice,—the denial of counsel to accused persons, while the amplest legal aid is allowed to prosecutors.

Upon the whole, without entering into a recapitulation of all that has been urged in support of the appointment, we have no objection to rest it on the broad ground, that a public matter of so much importance, as the prosecution of criminals, ought not to be left to the management of private individuals; but that, as it is in fact and in form, a proceeding on behalf of the king for the public benefit, it should, as such, be conducted by a public officer.

### SONNET—NIGHT.

I love the still and shadowy hour, when day  
Has travelled westward in its car of light;  
When the moon rises on the brow of night,  
To pour around my path her silver ray—  
When stars and planets all their pride display,  
When countless worlds appear, confess'd to sight,  
Speeding through azure space their noiseless flight;  
And each tumultuous sound has died away—  
'Tis the propitious, meditative hour,  
Sacred to solemn and inspiring thought!  
When fancy revels with transcendent power,  
And the mind soars to heavenly rapture fraught!  
Then—then those visions meet the spirit's gaze,  
That melt like spectres from the noontide blaze.

### CELIA.

I saw lovely Celia the dance lead along;  
I heard with delight the sweet sound of her song;  
I saw her smile thoughtless amidst the gay throng—  
And health on her cheek seem'd to bloom.  
I heard the deep knell for one called from below;  
I saw a corse borne to the grave sad and slow;  
And many a bright eye was weeping in woe,  
As Celia was laid in the tomb.  
It seems but a moment since last she was here,  
Our eyes to delight, and our spirits to cheer;  
And now she lies cold on her desolate bier,  
And memory weeps at her doom.

To Isabella, Countess of Arundel,  
by Anne, Countess of Arundel.

# ASTREA: A POEM;

As to the author,  
and the subject,  
nothing more to say.  
pleased to be  
known to the  
public.

## ADDRESSED TO MYRA.

### THE EIGHTH CANTO.

#### THE EPISODE OF MEMNON.

"Astrea! then of thee my heart took up,  
"A wilder, sadder strain,—on Ida's top  
"The muse embraced me, and my sorrow bore,  
"Mingled her tears with mine, and I loved her the more."

J. A. H.

#### I.

THE moon is dark : the stars conceal their beams;  
And sullen winds disturb the unwilling streams.  
Creation's beauteous face is blacken'd o'er,  
Flower, tree, and hill, plain, field, wave, rock, and shore.  
Now needs the mariner the beacon light,  
To guide his vessel through the foam of night.  
Hark! what that sound?—is it the winds that blow?—  
Whate'er it is, each whisper's fearful now!  
The hound's hoarse howl, unjoined with fiercer sound,  
How full of awe, with such a gloom around!  
In such a night, how dread the shrieking owl!  
Or, o'er the wild waste, savages at prow;  
They the thick darkness love to roam for prey,  
Threats in their roaring, carnage in their way,  
Resembling demons who, when storms destroy,  
Increase the hideous yell with shrieking joy!  
The solemn bard, who loves the dreary hour,—  
To ride the tempest,—rein the whirlwind's power,—  
Must, ay, confess no pleasing awe is here,  
But that which smites the soul with palsy and deaf fear.  
In such a night, how dread the battle's yell,  
When sudden havoc slips the dogs of hell  
Over some peaceful town!—Aroused from sleep,  
The pallid dwellers hear the ruin sweep!  
While slaughtering fiends o'er many a bed rejoice,  
Shrieks load the air, with triumph's wolfish voice!  
In such a night, I ween, did Ilion fall,  
Her foes concealed within her fated wall,

When, waked by warning ghost from dreamy rest,  
 The good Æneas to the turret pressed,  
 Saw flaming palaces float o'er the town,  
 And ocean burn with splendors not his own,  
 What time Apollo's priest from his heart's core  
 Groaned out its anguish, "Ilium is no more!"  
 Such that wild night, when sudden and fierce war,  
 Slaughtered within, and ruin blazed afar,  
 And hostile gods, with Greece and fate combined,  
 To rase the wall, like ash by mountain wind.  
 In such a night, oft murder stalks abroad  
 With Tarquin stride, to quaff the cup of blood.  
 In such a night may spirits walk the gloom,  
 Sleepless, and pining for the peaceful tomb.

## II.

— She sleeps and dreams, or seems to sleep and dream,  
 There rises on the gloom a sudden gleam:  
 It spreads around, and clears the cloudy sky,  
 Revealed the moon and stars appear on high;  
 Her murdered lord within that lustre stood,  
 A shade, without a form, in thoughtful mood;  
 Light as the wind, a misty ghost and dim,  
 Moon and stars mingling with each airy limb,  
 Floating, and twinkling there, with shadowy rays,  
 As when they struggle through the vapory haze:  
 His robe ethereal on the night-gale flow'd,  
 Through its rare folds the glimmering planets shew'd.  
 Over his breast he gathered it with care,  
 From her to hide the wound distinguished there,  
 A dreary chasm, and dark amid the gleam  
 And shining tissue of the spectral dream.  
 He gazed her silently, and thrice he sighed,  
 And thrice the voices of the night replied—  
 His image quailed at every blast of wind,  
 E'en as the shrunken thoughts trembled in her mind,  
 Striving for speech,—in vain!—with tremor clung  
 The struggling accents to her faltering tongue.  
 Stretch'd his pale hand athwart her wondering eyes—  
 Weak as a distant stream, his words arise,  
 Or like the evening's still and balmy gale,  
 That scarcely stirs the flow'et of the vale.  
 She thought he reached his arms to clasp her still  
 In wonted love, that she might breathe her fill  
 Of swelling sorrow on his faithful breast,  
 Where oft her head had found its placid rest.

Sabina.

And then she strove his blest embrace to share,  
 And spread her arms in hope to strain him there;  
 But ah! in vain! she clasped the empty air,  
 Like withering smoke, the phantom shrinks away,  
 Or lake-born mist that melts before the day:  
 That scarce the ear may feel, a feeble cry  
 Seems, as he fades, his last farewell to sigh.  
 It is the last! the last!—oh, why so soon,  
 Kindles the light within the orient boon?  
 Unwelcome now that to the wretched shows,  
 But how more deep, and durable their woes,

## III.

Son of the morn! arise o'er Ida's height!  
 The Egean billows rolling in thy light,  
 And nature gladdening in thy vital beam,  
 Bright flower, gilt rock, and shore, and laughing stream.—  
 Not at the muses' call or poet's voice,  
 Wilt thou arise, and in thy course rejoice!  
 Nor hath thy harp the pale dawn hailed on high,  
 Nor glows thy brightness o'er the dreary sky:  
 Not with her wonted speed and cheerful smile,  
 Aurora's rosy fingers o'er the isle  
 Disclosed the promise of returning day,  
 But with her tears she veiled the ambrosial ray.  
 Sad she retired, when the broad heaven she gave  
 To Phœbus' chariot from the western wave;—  
 Depressed his brow beneath the weight of woe,  
 Silent his harp, and sad was all below.—  
 No more exulting in their beamy strength,  
 His steeds flame-breathing run th' ethereal length;  
 Conscious of virtue's sorrow, they constrain  
 The struggling fire within their lungs again,  
 Abate their speed, and dim and slowly move  
 The daily circuit they are doomed to prove;  
 With mournful joy they reach the sickly west,  
 Welcome their oozy caves, and darkling rest!  
 And heavenly silence, awful, deep, and long,  
 Suspends the courts of Jove, and Muses' song,  
 And all the synod of immortal thrones,  
 Dim sadness spares not, while ASTREA'S groans,  
 From the bright zodiac where the goddess sits,  
 Starting the southern sky, break forth by fits,  
 Marring the solemn silence, but to leave  
 A pause of deeper awe on those who grieve,  
 But now she rises from her lonely tower,  
 And, prevalent in tears, bespeaks the almighty power;  
 Prostrate before the throne, she mournful sued,  
 And all, in supplicating attitude,

With her, implored the Father of the Skies;  
While the sweet Nine, with mystic harmonies,  
Accompanied her plaint, in pensive song,  
Meliflently musical, and strong.

“Driven from yon brazen orb and iron zone  
By guilt, which had usurped her golden throne,  
(Self-banished to her lonely star,)—where few  
Remain unto her exiled service true;—  
Unsought of man, her very name suppressed,  
Without a shrine, neglected and distressed;  
ASTREA comes to JOVE!—with her appeal  
For those remaining few, in sympathetic zeal!  
Behold my tears,—they for Aristes flow!  
Fell tyranny hath lain Aristes low!  
The father of the vale hath fallen,—and shall  
Jove, without vengeance, see the virtuous fall?  
The son and consort weep such tears as rive  
The fountain whence they flow,—the heart that bleeds alive!  
Be forth, thou sword of wrath! obey the call,  
And as the righteous let the wicked fall!  
Lo! all the powers of heaven invoke the same,  
With tears that speak, and sighs that breathe of flame!—  
Behold Apollo for the son implore,  
To whom he taught his art of tuneful lore,  
And joy’d to hear the strain, that—well-retired—  
The mother fostered and the god inspired!  
And hark, with every solemn sound of woe,  
The mournful measures of the muses flow,  
From their ethereal lyres, that softly swell  
With sorrow not their own, and, as they tell,  
The strings with vengeance sweep upon the deed of hell!”

Then with a father’s love, the Olympian god  
Bent from his throne, and o’er his sceptre bowed;  
And with a kind compassionating smile,  
Though with a look of listening wrath the while,  
Embraced the goddess of Saturnian strain,  
And with paternal energy began.

“Goddess of justice, horn of Titan’s ray,  
And young Aurora, herald of the day,  
For from what meeter lineage than of light  
My great Astrea spring, divinely bright?  
Fair virgin of the zodiac,—hear, attend!  
For Jove himself his sceptre shall defend,  
And in thy righteous balance weigh his words,  
While he the mystic law of liberty records.  
Know, she, the daughter of my breath, shall reign  
O’er populous realms, uncultivated plain;  
City and wilderness her soul pervades,  
All, except hell’s impenetrable shades.

Behold, the noble lion, fed with blood,  
 Boldly asserts the freedom of the wood;  
 Yet in his path the serpent trails its length,  
 And with sly venom saps his boasted strength:—  
 Lo, the same blasts that surge the desert sand,  
 But winnow fragrance round a happier land,  
 Claiming the right to wander where they list,  
 The right bestowed all creatures that exist.—  
 Now turn to man;—behold the patriot heart,  
 The generous mind that spurns the ignoble part;  
 Behold the traitor that, with secret steel,  
 Invades his brother's life, his country's weal.—  
 With good thus evil keeps like equal pace;  
 And hath permitted range throughout created space,  
 So that the freedom of the whole may be  
 Preserved in one main law of liberty.  
 Thus stands the world, on its own axis rolled,  
 Sufficient for itself, and uncontrolled.  
 But tyranny would make that world his slave,  
 And abrogate the charter which I gave,  
 Not seeking to enlarge the good he finds,  
 Nor evil in its proper limits binds,  
 But strikes alone at virtue, and would fain  
 Abolish freedom's universal reign,  
 That heaven-deputed spirit of the earth,  
 Which makes man what God meant him at his birth,  
 Erect,—no reptile prone on dust before  
 His fellow, proud to-day,—and then no more!

“Think not the sword shall slumber by my side;  
 Anon it falls upon the front of pride.—

“For his permissive span of guilt hath end,  
 And all his deeds to retribution tend,  
 At length, to be resolved into the womb,  
 The chaos of all evil, whose thick gloom  
 Nature with day divideth, whence he came,  
 Whence of a past he is, and nought of what I am.”

“Now listen, from the nine enfolded spheres,  
 The inexorable Three who hold the fatal shears!  
 All veil removed, lo, diadem'd with stars,  
 They ply their work, and sing the song of wars;  
 They swell the sounds of death, but justify  
 The secret counsels of eternity.  
 Ethereal thrones, and thou, Astrea, bend,  
 The harmonious charm of destiny attend!”

The ethereal thrones obey the god, and where  
 The parting clouds disclose the radiant sphere;  
 Behold the glorious goddesses, among  
 The constellations crown'd, and listen to their song.



## IV.

## THE PARCÆ.

Clotho ! spin of mortal birth,  
All the unequal web, and frail,—  
Powerful from heaven to earth,  
Robed with thousand stars, all hail !

Lachesis ! be spindle hold,  
While we weave the web of wars,  
Crowned with diadem of gold,  
Vested with ten thousand stars !

Dost thou not the thread dissolve ?  
Bid the tyrant's sceptre end !  
Whom the veils of night involve,  
Atropos !—Arise ! attend !

See, the tyrant scorning heaven,  
Found to lust, lost to his land ;—  
See, a people spirit-riven  
By oppression's royal hand.

Lo ! rebellion, buried long,  
Bursts his marble cearments forth,  
Giant-high, and giant-strong,  
Striding o'er the trembling earth.

Who may keep him in the tomb,  
When his cause is liberty ?  
Ardent for the tyrant's doom,  
Ardent to be great and free.

Rise ! on ! ye avengers dire !  
Wake the lion from his lair,—  
(Ministers of sword and fire)  
Up to horror and despair !

Sink the sounds ! the fatal Three,  
While they weave the web of life,  
Far,—far otherwise decree—  
Crete is saved from civil strife.

Who upon the bloody floor,  
Under his own social roof,  
Lowly lies to rise no more ?—  
Vengeance hovers there aloof.

With their tears, and with his blood,  
See, it mingles, swelling yet  
To a more ensanguined flood,  
Ere the ruddy sun be set.

Swells the stream, and higher foams,  
Gathering venom as it goes ;  
Now, beneath yon gorgeous domes,  
Silently and sunless flows ;

Now, beneath yon holy fane,  
There it bursts disclosed to-day,  
Festering upwards, and hath slain  
Whom it long was doom'd to slay.

Hark ! he groans, and Jove is now  
Justified to earth and man ;  
When he gave the fated blow,  
His own destiny began.

One hath fallen,—another yet,—  
Millions on their fall to build,—  
Lo ! the ruddy sun hath set,  
And his course in blood fulfill'd !

V.

The song has ceased,—the clouds have closed again,—  
And earthly themes employ the earthly strain.

Farewell ! thou Father of the Vale,—farewell !  
The Muse shall tend thee to thy narrow cell.  
Yet, ah ! what boots it to display the pride  
Of those exequial rites, that but deride  
The woe they glitter on, and oft engross  
The place of grief, and triumph in her loss ?

Behold the Widow and her Son ! and know,  
E'en Virtue is but vanity below !  
A flower unfit for earth,—whose stormy skies  
Depress its blooms, and blight them as they rise ;  
Load her with dew, and bend her saddened head,  
In grief that seeks communion with the dead.

The dead !—He was their soul, as they were his ;—  
Oh ! their united hearts were blest in bliss ;—  
And one is rent away,—and, rending, tore  
The others from the desolated core ;  
Left them in the wild winter drear and cold,  
'Mid a waste wilderness,—a barren wold ;  
Severed from that false world which guiled their tread,  
When the fierce flash, that with Thy ruin sped,  
Cast them from all existence to that strange  
Dark orb of solitude, which knows no change,  
The grave's dull gloom, where sorrow feeds her thought  
With images of Thee, who now art not !

Soul of the dead! dost thou behold them now,  
 'Mong the sad peasants of the valley, how  
 Over thy tomb, and with thine ashes part,  
 That keenest anguish of the bleeding heart;  
 That wild assurance thou art gone indeed,  
 Which quenches hope, and breaks the hurried feed,  
 Draws the whole soul into the closing grave,  
 With all she loved, and strives in vain to save;  
 The pang of fixed despair;—the agonies  
 That freeze the blood, and glaze the tearless eyes,  
 Denied the wretched joy to ponder o'er,  
 The vacant clay they may behold no more,  
 Oh, whisper peace to them! but chiefly soothe  
 Her who was once thy soul, and that of truth;  
 Shine on the desolation of her soul,  
 Dissolve despair's stern permanent control,  
 Break up the settling sorrow,—bid her weep,  
 And in Grief's blessed fountain timely sleep,  
 The horrors of her heart,—more deep and dread  
 Than the dull iron sleep that settleth on the dead!

## VI.

More like a sculptur'd form Sabina stood,  
 Than one whose veins were heaved with vital blood;  
 So pale her cheek,—so motionless her mien,  
 So fixed her eye on him who once had been,  
 Tearless,—and silent,—as her soul within,  
 Communed with his; unconscious of her kin,  
 Who wept around,—the mourning peasantry,  
 The lamentation, and the frequent sigh,  
 The ritual of the tomb,—the Flamen's prayer,  
 A monument of overwrought despair!  
 Till the most awful close of all was nigh,  
 That dreadful feeling of Death's certainty;  
 Then, forward, with invigorated start,  
 Wildly she sprang, and claimed her better part;  
 Sprang, like a statue starting from its shrine,  
 With sudden life, and fearfully divine;  
 Clung to the form which one brief moment will  
 Hide from her desolated vision, till  
 She shall be e'en like that, and lie beside  
 The shroud of him for whom she would have died;  
 'Twere rapture to her wildered heart, to lie  
 Beside him, in his sepulchre, and die;  
 E'en now!—and therefore clung she to his clay,  
 Haggard and silent, nor would thence away!  
 Who grasps her hand? It is her only son,  
 Waked to her anguish, reckless of his own.

"Mother!" he cried, — her hand, his breast prest;  
 Hung on her neck, and grew into her breast;  
 She knew him still that right aspect kept;  
 Surveyed him o'er, and wonder'd that he wept;  
 "Vengeance would best become thee!" — but the still  
 With one wild effort of the soul suppress'd;  
 Then strove less darkly on his love to look,  
 Forcing a smile her anguish would not brook;  
 It rose, and sparkled with a struggling light;  
 Pale, but to fade, and leave a deeper night;  
 Deepened with mystery, whose dread gloom behind  
 Were darker horrors hid, and undefined.  
 This Lausus saw, — and through his fever'd brain  
 Darted an hectic flash, — and writhed in pain.  
 His throbbing orbs, that up to heaven were cast,  
 Then fixed on earth with agony too vast;  
 While his swoln bosom wild convulsions sweep  
 He weeps! — would that his mother, too, might weep!

VII.

Not unobservant were the mourner train  
 Of widow wretchedness, and filial pain;  
 Nor he, whose ministry hath power to give  
 Rest to the soul where spirits ever live,  
 Regards them not; but his awakened breast  
 Thrilled with their anguish, and his own confess'd.  
 Long he the Father of the Vale had known, —  
 His blessings blessed; — and echoed groan for groan,  
 As, with past memory, on his mental eye  
 Rose the dark visions of futurity;  
 And with a whisper seemed his soul to swell,  
 And teem with objects he would vainly tell,  
 Till a wild voice, of more than mortal fear,  
 Rushed through his frame, and burst within his ear,  
 And with the sound, as of a whirlwind, shook  
 The solid isle; — e'en Ida seemed to rock,  
 And from the azure heaven the stars to shrink,  
 With terror trembling in each golden link.  
 The surges heard it on the Egean deep,  
 Breaking the calmness of their moonlight sleep.  
 Attention startles from its moody cell,  
 Where with pale sorrow's dreams it loved to dwell.

The inspired Priest, restored to utterance now,  
 In strains prophetic bids the holy rapture flow!

"Hail! Spirit of the slain! hail to thy rest!  
 With Virtue's guerdon, and with vengeance blest!"

b b 2

Oh ye, whose agony is far too deep,  
 To let ye speak or sigh, or groan or weep,—  
 Whose hearts aye bleed within,—whose wounds are hid,  
 And all exterior evidence forbid!  
 Oh, weep ye not, nor let your pangs compel  
 One execration on the deed of hell!  
 The gods,—the gods your execrations speak,  
 Themselves your righteous cause will undertake!  
 My bosom heaves, impatient to be free,  
 And pour the judgments of the gods on thee!  
 Though secret be thy path, without a trace,  
 As the rapt eagle's in the ethereal space;  
 And from such elevation, thou, unseen,  
 Devolve the thunderbolt of pride or spleen,—  
 There's one beheld thee,—heard the cry of blood,  
 Who made the eagle, is Aristes' god!  
 Wrath hath gone forth against thee,—and the day  
 Shall be as darkness, terror, and dismay.  
 Where'er thou move a pitfall waits thy tread,  
 To snare the hunter in the toils he spread.  
 Walk not abroad,—for, lo! impending death  
 Shakes o'er thy crest, and threatens thee beneath.  
 Lift not thine eye,—the lightnings fly around  
 To blast thee, and again flash from the ground.  
 Go thou not on,—the echo of thy feet  
 Will rouse a lion. Stay not,—nor retreat!  
 Danger besets thee, with avenging dart,  
 Above,—before,—behind,—and where thou art!  
 The spirit of the murdered haunts the air,—  
 Purple with vengeance his right arm is bare!  
 The victim flees,—but what shall save him now?  
 The injured spirit speeds the threatened blow.  
 Touches the dome,—it totters to its base,—  
 Crushed is the tyrant in his pride of place!"

## VIII.

The prophecy is said: the roll of fate  
 Is now unfolded to the final date.  
 The son,—the widow,—knew the import well,  
 And as with triumph bade their bosoms swell:  
 Lausus, on bended knee, the gods confess'd,  
 Sabina spake, and eased her burthen'd breast,  
 While she her husband's ghost and heaven's own justice blest.  
 But there are words no common ear might hear.  
 The rites are closed,—the mourners disappear.

## IX.

Behold your dwelling,—your delicious bowers,—  
 Peaceful that roof, and balmy are those flowers,—  
 Halcyon the streams that lave the spot of bliss :  
 These still are yours,—but ah ! were they not his,  
 Who made them pleasing,—gave them all their bloom,  
 Beauty and splendor, sweetness and perfume ?  
 Oh, still of him they breathe, and sadly tell,  
 With him they flourish'd, and with him they fell !  
 The walls breathe of him—(what can they declare ?  
 There once he was,—but now he is not there,  
 Nor again shall be, since the fatal day  
 When, weltering in his blood, ye saw him lay,)—  
 And still retain the spots indelible  
 In that close darkling closet where he fell !  
 Temple of sadly-pleasing memories,  
 But that with them such ghastly horror vies,  
 As makes the past a spectre, and appals  
 The eye of sorrow with the purple walls !  
 Nor promised vengeance may suffice to lay  
 That dreadful image ever in her way ;  
 Although it buoy the soul of grief awhile,  
 Still agony lives in the tortured smile,  
 But deeper the next moment yet to sink,  
 Or swell with thoughts that none may bear to think !

The dead,—the relics of the dead,—are gone,  
 And their torn spirits feel themselves alone :  
 They search each place he visited before,  
 But find him not,—nor e'er shall find him more !  
 But chief, Sabina, brooding o'er her woe,  
 Disdains communion with the things below ;  
 The voice of friendship, and of filial love,  
 Rejects alike her sorrow to remove :  
 That silent phrenzy,—anguish without sound,—  
 The mind,—the mind's immedicable wound !

## X.

Yes, thou art gone ! thou sleepest with the just !  
 Hearsed in death, and canoniz'd in dust !  
 And Sorrow o'er thy tomb to madness turns ;  
 Scorning to weep, with agony she burns.  
 And Melancholy, in its passion'd mood,  
 Though in itself so chill, pours through the blood  
 Like lava through the snow, that still maintains  
 The eternal winter in its frozen veins !

But Charity bends o'er thy sepulchre,  
 And gems the flowers with many a dewy tear,  
 Beneath the cypress waving o'er thine urn,  
 And consecrates to grief thy mortal bourn.

Ye poor ! retiring from the place of tombs,  
 Where rests your patron in the shrouded glooms,—  
 The fatherless,—the widow,—and the sad,—  
 Friendless ! on whom, in Gorgon horrors clad,  
 Poverty laid her more than chastening hand,  
 And broke the hearts she meant but to expand,  
 When she ungently bruised them, in her zeal  
 To teach us what we are by what we feel,—  
 Mere things of pity, not the peers of pride,  
 That soon may need the solace we denied.  
 The Muse beholds you,—as, afflicted, slow  
 Ye move in silent fellowship of woe,  
 Woe's fellowship,—far, far too eloquent  
 To need vain speech to publish its intent.  
 All, all was silent,—yet their spirits seem  
 To hold communion in a mystic dream,  
 That rises without sleep,—the airy sounds  
 Of whispering Fancy which in grief abounds,  
 Till the thoughts ever-crowding but depress  
 The soul with deeper sense of wretchedness ;  
 And the heart, heaving 'neath th' increasing weight,  
 Swells into speech, and deprecates its fate.  
 Oh, then, Aristes ! if, upon the gale,  
 Thy ghost did pass the well-remembered vale,  
 To hear the praise of genuine gratitude,  
 Pleased had'st thou sojourned where the mourners stood,  
 Grouped by dark Ida's side, beneath the vines,  
 And the sad music of the vocal pines.  
 There, in memorial fondness, they relate  
 The well-known story of their several fate,  
 And bless his soul who blessed them in their need,  
 Lord of the feeling heart, and generous deed,  
 And closed the wounds which else had ever bled,  
 And sank the sufferer to the silent dead.  
 To this he had a father been,—and here  
 A husband,—and a son and brother there,  
 Friend to all men,—a deity to most,  
 But now,—and now a sorrow-hallowed ghost !  
 Thus the still ear of night was held attent,  
 And Silence, sweetly saddened, gave consent  
 To be displaced,—and listened to the sound  
 Of sighs that swelled upon her calm profound.  
 Gradual the shades of night dissolve away,  
 Gradual the dawn advances, pale and grey,

Then might we see Affliction's children rise,  
Dim, and less dim, beneath the opening skies;  
See them as sat and tremulous they read  
In either's brow, the sorrow for the dead.

**XI.**

One, o'er the rest, and great in silent grief,  
Seemed to bleed inly, and among their chief;  
Commanding mien and piercing eye were his,  
Though that dejected, and so wild was this,  
It seemed to converse with the things of air,  
Or fix intensely on his soul's despair;  
'Gainst the sweet pine he leant him, and above  
Hung glittering on the branch the lyre of love,  
His was that lyre, and oft the chords he swept  
To ecstasy, while Lausus thrill'd and wept,  
And felt his bosom heave, his spirit swell,  
With pain and pleasure inexpressible!  
Him Lausus loved, and at the obsequies  
Beheld the bard, and thanked him with his eyes;  
But, when they closed, he waived him to retire,—  
No ken but her's might note the embosomed fire,  
Who loved a husband as he loved a sire;  
Then, with the mourners of the vale, withdrew  
The poet, musing on that strange adieu.

They called him Memnon; and, in sooth, the name  
But well-compared him with that work of fame,  
The wond'rous image, whose responsive strings  
Breathed to the morn melodious sorrowings;  
E'en thus his frame, through all its powers, deep-felt  
The bloom of Nature, and her music, melt  
His soul to sadness, whose sweet mystic spell  
Soothes what it wounds, and elevates as well.  
And, list! the zephyrs of the dawn arise,  
And to their whispering kiss his lyre replies,  
Waking a long Æolian note so wild,  
Unmeasured, almost sorrow it beguiled  
To muse it were a spirit's mournful dirge,  
Pensively sighing o'er th' eternal verge,  
Above the vale of this mortality;  
And with the last notes seem'd the soul to die  
In gentle murmurs, and resign the clay,  
Melting at every close away,—away;  
The master heard it, and his thrilling breast  
The sounds through all their mysteries confess'd.



Then from the branch he reached the lyre, and swift,  
 And then with hurried hand the numbers swept! *no*  
 All bent them forward, ~~but the numbers slept~~ *no*  
 His soul collects, — 'tis silence, — and, again, *no*  
 But sadly slow, he wakes the attemper'd strain.

## XII.

*The Story of Memnon.*

## 1.

Unworthy were my fate of song,  
 My friends, and your attention long,  
 But that Aristes' charity  
 Hath been extended unto me;  
 And his, thus blended with my name,  
 It may some grateful notice claim;  
 His praise, that in my story lives,  
 Weight and importance to it gives,  
 And gratitude demands the tale,  
 That sings the Father of the Vale!

## 2.

Beams on my harp the bright sun of the morning,  
 With a living and renovate glow;  
 But the beams of his rising appear but as scorning  
 The gloom of the bosom of woe!  
 It seems like thoughtless madness wild,  
 That in its ireful mood hath smil'd  
 Upon dark misery: — to revile  
 Her sorrows with its frantic smile!  
 Thus once on me  
 Shone prosperity;  
 But ah! 'twas but a maniac's glee,  
 And fate's derision! that had spread  
 Its faithless deep abyss beneath,  
 And hung the snare above my head —  
 A snare to fall in death!

## 3.

Ah Egla! thou wert very fair —  
 Thou wert my hope and my despair!  
 Oh! thee I loved beyond all love —  
 Then how could'st thou so faithless prove?  
 Thou wert a shrine which nature had  
 With her most lavish bounties clad.

Thou wert my heaven had my fate  
Oh! had my love not been so great,  
Thereless had been mine agony,  
But now 'tis keen—so let it be!

4.

In Corinth's capitol I dwelt,  
Nor jealousy of Egla felt,—  
But in the crowded city dim,  
Where art shuts nature dark in night,  
Can the true poet find delight?  
For nature is so dear to him!  
Sore must he sigh for the heavenly blue,  
And the prospect e'er-varying and lengthening to view,  
For the flowers, and the trees, and the plains, and the hills,  
And peopled solitudes, and rills.

5.

"Come, my dear Egla, let us leave this dull crowd,  
"And in sweet retirement our faithfulness shroud;  
"For here, all is vice, bloated pride, thoughtlessness,  
"Degraded the soul to mere gain and excess;  
"But there, with pure Nature white Innocence dwells,  
"And Truth there resides, and there Fancy excels,  
"And Love there delighteth to frolic unceasing,  
"And the couch of the wedded to bless with his blessing!  
"And I will build my love a bower,  
"Woven of every amorous flower,  
"And there retired in noon of day  
"We'll wile the sultry hours away,  
"And all its mingled redolence  
"Inhale into the soul and sense,  
"And we will have a myrtle grove,  
"A vocal and embowered alcove;  
"And there on each fantastic wreath  
"The birds shall sport and music breathe;  
"And, while their am'rous lays they trill,  
"Our souls with tender passion thrill,  
"And, with a more than common glow,  
"Bind us in many a faithful vow,  
"That we will pledge each other o'er,  
"Till time, with us, shall be no more."

6.

Ah! then I proved her false and fell,—  
But do not ask me how!  
For it would rive my heart to tell,  
Nor profit ye to know—

Suffice it then, that she did die  
 With me the sylvan bower;  
 For to the city was she chain'd  
 By a lewd paramour.

## 7.

Ah, Egla! was this well of thee,  
 Who wert both heaven and hell to me,  
 With love like thine to look on him  
 Whose heart was black, whose soul was dim;  
 For knowledge never entered there,  
 To leave the seeds she did not find;  
 Nor wisdom with her ray to rear  
 The implanted virtues of the mind—  
 To all the storms of fortune bar'd,  
 My heart was blighted, lone, and scar'd,  
 Bent down beneath its grief;  
 And, past the power of solace bland,  
 Wounded by that beloved hand  
 Which should have given relief.

## 8.

The strong oak, riven by lightning scathe,  
 Stands a monument of wrath  
 Upon the brow of the mountain hoar:  
 And there perchance, no verdure glad  
 May its form again in loveliness clad,  
 As clad it aye before;  
 But form'd into the stately mast,  
 No more the blasted trunk is seen,  
 Nor where the riven shaft hath been;  
 Sublime it treads the ocean vast,  
 With grace unknown of yore:  
 And so I ween'd my wounds would heal,  
 And that the less my soul might feel  
 Of woe's she brooded o'er,  
 While in her native land she wrought  
 Vain images of airy thought,  
 And made my sorrows more,  
 If I embarked upon the main,  
 A voyager to each foreign plain,  
 Earth's treasures to explore,  
 For thus I should my mind divide  
 From the dark melancholy train,  
 That all my miseries multiplied  
 Wild children of the brain!

And let my soul abroad discourse  
 With profitable lore,  
 Won from the choral universe,  
 And nature's dædal store.

9.

Hail states of Greece! I've seen you all, —  
 And Greece seems verging to her fall,  
 Yet is she glorious still!  
 Oh! may'st thou, clime of heroes old,  
 Sages and bards, by fame enroll'd,  
 Ne'er taste the cup of ill;  
 But e'er maintain thy regal pride,  
 To arts, and arms, and worth, allied,  
 And dear to liberty!  
 How would it grieve each classic breast,  
 To know the land by wisdom blest,  
 Were sunk in slavery!  
 And hail, thou dark-blue rolling sea!  
 For oft and long I've gazed on thee,  
 While sailing through the flashing foam,  
 Intent upon my endless roam,  
 And then I've raised my raptured eye  
 Up to the azure, high-arched sky;  
 For waves, clouds, blasts, rocks, woods, possess  
 Sights, sounds, congenial to my breast.

10.

Weave, ye fates, yon victim's doom,  
 On your ruthless, blackest loom!  
 Traveller on the Egean wave,  
 Will ye make its ooze my grave?  
 The ocean is vast;  
 And strong is the blast,  
 That works up the surges to wrath:  
 Fate rides the storms,  
 And the day deforms  
 With darkness, and ruin, and scathe.  
 The thunders roll—the lightnings fly—  
 And the white herds of Neptune lowe up in the sky, —  
 And nought intermitteth the horrible gloom,  
 Save flashes that gleam to shew seamen their doom, —  
 Hark the shrieks of the dying!  
 And many a ghost,  
 Through the tempest's yell crying,  
 That all—all is lost!

Peace be with you in your oozy graves,  
 My fellow strugglers in the tossing waves!  
 Deep, deep, ye have sank to rise no more,  
 I alone am preserv'd upon Candia's shore,  
 Trembling with dread but to think upon  
 The hours of horror are past and gone!  
 Though every city of Greece smil'd around,  
 And my soul loves to muse o'er each classic ground,  
 No thought of their heroes, their sages, their hands,  
 Could harbour therein,—by death only possess'd,  
 For he rode on the waves, and he delug'd our yards;  
 And under the surges our mariners press'd;  
 Peace be with you, in your oozy graves,  
 My fellow strugglers in the tossing waves!  
 Far, far more happy, aye, than I  
 Who now survive your destiny,  
 Exposed to pitiless fortune bare,  
 And nought left to me but despair!

## 12.

With rapture speak his praise, my song,  
 Who rais'd the poet from despair,  
 Exalting him the train among,  
 High-honored in his care;  
 Aristes' charity restored  
 My fortune, and my woes relieved,  
 And the rich oil of gladness poured  
 Into the wounds my spirit grieved:  
 And I have seen his flowing heart  
 Unbounded benizon impart;  
 Gathered the poor within his hall,  
 With voice of blessing musical;  
 The vocal scene had power to sooth  
 The pang of misery's sharpest tooth:  
 My soul was cheered,—nor wish'd to roam  
 From his all-kind paternal dome.

## 13.

And Lausus had a kindred soul,  
 That would with mine in rapture roll;  
 That loved to kneel at Nature's shrine,  
 And celebrate her works divine;  
 Oft we have roamed the morn together  
 And gazed the lovely soft blue ether;  
 And we have roved the hills and vales,  
 And charmed the nymphs with thrilling tales,

That fancy formed of days gone by  
And swept the strings with extacy,—  
And then his virtuous sire hath joyed  
Over his son, and over me ;  
But ah ! those pleasures are destroyed,  
Again I'm plunged in misery !

14.

I see the homicide tormented  
With every pang by hell invented.  
His grave is barren, and none there  
Shall visit it to pay a tear,—  
But there shall grow each noisome weed,  
And the poisonous adder breed,  
While many a curse shall taint the air,  
Descend to hell, and plague him there !

15.

But lo ! in Amaranthine bowers,  
Above the reach of evil powers,  
The good man dwells the good among,  
Elysian sweets and heavenly song ;  
And over his all-honored tomb  
Shall emerald and flowers bloom ;  
The dust be fragrant ; and his sleep,  
Shall aye be blest by those who weep,—  
And many oft shall linger there  
To pearl the blossoms with a tear.  
And those fond hearts, asunder torn  
From his, once bosomed there, shall mourn,  
His spouse of love, his only boy,  
No more shall tune their lays of joy ;  
The wood-nymphs, and the naiads glad,  
Ever henceforth shall be sad ;  
And their haunts be lorn and dim,  
Nature, with them, shall mourn for him,  
As she rejoiced with them of yore  
In happier days,—but they are o'er !  
Now all is silence, all is gloom,  
And fancy's voice is cold and dumb ;  
Or, if a ray break forth to cheer,  
'Tis but a gleam from deep despair,  
That, darting through the backward scene,  
Points out the bliss that once hath been ;  
And then departing, leaves their doom  
Deepened with sad reflection's gloom !  
Or, if a sound be heard to breathe,  
It is a murmuring, as of death ;

A low, sepulchral, hollow moan,

Lamenting every pleasure gone!

16.

Now I again am plunged in woe,  
I mourn my friend and patron too;  
And all their sorrows thrill me thro',  
To him allied, and dear to me—  
And Lausus I will weep with thee!  
For can I rase from memory  
How thy good sire my wounds reliev'd,  
And every boon from thee receiv'd I  
And when my spirit loses sense  
Of gratitude's intelligence;  
Then from my brain may fancy fly,  
My soul be dead to harmony;  
And may my grave forgotten be,  
Or banned to all posterity!  
Oh! only to the notes of woe  
Hence shall my harp's sweet musings flow;  
As though a wither'd branch along,  
Beside the trembling waters hung,  
For ever obvious to the gales,  
Whose rude unearthly touch prevails;  
And, with a wild unmeasur'd tone,  
Wakes from its chords an airy moan,  
That, mingling with the dashing spray,  
Saddens the traveller on his way,  
With music melancholy deep  
And lengthen'd sounds that seem to weep,  
Yes! while I've thought, or pulse, or breath,  
I'll ever mourn Aristes' death!

END OF THE EIGHTH CANTO.

# ON DEFERENCE TO AUTHORITY IN MATTERS OF OPINION.

In all ages of the world, there have been individuals, to whom, on account of their mental endowments, the rest of mankind have been disposed to look up, as to beings of a superior order. A high degree of that species of power, which extensive knowledge or peculiar talent is calculated to confer, has consequently been often acquired by such persons. Whether they have been distinguished by their proficiency in legislation or theology, in science or literature, in the elegant or the mechanical arts; the admiration of society at large has been frequently accompanied by an implicit faith in the soundness of their judgments, and the correctness of their opinions, on whatever related to the pursuits in which they were reputed to excel. Such was the cause of that profound respect which, in ancient times, was paid to those distinguished characters, the lawgivers, philosophers, and orators, of Greece and Rome. In subsequent periods, a similar influence has been acquired by those who have taken the lead in religion, philosophy, politics, or criticism; and who, having founded sects, established schools, or promulgated systems, have been regarded by their followers, partizans, and disciples, as oracles of infallibility.

The objects of the present essay are to illustrate the causes and effects of that deference which the authority thus established frequently receives;—to assign the limits within which such deference should be confined;—and to point out the circumstances by which the weight of authority should, in general, be determined.

The subjects to which the authority in question may extend, include all that ever occupied the attention of the human mind; but, as the title of the present essay will have already shewn, it is intended, on this occasion, to consider those merely which may be regarded as *matters of opinion*. Strictly speaking, that phrase comprises subjects of every kind, except such as admit of mathematical demonstration, and which do not form a class of very wide extent. By “matters of opinion,” therefore, are now meant, all topics of a speculative nature, on which neither mankind at large, nor even men of learning, can be expected generally to agree, and on which most persons of ordinary capacity and moderate information may be supposed in some measure competent to form a judgment. Almost all subjects of general interest, or which are adapted to general study, are of this sort. Theology, for instance, history, civil and natural, philosophy, morals, and metaphysics, politics, political economy, legislation, the fine arts, literature, criticism, and the like, may all be regarded as matters of opinion.



In none of these, can we say of their principles *generally*, that they are susceptible of certainty; they do not admit of absolute proof; they are speculative, nay, sometimes, positively imaginary; and, at best, depend only on the correct exertion of the reasoning faculty, which will be different in different men. Such are the topics with relation to which it is proposed to enter on a cursory investigation of some of the leading principles of deference to authority.

The lamentable and absurd extent to which that deference has been sometimes carried, is one of the first things that strikes the attention. Many are the occasions on which the use of the reasoning powers has been absolutely suspended. Some great man has promulgated certain opinions; he was profoundly versed in the subject; therefore, it was concluded he must be right. On no better foundation have hundreds and thousands of persons, nay, whole nations, taken upon trust the most erroneous notions, and persevered in them with the utmost pertinacity. To presume to think differently, was heresy; to exercise the reason that heaven gave, was arrogance. What! could it be possible for so great a man to err, and to be followed in his error, if it were so, by such a multitude? Never. The dissentient individual must be wrong, and it has sometimes been his misfortune to atone for his error either with his liberty or his life. The condemnation of Socrates, and the persecution of Galileo, are apt examples. Great advances in knowledge and liberality have, it is true, been made in modern times; yet nothing is more common, even now, than to meet with those who have no better reason to give for their opinions, than that they were entertained by some distinguished character. Such was the opinion of Luther or Calvin, of Milton or Locke, of Paley or Adam Smith; and shall we presume to be wiser than they? Persons of this sort do not seem to be aware, that the profession of different opinions on a particular subject is no assumption of general superiority, and that it is perfectly possible for one of very inferior understanding and acquirements to be right on some points, on which a person of far superior intellect may be wrong, or of which, perhaps, he may be wholly ignorant. They forget, also, that the great men whose opinions they are so ready to take on trust, did not rise to eminence by that servile sort of conduct, but by maturely investigating, and freely questioning, when necessary, the sentiments of their predecessors; by pursuing, in short, the middle course between scepticism and credulity, neither calling in question every opinion they met with, nor admitting it, without inquiry, as an indubitable truth.

But, however manifest may be the absurdity of sacrificing the freedom of our minds on the altar of authority, however

degrading to the dignity of the human intellect, and however calculated to establish us in error, and to mislead us in our search for truth; many there are, and many, it is to be feared, there always will be, for whom a great and venerable name has, on some account or other, such charms, that they find it impossible to resist its influence.

The causes of this are various. One of the most conspicuous is mental indolence, an evil of great extent, and productive of incalculable mischief. The assertion may, at first, appear somewhat paradoxical; but it is nevertheless true, that, though the human mind possesses a certain disposition to activity, it is for the most part disinclined to *vigorous exertion*. There is a great difference between *exercise* and *labour*, whether mental or bodily; and, as every one must know by his own experience, his mind may be occupied and employed, without being obliged to undergo that intellectual toil, which, in profound reflection, or close reasoning, it is impossible to avoid. Now it is so much easier and pleasanter to acquiesce in the sentiments of a distinguished author, than it is to oppose, or even to investigate them, that it cannot be a matter of wonder, though it may of regret, that so many should wrap themselves up in the convenient cloak of affected humility, but real sloth, instead of endeavouring to ascend the same hill, of which the summit has been reached by the objects of their admiration.

Another cause of excessive deference to authority, is mental cowardice. Some persons are so afraid of any thing in the shape of opposition, especially if attended with the remotest semblance of general disapprobation, that they will shrink from the avowal of an unfashionable sentiment, or of a difference of opinion with an author of celebrity, as they would from the grossest breach of propriety or decorum. They seem to confound ability with infallibility; at least, they act and speak as if they thought, that one who is often right, could be never wrong; that because a person is possessed of genius and talent, those qualities must be always called forth upon every occasion; or that, whenever they are exerted, it must invariably be with the same degree of efficiency and success. But can it be any reason, that we should acquiesce implicitly in all the sentiments of a man, because they are generally good? By no means. Let every one think for himself,—soberly, indeed, but freely; and let him dare to communicate what he has laboured to attain.

Additional causes may be found in vanity, which assumes a variety of forms, and is frequently seen to exhibit an affectation of learning. Perhaps no praises are more gratifying than those, which tend to exalt the person praised, in his own opinion; and none are more calculated to produce that effect, than

those which relate to mental excellence. Personal strength or beauty, power, wealth, or magnificence, are adventitious qualities, more attributable to chance, than to merit. But acquirements of an intellectual nature imply qualities in their possessor of a more praiseworthy kind, and such as claim a species of reverence, if not greater in degree, at least proceeding from more dignified motives, and more exalted feelings. Power, wealth, or beauty, unaccompanied by mental talent, may be, and frequently is, compelled to feel its own insignificance; but he whose intellect is vigorous by nature, and has been improved by art and cultivation, and is refined and embellished by delicate and noble sensibilities, is as far superior to those whose recommendations are merely of an external nature, as that which is intellectual must ever be to what is merely corporeal. It is therefore easy to account for the readiness with which some persons pay their homage to the authority of illustrious characters. To be acquainted with their writings, confers a reputation for learning and taste, to some extent, at least. But grant that their principles are erroneous, and the value of the acquisition is destroyed. Hence, it becomes indispensable to maintain the accuracy of their opinions, and to defer to them implicitly upon all occasions. This tends to strengthen the belief of their excellence, and to raise the character of those whose reputation, as men of understanding or intelligence, depends merely on the display of these borrowed plumes, in which they delight to shine.

Sometimes, perhaps, an extreme deference for authority, may proceed from a very different temper of mind. There are individuals, though it is believed their number is but small, who really think so humbly of themselves, that they are ready to give up their opinions to every one by whom they may be called in question. Such persons naturally regard it as the height of arrogance, to doubt the truth of what has been advanced by those whom, on account of their learning or genius, are justly regarded as the benefactors of mankind. They accordingly pay to mere human authority, a degree of deference, due only to that which is divine. They concern themselves merely with ascertaining what the sentiments of eminent men were, and store their minds with these, as with treasures of inestimable value, without ever once dreaming that they ought to investigate their accuracy, much less question or deny it. The disposition which leads to such a course, is an amiable weakness, and is compatible with considerable mental excellence; but, whenever it does exist, it is calculated to produce a degree of deference for authority, more implicit, and more fixed, than is likely to proceed from any other cause, as it rests on the united basis of natural disposition and deliberate principle.

It is not possible, and, if it were, would be tedious, to enumerate all the causes by which an excessive deference for authority is produced; but, be the causes of it what they may, its evils are obvious.

Some of them have been already slightly adverted to, and it is needless to dwell upon them at length. This is clear, that acquired knowledge will lose half its value, if we do not make it peculiarly our own by reflection; but, if on those subjects which are truly "matters of opinion," and on which, therefore, every one should form his own opinion, instead of merely adopting those of others, we sacrifice the noblest powers of our minds at the shrine of authority,—there is an end at once to the use of reason, to the freedom of intellect, and to the progress of truth; we cease to be rational beings, and resemble the prating parrot; instead of preserving that clearness of perception, which the pursuit of knowledge both requires and imparts, our mental vision becomes impaired by the darkness of that error, which authority has too often been found ready to perpetuate, and which discussion and inquiry, calm and candid, yet free and unshackled, are alone calculated effectually to disperse.

Let us not, however, in avoiding one extreme, fall into another. Though no human authority ought to receive implicit deference, the opinions of eminent men are undoubtedly entitled to regard. It is no more than right, that wisdom should be respected,—that genius should meet with admiration,—that talent should command—and that, to a certain extent, inferior capacities should pursue the same path, which men of distinguished intellect have already trodden. But when this takes place to such an extent, as to destroy the exercise of private judgment, and induce mankind to take the opinions of celebrated characters for granted, without ever attempting to investigate their truth, the inevitable consequence will be, the continuance of numerous errors, the suppression of many truths, and the establishment of a barrier to human improvement.

In order to avoid such evils, our respect for authority should be confined within proper limits. We should always avoid adopting an author's sentiments, till we have had an opportunity of examining their truth; and, when we have done so, if they appear to be unsound, we should reject them without hesitation, regardless of the excellence of his general character, which is no proof of the correctness of particular opinions. We should ever bear in mind, that assertions are not arguments, and that it is not by the celebrity of any one, but by his reason, that we should be guided. We should look on men distinguished for their learning and abilities, not as oracles, whose responses we cannot question, but as fellow-men, whose principles it is equally our duty and our interest to scrutinize and investigate. In short, we should never submit to

authority *merely as authority*, whenever we can avoid doing so, but acquire the habit of thinking for ourselves. As the loss of a benefit is a less evil than the suffering of an injury, so is the rejection of truth a less evil than the reception of error; and it is consequently much safer, by extreme caution, to run the risk of the former, than, by indiscriminate deference to the sentiments of others, to incur the danger of the latter. In the one case, though we lose an advantage that we might have gained, we are still in no worse condition than before; but, in the other, the loss that we sustain is at least as great, besides being attended with consequences positively injurious.

If, indeed, we happen to be destitute of that information, without which it is impossible to form a correct opinion, the necessity of the case compels us to rely on the authority of those, whose knowledge is more extensive than our own. There is also another case in which it may be proper to do so; and that is, when upon reflection we are inclined to differ from the author whose opinions we have examined, but the matter appears doubtful; here it is only a just and proper respect for authority, that we should suffer it to turn the scale. If our submission to authority be confined within such bounds, we shall at once derive all the benefit which the opinions and examples of distinguished characters are calculated to confer, and shall avoid the evils which can never fail to result from implicit deference, or indiscriminate imitation.

It is, however, no less necessary to bear in mind the circumstances by which the weight of authority should be determined, when occasions for relying on it do occur, than it is to set limits to the deference which it claims. Those authors, then, may be regarded as the most worthy of confidence, whose obviously no other end in view, than the discovery or establishment of truth; and the weight of their authority is proportionably increased or diminished, as they approximate to this standard, or recede from it. When we observe the divine more concerned to disseminate the truths of religion, than to assail those who dissent from his doctrines; when the politician labours rather to promote his country's good, than to uphold or depress a party; when the historian transmits to posterity a faithful record of events, instead of employing his pen to cloak the vices of those in power, or to disseminate his principles as a political partizan; when the philosopher seeks rather to mend the hearts, to expand the understandings, and to enlarge the knowledge of mankind, than to exhibit his own ingenuity in the promulgation of specious and sophistical theories; when the object of the critic is to illustrate the principles of literature, to exhibit the beauties, or to correct the errors of genius, rather than to ridicule the one, or expose the other, from envious and malevolent motives;—when men of talent are

actuated by such sentiments, and pursue such courses, then indeed is their authority deserving of all the deference, which authority should ever receive.

But, in conclusion, it may be proper to repeat, that such deference, in matters of opinion, should be sparingly and cautiously shown. It should form the exception, rather than the rule. Instead of supplying the place of reflection, it should give way to the spirit of diligent thought and free inquiry. Though allowable on some occasions, when, for the time, examination is impossible, or information deficient, the very necessity for submitting to authority at all, should lead the lover of truth to emulate the talents before which he bends submissive, by exercising the powers of his own mind, and extending the limits of his own acquirements. Let a spirit of mental independence predominate. At once avoiding arrogance and self-debasement, let every one have a proper sense of the dignity of his nature; and let him reflect, that he abandons the privileges with which providence has endowed him, when he bows down before the intellect of a fellow-being, instead of duly exerting those faculties which are common to all, and of which the extent is to be ascertained only by experiment. In all matters of opinion, let us endeavour to form sentiments of our own; and, though we allow the influence of authority as a guide, let us never submit to become its slaves.

\* \* The writer of the foregoing Essay, unwilling to incur the imputation of plagiarism, to which, without explanation, he might appear liable, thinks proper to subjoin the following statement. He has recently discovered by accident, what he was not aware of at the time of writing the Essay, that in Dr. Aikin's "Letters from a Father to his Son," there is a letter on the same subject, (Vol. II. Letter V.) some of the sentiments in which, as may naturally be imagined, resemble some of those above advanced. Though this resemblance could not have been the result of imitation, as the essayist was unconscious of having been thus anticipated, it is nevertheless true, that he had some years before read the letters of Dr. A. He had, however, totally forgotten, that they contained any remarks on authority in matters of opinion; and when, therefore, he was writing on the subject, he of course had no reference to that of which he had no recollection. But as, on the one hand, under these circumstances, he could not have copied the doctor's ideas, so, on the other, the similarity of their views cannot be referred to accident merely; it being impossible to say, whether any of the remarks in the letter had or had not remained, however unconsciously, in the mind of the essayist, from the time of his first reading them. The coincidence of sentiment in question may, perhaps, be best accounted for upon the principle advanced in the following just observation of Dean Swift, in his "Letter to a Young Clergyman:"—"If a rational man reads an excellent author, with just application, he shall find himself extremely improved, and, perhaps, insensibly led to imitate that author's perfections, although in a little time he should not remember one word in the book, nor even the subject it handled: for books give the same turn to our thoughts and way of reasoning, that good or ill company does to our behaviour and conversation; without either loading our memories, or making us even sensible of the change." The truth of this remark should be a great consolation to those, who lament their forgetfulness

of what they read. The strongest memory cannot retain a hundredth part of the pages over which the eye passes; but it is with the food of the mind as with that of the body,—we are not to judge of the value of what is acquired by mere quantity, but by the effects produced. The most appropriate conclusion, perhaps, of this note will be, an outline of the letter which has given rise to it. The doctor begins by observing, that the influence of authority, once almost universal and unbounded, is still considerable; this he imputes to prejudice and indolence. He concedes there are but two cases in which authority deserves implicit deference,—attestation as to matter-of-fact,—and demonstration in mathematical science; but even in these, not entirely without qualification. The authority of names, he contends, should be rejected, and then proceeds to consider the causes which chiefly give authority its weight, such as, the sway of first opinions, too high notions of individual excellence, and a consequent excess of admiration. As exemplifications of his meaning, he refers to certain commentaries on the writings of Homer and Shakspeare, in which, on account of their general excellence, the very faults of those writers are represented as beauties. Excessive deference for real learning or genius, he represents as much more respectable than that which proceeds from rank, wealth, or station. The desire of being relieved from the pain felt in a state of doubt, he assigns as one cause of submission to authority, which in such cases is often called *making up one's mind*, a thing only to be done upon one's own investigation, and where no further evidence can be obtained. He exposes the fallacy of annexing authority to what is called antiquity, though the world was in former times less ancient than now, and modern times, in fact, possess the advantages of accumulated years and experience. Authority, he says, is most to be suspected when force or fraud is employed in its support, it being then self-condemned: he refers to the conduct of the Romish priesthood as an instance of this; and, after observing that dignitaries of all sorts are ready to avail themselves of their titles and rank to increase the weight of their authority, he concludes with an exhortation never to forget, "that human authority can be no more than a relative and limited thing; that, whether founded on genius, knowledge, or experience, it may be balanced, and perhaps overweighed; and that mankind, in matters of opinion, as well as of civil institution, are to be considered as at all times possessing their entire privileges, which no acquiescence of their predecessors can abrogate." Such are the leading topics of the letter in question, which it will be seen do not in many respects resemble those of the above-written Essay; but they who wish to investigate the subject thoroughly, will find their pains amply rewarded, by referring to the letter itself. If, then, this note shall by any one be thought unnecessary, with reference to its intended purpose, of averting the charge of plagiarism, it will not perhaps be considered as *useless*, if it should be the means of making more generally known the writings of an author, who has in his motto truly described them, as "*Liberi sensi simplici parole.*"

### THE BUTTERFLY: A WARNING TO COQUETTES.

GIDDY, thoughtless, flutt'ring thing,  
In the sun-beam wantoning,  
Vain of thy too treacherous dower,  
Beauty's false and fading flower,  
Born and blighted in an hour!  
See with rude hand the boisterous foe,  
Pursues thee with destructive love,  
Allured by thy vain, forward show  
And bold display: I see him move,

And watch ye whereso'er you rove—  
 O'er nature's carpet, (early wove  
 By hands unseen,) thro' every bed,  
 Where slumbering roses gently fed,  
 With kindly dews, by heaven's own hand,  
 To welcome its warm smiles expand  
 Or, (cooily wanton,) dost thou drop  
 Into some tulip's gaudy cup,—  
 Sanguine he runs to insure the prize,  
 That asks the flowret's sacrifice.—  
 Crush'd in his grasp the flower I see,  
 Whose only crime was shelt'ring thee.  
 And thou hast left the stem forlorn,  
 Of half its beauteous blossom shorn,  
 To sport thee in the sunny ray,  
 And coquet thy life away.  
 Giddy, thoughtless, flutt'ring thing,  
 In the sun-beam wantoning,  
 Proud to gild thy plumage there,  
 Adding, still, but snare to snare;  
 See thy foe, whose hot desire  
 (Burning fiercely,) nought disarms,  
 He heeds nor thorn, nor angry briar,  
 And laughs at toil to win thy charms:  
 Lo! the fatal hat he waves,  
 To thee more fell than sharpest blades:  
 What avail thy beauties now,  
 Varied as the plighted bow,—  
 The plighted bow, of sorrow born,  
 When joy in laughter bless'd the morn,  
 And kiss'd the tears from the blue heaven,  
 And promised man a brighter even!  
 Now thy cruel foe hath won thee—  
 Curse the charms that have undone thee!  
 Giddy, thoughtless, flutt'ring thing,  
 In the sun-beam wantoning,  
 Vain of thy too treacherous dower,  
 Beauty's false and fading flower,  
 Born and blighted in an hour—  
 Hadst thou with retiring grace,  
 Shunn'd the haunts of manhood's race;  
 Hadst thou less those beauties shown,  
 The rose-bud still for thee had blown,  
 And all thy charms were now thine own.  
 May thy fate a truth convey  
 To maidens, sprightly, young, and gay,  
 Not to trust the charms that flee,  
 Youth, and grace, and symmetry,  
 Nor the eye's bright witchery;  
 Nor thoughtless step too far from thee,  
 Blushing maiden—Modesty!

J. A. G.



## DISCUSSION:

**DOES THE GREAT INFERIORITY OF MODERN DRAMATIC LITERATURE ARISE MORE FROM THE WANT OF GENIUS, OR THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE TIMES?**

THE Opener of this discussion contended, that the great inferiority of dramatic literature at the present day did not arise from want of genius. It was scarcely to be believed, that genius for the drama did not exist in this country; it could not be denied that no encouragement was held out to develope it. In every state, and at every era, there was something extraordinary,—something for which it would be difficult to assign a good reason; there was always something standing out, as it were, in opposition to every thing else,—an eternal exception to the general rule. The present state of dramatic literature in England is one of these phenomena. At a time when art in general is making rapid progress towards perfection,—when information is spread and received with an avidity never before witnessed,—when science and knowledge are making unparalleled advances,—and when the true spirit of poetry is abroad in the world,—that at such a time the drama should continue sinking to the lowest state of degradation, till our plays have become the reproach of the nation, and the scorn of Europe, is as astonishing as it is deplorable. What can have brought about this national disgrace? Surely, the circumstances of the times. Facts will prove this. That there is no genius for the drama, can only be a matter of conjecture; the facts may be demonstrated by the following reasons:—

1. The theatrical monopoly arising from the existing patents.
2. The want of due encouragement to men of genius.
3. The size of the theatres, and decline of public taste arising therefrom; and,
4. The fact, established by history, that there is generally no want of any particular kind of genius to which adequate encouragement is afforded.

1. **The theatrical monopoly.** This cause might perhaps be truly said to include all the others, as it is the root of the evil; but, for the sake of greater perspicuity, we shall adhere to the subdivisions. This undoubtedly is the origin of the mischief; this is the monster that has engulfed the dramatic glory of the country, and destroyed its taste and genius; this is the upas which has shed its baleful breath over the English stage, and ultimately infected the public itself with its noxious effluvia. This execrable system, which future ages will wonder to find could ever have been tolerated, but which has been protected with that senseless obstinacy which legislative and corporate

bodies are alone found to display, has brought darkness and ignorance over the brightest and most mental stage that the modern world has ever known, and has rendered the country of Shakespeare the laughing-stock of surrounding nations. What are the interests of a few selfish and tasteless proprietors to the legislature, that it should thus persevere in sacrificing the national honour upon this altar of Mammon? Is this a just reason why the talent of the country should be lost; either toiling in vain, buried in obscurity, or crushed in the bud, by the want of that inspiring hope, without which none can be expected to attain excellence? One might almost suppose that the very constitutional foundations of the country rested on the theatrical patents, from the pertinacity with which they have been protected! That to throw the drama open, and give competition fair play, would induce civil war or revolution! Why are these persons to have a monopoly of this kind, and to be able to say to the public, You shall come to our houses, or see a play no where; you shall see our trash, or see none? It would be as just and reasonable to limit the privilege of publishing poetry in England to two or three booksellers; make it a heritable possession, and deny all others the right of ushering a single line of verse to the reading public. Where is the difference? Then poetry would soon become what the drama now is,—a national disgrace.

Competition is allowed by all to be the only means of getting the public well served with any commodity. It has been found to be so with merchandize; it is so with art. It is the grand stimulus; it excites to emulation, and draws forth the greatest efforts of human genius. Those companies which have an exclusive privilege are always found to vend the worst articles, and charge the highest prices for them. When the door to competition is thrown open, they are obliged to seek for support in the only way in which they ought,—by the excellence of their goods, and the reasonableness of their charges; and they must either do this, or be driven out of the field. The public have as much right to this piece of justice as to the air they breathe.

Were there other theatres, through which men of genius might present their productions to the public, the proprietors of the present gingerbread establishments might exhibit their horses, their dogs, their elephants, and their asses, (quadruped and biped,) to empty benches; when their tinsel processions, their tumblers, their Mazuriers, their rope-dancers, and their expensive and useless magnificence, would be abandoned by the public to the contempt they merit. Were this end, so devoutly to be wished, obtained, they would be obliged to close their doors, or bring forward excellencies capable of vying with the other establishments. It is not to be endured that the protection of legislative enactments should longer continue to uphold these huge

monstrosities, to the exclusion of taste and talent. And what have they done in return for the privilege? What, but insult the British public for years with a vile farrago of nonsense, for which the vocabulary of Dr. Slop might be in vain consulted for adequate terms of contempt and abhorrence. By invading the province of Astley's and Sadler's Wells, and by aping the mummeries of Bartholomew Fair, they have virtually broken the compact by which their privileges were held, and ought to possess them no longer. Since they have departed from the proper line of the legitimate drama, it is full time that others should be allowed to enter it. Their patents were granted for that express purpose, and they have broken their bond.

"A plague of both your houses."

If it be asked why they have done this? we answer, Because they feared no rivals. If competition had existed, these offences to taste, these insults to the public, had never been attempted. The monopoly has caused them, and its extinction ought to be tried, to remedy the evil. But for this, the houses *called* regular theatres would never have grown to the enormous size which they now are, nor would the performances have retrograded as they have. In the same proportion as other arts, and science, and general knowledge, have advanced, so have they gone back. As if unable to see or to profit by the light around them, or being resolved to shut their eyes, they have chosen to envelope themselves in a night of ignorance and barbarism. Actuated, either by the want of taste to perceive, or the want of honesty to select, the best pieces offered to them, it would appear that the managers had uniformly chosen the worst. Out of several hundred plays, which are annually presented for their choice, it is not possible for the most candid and liberal mind to suppose that those which they have given us are the best. The fact is, that manuscript plays, presented by individuals whom they have no particular interest to gratify in attending to, are either not read at all, or read with a determination to reject; the most probable fate they meet is the former. We have little hesitation in saying, that if "*Lear*,"—the masterpiece of tragedy,—were now first written, and offered to the theatre by an unknown individual, it would be rejected. The managers do not appear to have even sense enough to see their own interest; that they should violate their duty to the public, when they filled their treasury by so doing, would not surprise us; but the blindness they have shown to their own profit is astonishing. The sums lavished in the decoration of a contemptible piece of folly, would in many instances have purchased a tragedy and a comedy, which would have commanded audiences for several nights, in successive seasons. We speak not from conjecture,—we know it to be fact.

But there is another reason, independent of the misdeeds of the patentee managers, which loudly calls for the extinction of this genius-withering monopoly. Since the time when this exclusive privilege was granted, the population of the metropolis has largely increased; perhaps it would not be going too far to say, that it is now one-third more than it was then. London has gone on extending beyond all conceived bounds, and Mother Shipton's prophecy, that it would reach to Hampstead, is nearly verified: from one extremity to the other is a day's journey, and its circuit an undertaking for a traveller. The inhabitants of its suburbs must come several miles to see a play, or forego the enjoyment altogether; and there is no doubt but that hundreds choose the latter alternative, rather than find themselves so far from home at so late an hour. Why should not the citizens, great as they are in wealth, importance, and intelligence, be allowed to have their theatre. It was a deliberate insult to that respectable body, when their petition for a third playhouse was rejected. It ought to be instantly conceded to them, not as a favour, but a right. The increase of population, and the growth of intelligence in the metropolis, imperiously demand that the drama should be thrown open: the execrable monopoly ought not to be allowed another year to destroy the innate genius of the nation.

If it be said that the present houses are not filled, we say that on half of their nights they deserve to be empty. If they are not filled, it is because they are too large, and because they often present nothing to induce a tasteful person to visit them; the great distance they are at from the remote parts of the town also keeps many persons away. People have been so often persuaded by the lying play-bills to come from afar, to see a piece of trash, which was condemned the night before, that they are grown suspicious, and will not make the sacrifice, to be perhaps cheated again. The two theatres are both huddled up together in one spot; and such persons as are pleased with mountebank exhibitions, can be annually gratified at Smithfield, and other places, nearer to their houses, and at less expense. Not filled! Never may they be filled till they better deserve it! But six moderately sized theatres would be filled, where the audience could see and hear with comfort, and where something worth seeing and hearing would be presented to them.

II. The want of due encouragement to men of talent, is the next reason we would adduce to account for the inferiority of dramatic literature in these times. This, also, is another result of the unjust system of monopoly; and wholly to be attributed to the circumstances of the times, of which that monopoly forms the most odious feature. When we speak of the want of encouragement to authors, we do not so much mean the prices they

receive for plays which are performed, though we believe they are much less than used to be given, as the impossibility they find of getting a play received at all. Rejection,—unqualified, constant rejection,—is the fate of all who have not a friend either among the managers or principal performers. The door is closed and bolted to all authors, without exception, who are not backed by interest. Can any man write with his full powers under such a leaden pressure of despair? Will any man, who feels the dignity of genius within, submit a second time to the mortification of having his productions refused by those who either have not taste sufficient to discover their merits, or not candour and integrity enough to accept them. The managers must be solicited, flattered, and bowed to; the actors must be humoured and accommodated. This passage does not please the high mightiness of some tragedian; this scene does not accord with the supreme will and pleasure of some comic favourite; that is too short, and this is too long: one character does not quite hit the taste of some buskined hero, and another does not suit the exact talent of some master of the sock; and the author must cut out and put in, alter and rewrite, till his original idea is lost, or frittered away, and the effect which he wished to produce wholly destroyed; and, if he refuse to submit to these dictations, the parts are spoiled in the acting, and the piece condemned. Is this what a man of genius will yield to, except from dire necessity; or, yielding to it, can he be said fairly and fully to exercise his powers? Some performers are so selfish of fame, and so jealous of rivalry, that they will require that a play should possess but one good and prominent character, which alone shall be capable of attracting the attention, and exciting the applause, of the audience. The whole interest of the play must centre in the one great and indivisible! He can bear no rival near his throne! It would be high treason to his regality to allow scope to any other performer to participate in the applause of the audience; and he would as soon part with a portion of his salary, as only share in the approbation of the spectators. For authors to be obliged to write so as to suit their characters to the peculiar talents of performers, is of itself sufficient to cramp any genius; but to centre the whole interest of a drama in one, is enough to destroy the efforts of the greatest mind.

In the present day, so much money is lavished on the principal actors, that there is but little left to reward those who write what they are to say. Is the author or the actor the chief personage? What would the latter be without the former? Upon what principle, then, does the performer assume his fancied superiority? Without the power, perhaps, of writing a single tolerable speech, he erects himself above the man, apart from whom he is nothing. If the managers knew and did their duty,

they would place each in his proper station, and uphold them both with impartial justice, despite intrigue and favouritism; but they do not. They are themselves; with all their combination and bye-laws, the very slaves of these lords of the boards. Compare the hardly obtained and uncertain rewards paid to authors, with the fixed and enormous salaries of the chief performers, to the detriment of those by whom alone the stage exists. We would not wish to deprive histrionic talent of its fair remuneration, but we would assist to put down a practice which erects the fortune of the actor on the ruin of the author. The former should remember that the latter is the spring of all his greatness; and will live, and be admired, when he is forgotten. That the one should engross all the emolument, is as absurd as it is unjust. This new and growing evil ought to be put down, tending as it does to the ruin and disgrace of the legitimate drama; but that will not be till the monopoly is put an end to. That is the source of all the mischief; that is the box of Pandora, which, without hope at the bottom, has let loose its plagues and curses over the British stage; which has already reduced it to the level of Bartholomew Fair; and which will, if not destroyed, annihilate the last traces of dramatic excellence amongst us.

III. The next reason we propose to advance, in furtherance of the general argument, is the disproportionate size of the theatres. This has greatly contributed to the decline of true dramatic taste amongst the people. An audience cannot be able to appreciate excellence, either in the writer or the actor, unless it can hear all that is said, and see every change of countenance that is exhibited. Now it is notorious, that a considerable part of the spectators in our chief theatres cannot for some time ascertain even what performer has made his entrance on the stage. If the player would make himself heard in all parts of the house, he must raise his voice to an unnatural pitch, destructive of every principle of fine acting. The varieties of passion, the nice discriminations of character, require at times a subdued tone, descending almost to a whisper: were the actor to do this, he might, for half the audience would be the better for it,—as well rehearse in his own study, as speak in one of those modern Coliseums, or, at a winter theatre. He might as usefully frown from the top of Shakspeare's Cliff, at spectators on the beach, as think to convey the silent eloquence of passion to those in the remote parts of the house. Hence those caricatured expressions, which are as useless to the distant, as they are disgusting to the nearer observers; they do, indeed, sometimes "set on some dozen barren spectators to laugh, but only make the judicious grieve."

And what has been the cause of these enormous piles of buildings, called theatres? What but the monopoly; it is to that alone that our thanks are due for standing in need of an ear-

trumpet and an opera-glass. The proprietors, knowing that they had the exclusive privilege of catering for the public in this article of taste, fancied that all London must come to them, and therefore made suitably large preparation. Empty benches have indeed frequently proved their error; and, though this is a good remedy in itself, it is not applied often enough to correct the evil effectually. In such an immense population as the metropolis contains, there will always be the chance of a certain portion of visitors, who go there without hardly knowing what they are to see. The result of such overgrown houses has been, that as the judgment could not be appealed to, nor the taste gratified, there remained no alternative but to please the eye. As people could no longer go to the theatre to enjoy poetry and nature, they must be gratified in some other way, or keep at home; and as all, unfortunately, do not like to do the latter, whatever they may be treated with, the consequence has been what every man of taste deprecates. Show has been substituted for sense, pomp for nature; and colour and tinsel for the noblest efforts of the mind. Hence the taste for those splendid gewgaws, those pompous nothings; the empty parade, and the tedious processions which move over the stage, go off on one side, and come on again on the other, with their flags, their horses, their soldiers, and their chariots; which, after having exhausted the theatrical treasury, have at last left the minds of the spectators discontented and unsatisfied. Sometimes, indeed, these things, detestable and ridiculous as they generally are, have met the fate they merited: a coronation of Charles the Tenth, and a visit to Ireland, have taken away far more by cheque on the bankers than they ever brought to the doors. This is consolatory, certainly; would to heaven it were always so! Then we might have some hope that the mismanagers would be brought back to reason and taste; but never will that be while rivalry is prevented, and the theatres remain the huge temples of nonsense which they now are. Never can it be where excellence battles in vain with distance; and where the beauties of the author, and the talents of the performer, are lost in unbounded space. We hardly know whether we would include the Christmas pantomime in this sweeping censure, or no; we think not: we could tolerate that annual license, especially when we remember it is often among the best things which they produce. We recollect the irresistible Grimaldi, and are disarmed. Who could look such unutterable fancies as he! whose countenance was ever like his, a full round orb of fun! who like he could thrust a haunch of venison into his breeches-pocket, with such a grinning consciousness of arch felony! No, prince of clowns, we condemn not thee! May thy heart ever be as light as thou hast made ours in days that can return no more!

If it be said that people like these exhibitions, or they would

not go to them,—to a certain extent we admit the truth of the observation. But what has made them like them,—and how do they like them? The managers, having, at an enormous expense, and by sacrificing the dramatic glory of their country, succeeded in vitiating the public taste, turn round upon us and say, that they must provide these things, because the public will have them. Those who first introduced spirituous liquors among the American Indians, and thereby gave birth to that love of intoxication, which has thinned the race, defended themselves afterwards by saying, that they were compelled to give them rum, or they could obtain no furs. But again, we ask, why do the public like these showy nothings? Simply because they cannot get what is good, and therefore they take what they can; for want of better, they put up with what is offered them. This is why they like them, or rather why they tolerate them. And how do they like them? As a child likes sugar,—vastly pleased for one moment, and nauseating it the next! It seems all very wonderful and very fine! The gold-leaf dazzles their eyes,—the rush of horses tramples on their understandings,—the hubbub drowns their senses! They are taken by a coup de main; they stare, they are astonished, and clap their hands, and go home and wonder at their own folly. And thus the thing goes on for a few nights, till all the foolish have been gratified, and all the wise disgusted, and then the contemptible trumpery is piled up in the property-rooms, to be again brought forth, mixed up with something new, to be once more strutted over the stage of folly. Shade of Shakspeare! hast thou beheld our degradation! Wert thou, freed from thy mortal coil, permitted to behold Madame Sacqui dancing on the rope in thy degenerate temple! Have thine etherial eyes been afflicted with a sight of the French punch, on the boards where Macbeth grasped at the airy dagger, and Lear uttered his appalling curse!

But these disgraceful scenes would never have been suffered for a moment, had not the managers succeeded, by the means of their monopoly, in vitiating the public taste. To be able to judge of merit, and understand excellence, it is necessary that we be conversant with both. If none be presented to us, we soon become unable to appreciate them. As the tongue requires to be in constant practice to know the quality of wines, so does the judgment on subjects of taste. He who has never seen a good picture, is no judge of excellence in painting: to be able to know what constitutes a good picture, we must be familiar with the works of the best masters. It is the same in the drama. Merit has become so scarce an article on the stage, and excellence so excluded a one, that the public have almost lost the faculty of judging of it. The many (not all, certainly,) think the trash they see must be very fine, and they are content. The majority know



no better, and those who do, stay away, and thus the degradation becomes the more hopeless and complete. At times, indeed, the theatres seem to have a due proportion of reasonable persons among their auditory; and this is especially the case when the plays of Shakspeare, and some other standard dramatists, are performed. This shows that the public are not wholly divested of taste, and that it would soon revive, were the managers to do their duty, and accept what is good from whatever hand it might be offered. But as old plays will not do alone, they are obliged to resort to novelty. And why do they not, seeing that good plays will draw good houses, approach as nearly as they can to the excellence of the old, in selecting the new? Why go as far as possible from it! It would seem as if they thought that a good new tragedy would blow up the house, and a genuine comedy bring the building in ruins about their ears, so studiously do they avoid both.

We conceive, then, that we have sufficiently proved that the circumstances of the times are the cause of the inferiority of dramatic literature at this day. All the evils we have stated are to be found in these circumstances. We see that genius cannot obtain free, if any, access to the stage: how then is it to prove its existence. Beside, even genius itself requires practice to excel; and, if none be afforded to it, that is sufficient to account for its non-appearance, without supposing its non-existence. The idea is scarcely credible. There are also other circumstances which contribute to oppose the progress of the drama; but we have enlarged upon those which affect it the most decidedly, and need not dwell on minor points. The alteration of the time for dinner has been supposed to operate in disfavour of the theatre. That this cause keeps many of the higher ranks from visiting that place so often as they otherwise might do, is very probable; but here we should imagine its effects would cease: it may probably prevent the engagement of some score boxes, but we do not see how it can prevent good plays from being out; and, at all events, it can form no motive for the production of expensive trumpery. How far the trash which the managers have for some years treated the gentry with, may itself have induced them to prefer a good dinner, we know not; but this we do know, except when the plays of the good olden time are acted, the stage can offer very little that would prompt us to give up the more substantial, and quite as intellectual, pleasures of the social board. The funds of these establishments also suffer a loss from another cause. Now that many tradesmen find it agreeable and necessary to have their *country seats* at Bayswater, Walworth, and Pentonville, they cannot conveniently attend the play. When the drawing-rooms over their own shops and counting-houses satisfied them, they could take their families to see a dramatic entertainment; on the

present plan of suburb rusticity, they cannot. But this can only operate in a pecuniary way: if it have any effect on the managers, it would seem that it ought to stimulate them to more powerful and better directed exertion, in order to counteract it. So long as they bring out pieces only for children, men may be expected to stay away. The Italian Opera also is a rival which the theatres have to contend with. We have no great fancy for this species of entertainment; it seems somewhat ridiculous to warble sorrow and trill agony; but, even at its worst, it is as rational as much of that which is exhibited at the English houses, with the charm of good music to make the scale preponderate. But we think it would have very little effect, were the sterling drama nightly opposed to it at the other houses: London has more than enough left to fill them, did they deserve to be filled.

IV. A few words upon the alledged want of genius. It is to be remarked that this can only be assumed, not proved. If the theatres were accessible to all persons who could write good plays, and none were offered, then we might admit the assertion. We distinctly affirm, they are not: we defy proof to the contrary. All, except a favourite few, know that they must write in vain. Were a better and fairer system in action, the nation would soon show its dramatic power. The history of all countries abundantly proves, that there is no dearth of any particular kind of talent in a great population, if circumstances are favourable to its development. Genius of every kind has ever been, and will be found, when adequate encouragement is afforded to its exertions. The experience of all ages has proved this to be fact. Where valour and military talent have opened the road to wealth and honour, good soldiers and consummate generals have been found in abundance. Of this, the military eras of Rome, and of the French republic, and the naval and military epochs of England, afford abundant proof. Eloquence was once in Greece the high road to glory: the consequence was, that orators arose there who have never been surpassed to this day. In the same country, sculpture was a profession followed by the highest honours and rewards; and the excitement brought to light sculptors of transcendant genius: there was a constellation of talent in this art, developed by these favourable circumstances, which has defied the competition of the whole world to this period. Who does not see, that if no encouragement had been afforded to this art in Greece, that those men would never have been known; and the existence of that power there might have been as reasonably denied, as that of dramatic power is now in England? Can we suppose that nature then created more men with the innate capacity of making great generals, orators, or sculptors, than she is always creating amongst the promiscuous mass of talent which she gives to the world at all times? Impossible! When men

are put upon their energies, they will never be found wanting, where fame and emolument are to be obtained. There is always lying dormant the germ of excellence in every art, among a large population: there is the capability for every thing that man is equal to, if it be but called forth. It is not excited, and therefore its existence is denied: but the probability, the chances, are in our favour. In a sack of wheat may slumber the harvest of a field; keep it in the granary, and it produces nothing. That dramatic talent would be found we are fully satisfied, and it is lamentable to think that it should be lost as it is. Let competition be afforded, and encouragement awarded, and we should soon see genius spring forth to reach the goal of fame. When the path to distinction is once cleared of its barriers, men will devote themselves to the study of that art, which most readily leads to it: its principles will be learned; talent will soon discover the secret of success, and application and ambition will conduct them to it. When there is no encouragement, the very first principles of the art themselves are almost forgotten, and genius is born and dies unknown.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire,

Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,

Or waked to extacy the living lyre."

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,

The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

GRAYSON

IN OPPOSITION to the view which was thus presented of the circumstances of the times, it was, on the other hand, maintained, that the cause of the inferiority in question, was the want of dramatic genius.

It might be admitted, that there was abundant genius of various kinds in the present age, both philosophical and poetical; but the drama required talents of a peculiar kind, which, there was every reason to believe, did not exist amongst the present race of writers. It had been said, that the argument on the other side was supported by facts which could not be contradicted; but there was one fact in opposition to the circumstances which had been adduced, that appeared to outweigh them all:—the undeniable truth was, that, not only had there been no drama of merit exhibited on the stage, but none had been produced, Admitting, for the moment, (what would be presently examined,)

that the difficulties which surrounded the theatre were as formidable as they had been represented, still the press was open. There was no monopoly of that mighty engine of intelligence which could prevent an author or his publisher from appealing to the public, if there were sufficient grounds to do so. No such appeal had been successfully made. We heard of great numbers of disappointed play-wrights, but not one of them had been able to shew, that the lot he met with was undeserved. Many of their productions had been printed, and their fate in the closet had proved the justice of their condemnation in the theatre. It could not be said that there was no demand in the dramatic market, nor was it correct to say that there was no encouragement.

At no period whatever, since the drama first existed, was there so much admiration bestowed upon excellence, or so strong a desire to receive new examples of it, as in the present age. The readers of Shakspeare, and the older dramatists, had greatly increased, and it was a topic of general conversation, so common as to become "flat and unprofitable," that dramatic talent had woefully declined. Was not this sufficient to excite the ambition of every one who possessed a genius sufficient for the undertaking? It did indeed excite the ambition of great numbers. Several hundred plays, it was said, were annually presented; but, it was to be more than suspected, that the authors mistook the nature of their poetical powers. Mere imagination was not sufficient to constitute a dramatist. A writer might be an excellent poet, yet wholly incompetent to people the stage with its appropriate personages. An epic poet of the first class was a rare personage; a dramatic one, still rarer. We have several Homers, but only one Shakspeare.

The epic, or any other poet, might give an impress of his thoughts and feelings in *his own person*; and, for this purpose, a fine imagination was the chief element. But the dramatist must *identify himself with others*. He must not deliver a dissertation upon that which he would do or say, if placed in their situation, but he must transform himself into their minds, and embody, as his own, their feelings and passions; he must not describe, but *personate and act*. He must exhibit life, not as it is seen by one individual, but by many: he must possess the power of imaginary transmigration, forgetting his important *self*, and remembering only the true characteristics of infinitely varied nature.

Now, there is no poet of the present age who has given a sufficient indication that he is competent to this task. Sir Walter Scott, indeed, forms, in some degree, an exception. His novels indicate a power of this kind, but the only instance

in which he attempted to apply it, he did not succeed; and a nice analysis of his extraordinary powers would perhaps shew, that he is deficient in some essential ingredient both for tragic and comic excellence.

It appeared, that every exertion and display of genius depended on the *amor nummi*. But look at the history of the illustrious men who dignified their species. Many of them, if not all, had written for no pecuniary reward. Witness, (a host in himself) the immortal Milton. Were there no emolument whatever to be derived, it could not be supposed that genius would be inert. There was a high and noble gratification in the mere exercise of exalted powers of mind; and, it might fearlessly be pronounced, that where those powers existed, they would be generally employed. Besides the self-gratification, there was always sufficient excitement afforded by the sympathy of our fellow-beings. No one stood entirely alone. All had their friends and their companions, who took an interest in their success, encouraged their efforts; and, in some degree, rewarded them. Besides his own consciousness of power, every man was thus stimulated by the approbation which he obtained from others, and it was not because his train of admirers was limited, that admiration had no effect upon him. Perhaps, in proportion to its being circumscribed, it was the more intense and the dearer to him. Great intellectual power would force its way, and no discouragement presented by the petty circumstances of annoyance, on which so much stress had been laid, could possibly restrain it. Those circumstances might keep back a host of insignificant aspirers; and, perhaps, it was not much to be regretted that they did so. If, notwithstanding every obstacle, there were still annually manufactured three hundred dramas, how many would there be, if the formidable monopoly, and all its exclusive barriers, were at once removed?

The sort of genius which the writers of the present age seemed to want, and which was essential to the drama, was an *imitative power*. This was a power which did not depend, in the least, on any circumstances peculiar to the times, still less to any of those which had been pointed out as hostile to its development. It appeared to be a peculiar gift of nature, which was sometimes possessed by peculiar individuals, no matter of what age or country; and, sometimes, it constituted the characteristic of whole tribes of people. The Hottentots possessed this mimic power in a remarkable degree, and represented the Europeans, to the life, in their habits and peculiarities. In some of the South Sea Islands, also, the inhabitants, though in a very low state of civilization, were singularly dramatic, and the Indians are celebrated for their romantic

drama. Whilst the rude tribes thus referred to, possessed this singular quality, others, who hold the same low rank in general refinement, were deficient in it; and, hence it was obvious, that it was not to similarity of circumstance, but to natural genius, that the difference was owing. Of course the dramatic attempts of the rude islander would be ridiculous to a polished European, but still it indicated a relative superiority amongst the arts which existed in that early stage of society.

It had been said, that there was no want of any particular kind of genius to which adequate encouragement was afforded. Now it was difficult to imagine what sort of encouragement was required. In all ages, the splendid prizes of wealth and renown were obtained only by a few, but this had never yet deterred the exertion of genius. He who powerfully possessed it, or imagined that he did, happily conceived that he would be the fortunate candidate: at all events, he was well assured that he *deserved* to be so! If he made no attempt, he could not succeed. He was sure in his progress of enjoying the gratification of intellectual exercise, of delighting his friends, and exciting either the admiration or the envy of every one who became acquainted with his talents.

It was, indeed, not very easy to understand what was really meant by the opposite advocates. They admitted, that nothing excellent was in *fact* produced, yet they alleged, it was *capable* of being produced, *if* sufficient encouragement were afforded. According to them, "the dramatic genius of the stage was only latent. It slumbered or slept, but was not defunct. It would shake off its drowsiness, as soon as more money was promised it." But it might be asked: how long would it require to arouse these dormant energies? could it be done instantaneously? would the shaking of a heavier purse immediately effect the object? or must this pecuniary inducement be held forth to a succession of dramatists, until, in some *other* age, another Shakspeare will arise? We are enquiring into the *immediate cause* of the inferiority of dramatic productions, and it is vain and unsatisfactory to tell us that the germ lies deeply hidden, that it is capable of growing, though it does not grow. We demand the exertion of genius itself, not in its infant state, but in its mature power. It is not enough to say that we have *infant* dramatists; we want them full grown. We admit that childish productions are sufficiently abundant, but we complain that they never grow to manhood. We deny that any want of due nourishment is afforded; and, in fact, that the taste of the age is more favourable, and the remuneration it bestows is much greater, than was the case in those earlier times, during the era of Elizabeth, when the genius of the drama attained its greatest eminence.

Although various details had been entered into by those who denied the want of genius, the circumstance of there being a *theatrical monopoly*, seemed to be the principal, if not the sole, ground of difficulty. This might appear at first sight to diminish the dramatic demand for representation on the stage; but, on examination, it would be found that authors of excellence could not possibly be prejudiced by the circumstance. If they wrote for fame, we have seen that they have the press by which they may appeal to the impartial opinion of the public. If they wrote for emolument, an increased number of theatres would diminish the amount; because, as the profit of the establishment would be less, the remuneration both to authors and actors must be curtailed. The custom of paying the author the profit of the third, sixth, and ninth, nights of representation, afforded to a popular author (and excellence ensured popularity,) a liberal remuneration from a *large* theatre, which it was self-evident could not be gained in a *small* one. As the difficulty of surpassing so many hundred competitors was undoubtedly great, the author derived a proportionate increase of fame. The argument under consideration, was founded on the *excitement* of competition; and the greater the prize, and the more difficult its attainment, the greater would be the excitement, because the greater the glory of success; and, consequently, if this species of stimulus was the desideratum, it, in truth, existed in a higher degree now than it could exist amidst the change which it was so devoutly wished to effect.

The size of the theatres was undoubtedly an objection to those who were seated distantly from the stage, but it was rather too much to ascribe the decline of the public taste (if it had declined) to such a cause. But, in whatever way this circumstance was received, it could not account for the inferiority of dramatic literature. Was it to be supposed that men of commanding genius and rare endowments would be deterred from employing them because some of the distant spectators could not nicely discriminate the finer parts of an actor's representation? Was it likely that a writer, gifted as we must assume him to be, would dwell on such an idea, and throw away his pen in despair? No; rather would he exert himself the more, that he might enjoy the glory of overcoming the difficulty.

It was said that, by the present system, writers were unjustly treated, and their works unexamined or rejected. How stood the fact with regard to the rejection of dramatic excellence? A publisher, of some eminence, had published no less than **three volumes of rejected plays at his own expense, and no one had yet discovered that in the whole of those volumes a single instance existed of superior merit which the monopolizers had**



overlooked. Here was an opportunity afforded, without any cost to the unfortunate author, to demonstrate the injustice and arbitrariness of the patentees, if they had been guilty of those inferences; but the charge was altogether imaginary. That some favouritism might exist, could not be denied; but it would exist under any system,—men naturally preferred their friends to strangers. There was even now a competition between the rising great houses, and the interest of both of them was to select the best productions that were offered them. It seemed that had was the best; and if the theatrical critic, who had to read three hundred plays annually, occasionally mistook the degrees of inferiority, it was a very pardonable offence. His office was any thing but enviable; and the tirade which had been vented against theatrical management might be very natural on behalf of those who did not relish the result, but if we heard all that belonged to the conduct of the irritable authors in their dealings with the theatre, we should probably doubt which of the two classes was most to be pitied,—the managers or the dramatists.

no However, bad might be the taste, in some respects, of theatrical representations, and however objectionable the mode of managing the two great London theatres, it did not appear that these minor circumstances could seriously affect the dramatic talent of the whole country. The cause of the present inferiority of that talent was much deeper than any that could be found in the regions of Drury Lane and Covent Garden: and was to be ascribed to the absence of some intellectual qualities, in which the poets of the present age appeared to be essentially deficient.

IS REPLY to what was advanced against the opener of the discussion, and those who took the same line of argument, it was contended that their opponents had not confuted the leading statements by which their position was maintained. The difficulties thrown in the way of dramatic excellence by the large size of the theatres, the impossibility of gaining access without influence, and the theatrical monopoly, had not been in the least removed, nor indeed could be. It was indeed singular, and not to be accounted for on any natural principles, that this species of talent should be almost the only one in which the present age is deficient. Why was every other mental power so abundant? Simply because there was an education leading to the development of its powers, and a road open to its improvement. There was no dramatic education, because there was no practice afforded to it, to which the stimulus of hope was applied. Could we expect the full powers of the mind to be called forth, when that mind was struggling under the



pressure of despair. Did not experience prove, that, under such discouragement, no mind had ever exhibited its best efforts? Dramatic excellence might, indeed, in a Shakespeare, burst forth at once, in full perfection. But we had not been so absurd as to contend, that the removal of the obstacles not explained of, would give a succession of Shakespeares. Natured perhaps, never will give, as she never has given, two such mighty geniuses to one country. There are many, very many, stations between him and the authors who now possess the stage; and some of these we might reasonably expect to be filled. If we could not have more Shakespeares, we might have more Marlowes and Massingers, Jonsons and Otways. Surely the stars have not fought against the English stage, surely nature has not decreed that Britain shall possess every kind of talent but the dramatic. But our opponents say that it is a very peculiar kind of talent that is required; granted; so are many other kinds of genius peculiar,—unfitted for every other pursuit; but yet we have them. Why, then, have we not the dramatic? Because it has no practice, no means of commanding attention as the others have. Dramatic talent, like every other, requires exercise to perfect its productions: it is given to few, indeed, to start into excellence at once, but many would attain eminence by practice.

When our opponents say, that as no dramatic excellence has appeared, either on the stage, or in the closet, that this is alone sufficient to outweigh all that has been adduced on the other side; they only build on their own hypothesis. We conceive that we have given very sufficient reasons why it has not appeared on the stage; but they ask why it has not been presented through the press. It might be enough to say, in answer to this, that the dramatist writes for the stage, and is not satisfied with the closet: it does not gratify his thirst of fame, and therefore has no power to inspire him. It is the applause of an audience, and not the approbation of a first side reader, that he aims at. By the latter, the dramatic effect of his production is wholly lost; and it is not enough for him to be read as a poet. If Shakespeare had had no access to the stage, is it probable that he would have appealed to his countrymen through the press? Quite the contrary; for we know well that he was quite satisfied with the applause he had received in the theatre, and did even take care to have correct copies of his plays printed; so little value did he attach to the fame derivable from the press. The stage was the goal of his ambition, and, having had his meed there, he cared little for the press. The press is indeed invaluable, as having handed down his works to us; but the press alone would never have called them into being. Even his introduction to the theatre was

entirely fortuitous; others have not dealt with equal luck; and therefore their talent has been lost to their countrymen. But it was said that some volumes of rejected plays had been published, which ought to have proved the existence of dramatic talent, if it really did exist; but they had not done so. We have no doubt that a large portion of the plays offered to the theatre are really trash; and these perhaps were among the number. We never saw them, nor know their authors; and therefore can say nothing of their merits. If they were perhaps worth nothing, and their authors gave them to the bookseller. But we may surely conclude that this is not quite the manner in which a dramatic genius would choose to appear before the public; he would not exactly like his company, nor the mode of his introduction into it. Such a man feels sore dislike to telling the public that he offers them that which the managers have rejected; he feels an humiliation even in such an acknowledgment. Beside, when a play has been published, the managers may take it without his consent, and he may therefore prefer to keep it, in the faint hope that some chance may arise in which shall give him an introduction to the stage, where alone his ambition can be satisfied. Another reason why more plays are not published, is that plays which have not been acted very rarely attain any success in publication. There wants the *cold*, the publicity, which their performance gives them, to command attention; and, even under the most favourable circumstances, as we have said above, this does not satisfy the dramatic writer. But, after all, it would not be too much to affirm, that better plays have been printed than have been acted for the last fifty years; some of the latter, indeed, have not been deemed deserving of paper and print, since they have not been published at all. That no drama of great merit has been produced, we think is fully accounted for by the foregoing reasons. It does not follow, that because certain persons, who chance to possess managerial favour, do not possess the required genius, that therefore there is none in the nation. The friendship of the manager can no more bestow it in the one case, than prove its deficiency in the other. But, notwithstanding this bad assertion of our antagonists, we do mean to say, that there is no demand, at least no adequate demand, in the dramatic market. How can there be, when the goods remain in their owners' hands, and when the only markets in which they are disposable remain closed against them? Publishers cannot be found for unacted plays, and the authors themselves find little inducements to the venture.

As to the requisites of a dramatic writer, as stated by our opponents, we fully agree with them. We allow that an epic poet is not, and perhaps cannot be, a dramatist. But this

assertion must be taken with limitations: a man is not a dramatist because he can write an epic; but he probably might be, if circumstances diverted his attention to that species of writing. Some have a genius so easily moulded, that they can excel in almost any thing which they attempt. But even this argument proves nothing. There are poets in plenty, because there is no obstacle to prevent their exertion; there is a deficiency of good play writers, because there are obstacles to the indulgence of their genius which they cannot overcome. Let the requisites of the dramatist be what they may, that is no proof that nature does not bestow them in hundreds of years, and amongst millions of men. And when she is found to give every thing she, it is most improbable that she denies them.

We never intended to say that pecuniary reward was the leading impulse of men with genius. However important it may be, and it is important, as affording to many the only means of leisure to employ their talents, we never supposed it to be the sole inspiring principle. Fame is a nobler and a dearer object to a man of genius; but, unfortunately, he cannot be deprived of the one without losing the other. In the instance of the theatre, they go hand in hand. We did not, therefore, say too much in asserting the want of due encouragement to men of genius. We asserted that the theatre is closed to all but the friends and favourites of the managers, the assertion has not been, nor can be, disproved; and therefore there is no encouragement to others. They who can write such trash as the "Travellers," or the "Cabinet,"—they who can tumble well, or marshal a procession,—they who can play the baboon, or swallow a sword,—dance on the rope, or manage a conflagration,—do indeed enjoy more than adequate encouragement; but those who could do better things find none. Now, then, can it be said, that a great dramatic genius would command attention,—would force its way? He can only prove what he could do, by being allowed to do something: this is refused him; how then is he to force his way? Is he to take possession of the stage-door by a company of grenadiers, force the actors on the stage, with his play in their hands, at the point of the bayonet, or besiege the theatre, and starve the managers into a surrender. If these means be denied, we confess we know no other by which intellectual power, however great, simply as such, could force attention; or obtain possession of the stage.

The opinion that self-gratification, and the approbation of friends, were sufficient to stimulate the exertions of genius, did not appear to be well founded. Those who were best acquainted with the motives to human action, would allow that it required a greater incentive than these could supply, to

prompt the mind to great and continued exertion. Such an inducement might operate in the first or second instance; but as the stimulus was confined, exertion would soon become so no more. The mind would rest satisfied with having proved its powers to the few friends to whom it had access, and, being denied public honour, would soon discontinue a labour that was hopeless. Beside, even in this case, the best that the mind could do would not be done; experience tends to produce perfection, but experience would not be gained.

That the true dramatic genius was a peculiar gift, and bestowed more rarely by nature than many other kinds of talent, might be true to a certain extent; but could not be so completely admitted, as to account for the degraded state of the English drama at this time. The cause of this lamentable fact must be sought elsewhere. Great Britain had proved, by her brilliant dramatic epochs, that this power had not been denied to her people; nor was it likely that it was given at one period, and denied at others; still less was it likely that it was bestowed on whole communities in one country, and not even given to individuals in another, though infinitely higher, in mental capacity. The very bounty thus boasted of, proved too much for those who instanced it. Particular arts flourished at certain periods, and it will be found on investigation that their career of glory was marked out by the degree of encouragement afforded to them. Why was the age of Elizabeth so celebrated for its dramatic literature? Because great and deserved applause was bestowed upon its successful cultivators. When excellence was abroad, it must be competed with by other excellence, or the adventurer must meet with contempt and failure. It is the very nature of excellence to produce its like. When less than mediocrity was tolerated, productions of a like caliber would satisfy those who were unable to produce better. When Shakespeare wrote, those who attempted to rival him must drink the waters of Helicon, or be hissed from the stage: when the rantings of Shiel, or the bombast of Matorin, are the standard, the stimulus of true and glorious competition is wanting.

But our opponents want to know what kind of encouragement is required: not, as they would insinuate, the shaking of a heavy purse; but the mere power of giving productions worthy of notice to the public. That the stage should not be barred, as it now is, against unfriended genius; we ask no more than free and full competition; and we say, without fear of disproof, that while this is withheld there is no encouragement at all. They demand the efforts of mature genius, not its infant attempts; we coincide with the requisition. But how is this to be obtained while the monopoly is waging war

with the genius of the country, and consigning all its efforts to oblivion. Knowing the hopelessness of the attempt, genius has in a great degree ceased its exertions in this direction, and devoted itself to other pursuits: how, then, are we to have its mature efforts, and where are we to look for them? We repeat, that the probability is that the germ of dramatic talent lies in the mass of the population; but there is no soil in which it can grow, no sun to ripen it. Where, then, are we to look for its fruits? We complain of the sterility of the ground, and our adversaries require us to produce the harvest! If they had proved that the ground was fruitful, the want of product might have been an argument that it had nothing to ripen; but, failing to do so, it falls inert and powerless. What the difficulty of gaining access to the theatre enhanced the glory of success, was indeed a singular position to maintain. If it were open to all, and a few only succeeded, there might be something in the argument; but, when exclusion was the practice, it was too much to condemn genius for not overcoming impossibilities. If even a fair competition existed at the great theatres, it would not afford an adequate vent for the increase of talent probable in an increased and more intelligent population; but, when the reverse of this was the fact, the fallen state of dramatic literature could no longer be a subject of surprise. That authors would gain less money at smaller theatres, was of little moment; they would at least gain something,—now they have nothing; but this deficiency would be more than counterbalanced by an increased number of productions, and they would obtain, at any rate, what was dearer to their hearts,—fame and regard.

The argument founded on the large size of the theatres, was misunderstood by those on the other side. We had not merely complained that a great part of the audience could not appreciate the beauties of the writer, and the excellence of the actor; but we said that it had deteriorated the public taste. It had produced that love of pomp and show, which had almost driven the legitimate drama from the stage. It had in part banished Melpomene and Thalia from the boards, and filled their places by horses and soldiers, and chariots, and tumblers; nay, so great was the vacuum, that an elephant had been called in requisition to fill it. This was the great evil arising from the size of the theatres, and this had been left untouched. The absence of wit and character had been supplied by gilt pasteboards, and descending clouds; and the loss of the green cloth was to be atoned for by dancing and music. From being the seats of the Muses, the theatres had, from this cause, degenerated into pompous nothings, competing only with fairs and carnivals.

of the future dramatic glory of that country when a change of circumstances shall open the door to its talents, and afford it fair scope for the exercise of its powers. Till then, we confess, we have no hope. That the glowing intelligence of the age will for ever rest satisfied with the present system, we cannot believe. Endeavours will, and must, be made for the removal of this national disgrace; and then we confidently predict that a new and brilliant era of the drama will arise. But never will this be while the monopoly is maintained, and a few tasteless or interested individuals are suffered to interpose, like a dark cloud, between authors and the public. The government and the legislature seem disposed to join in the march of mind, and to aid in the development of its powers; let them throw open the theatres,—let them strike down the detestable monopoly,—and they will let in a flood of light over their native country, which will irradiate their own brows, and the applause and admiration of their countrymen will be their reward.

## SONNET.

Yes, thou art gone! thou most beloved one,  
 For ever! many years have roll'd away,  
 And we had scarce been sever'd for a day;  
 One roof,—one board,—until thy sand had run  
 Sufficed; and though thou said'st that I had won  
 Thy love by kindness, till the living ray  
 Was stealing from thine eyes, I dare not say  
 That I did all I could for thee have done!  
 A thousand circumstances rise to show  
 My faults, and point anew the darts of woe;  
 Now that the time hath past, too late I see  
 My lack to one who would have died for me;  
 What more I might have done to make thee bless  
 Springs to my view, and smites my conscious breast.

## REVIEWS.

*An Inquiry into the Present State of the Civil Law of England. By John Miller, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. London. Murray, 1825.*

WE think that much indiscriminate clamour has been raised regarding the present state of the English law. We have, indeed, no intention to dispute that it is, like every thing else, in a very imperfect state; but the manner in which this imperfection is pointed out, and the wholesale remedies that are proposed to correct it, are most heedless of the other departments of our civil constitution and national polity, and most inconsistent with the views which are taken of the sciences in general. There is a great deal of unnecessary warmth of temper introduced into the discussion of the subject, and instead of considering the law as a science, like all others, originating in the earliest periods of society, necessarily defective, and susceptible only of slow improvement, it is assailed as if it were the result of a malignant conspiracy by one class of men against all the rest of society; and whoever ventures to doubt the wisdom and efficacy of any proposition of reform, is immediately set down as one of a gang who have bad designs upon the welfare of the community.

The point we wish to maintain is, that improvements should gradually take place CONTEMPORANEOUSLY in the whole of our national system and institutions, and not in the law alone.

The municipal law of England, we take to be a science, the principles of which are laid down by law writers in the same manner that the law of nations is treated of by jurists, or the moral and intellectual nature of human beings by moral philosophers and metaphysicians. Now we humbly apprehend that quite as many mistakes have been made by the latter class of writers as by the former, and yet no one feels himself entitled to abuse Grotius or Adam Smith, Paley or Dugald Stewart, or their predecessors or followers. It never enters into the mind of a student of metaphysics or moral philosophy, that the ponderous volumes which have been written on those subjects were written *mala fide*, that the authors were a pack of rogues, who misrepresented and mystified truth to serve

their own interested purposes, and to perplex and injure all future generations. He may have good reason to regret that the sages, from Aristotle and Socrates down to Kant and Gall, have not at all times agreed in the doctrines of their various systems, and may lament over the huge mass of learning with which he is to make himself acquainted; but he will scarcely think of accusing them of forming a determined plot against the interests of mankind.

The Common Law may be compared to that part of philosophy which is founded upon *a priori* reasoning; and the Statute Law to the deductions of experimental philosophy. The Common Law consists, in its elements, of certain general principles of justice, the correct application of which to the complicated transactions of mankind must depend upon long and extensive experience. The Statute Law has arisen from attempts to provide an immediate remedy to existing evils, and has rarely been founded on an anticipation of their occurrence. We have by the two systems the advantage of both theoretical and practical legislation; and whilst we have the comprehension of the general principles of the one, we have by the other a provision for the exceptions which the general rule may not comprise, and an extension of its application where it may fall short. It does not appear, therefore, so far as the scheme of our judicial constitution is concerned, that we can hope to accomplish any material improvement. We conceive that all that can be usefully done at present is, in the first place, to *condense and systematise the Statute Law*; and, in the second, *GRADUALLY to simplify the administration of justice*.

Some of the remarks which were made, and some of those we have to submit, will be found to apply to the *Criminal* as well as the Civil Law; but we have more particularly requested the attention of our readers to "the Present State of the Civil Law of England," as the subject of the work at the head of our article.

The consolidation and arrangement of the Statute Law, is obviously the first step to be taken in the work of improvement. It is scarcely possible, at present, that any single individual can master the whole compass of statutory provision. Indeed, it frequently happens that the most experienced judges are obliged to suspend the progress of a trial until they have read several clauses of the statutes which bear upon the question at issue, and it must ever be so until the whole has undergone a scientific classification, by which the learned lawyer may hope to bring the subject within the compass of his memory. This task of systematic analysis cannot, however, we venture to say, be accurately or creditably accomplished by any one individual, nor by a very few. The materials are



both scattered and numerous, and the strange discordance in which they are at present mixed up, increases the difficulty of research, and a speedy classification of them can only be accomplished by dividing the labour amongst a sufficient number of professional persons competent to the undertaking.

The alterations which time may have rendered necessary to the administration of justice, should be gradually made, in connexion with other improvements in our national institutions; for it is obvious that a sudden and extensive change would be productive of the greatest inconvenience and injury. It is no easy matter to acquire a knowledge of the details, so various and numerous as they necessarily are, of an extensive system of jurisprudence, and the details, which are applicable to its administration require a practical skill, which occupies no small portion of time thoroughly to attain. Many of our lawyers are exceedingly skilful in the principles of the law, who are deficient in information upon the practice of the Courts; and some are well versed in the latter, who are not so eminent in the former. A complete and instantaneous change of system would produce effects in the administration of justice analogous to a revolution in political affairs; and many years would elapse before the business of the Courts could be transacted with that regularity which now so generally prevails. It is rather too much to expect that the present generation should suffer the extreme of inconvenience, in so important a branch of their interests as the dispensation of justice, in order that the next, or some succeeding age, should be less encumbered with difficulty.

Mr. Miller has divided his view of the great branch of law under consideration into three chapters. The first is occupied with the constitution, procedure, and doctrines, of the supreme courts of common law and equity in England. The second treats on some important special amendments of which the law of England appears to be susceptible. And the third undertakes to point out the means by which the general improvement in the administration of justice may most effectually be facilitated.

The author enters into an examination of the number of judges best fitted to constitute a court of justice, and observes that there is nothing within the sphere of jurisprudence, in which greater diversity of sentiment seems to have prevailed in different countries than this point.

"Scarcely any two states," he says, "in past or present times, can be pointed out who have agreed upon it. In England, the number of the judges is entirely dependant on the will of the crown, and has varied under different reigns, in all the three Common Law Courts. This fluctuation appears to have been greatest in the Common Pleas, which

in ancient times was the chief court for the determination of questions of Common Law, and there the number of judges has varied from three to nine, according to the quantity of business which they had to dispatch. James I. during the greater part of his reign, appointed five justices of King's Bench and Common Pleas, in order to have the benefit of a casting vote in case of a difference in opinion; and, for once, the fondness of that monarch for metaphysical statesmanship seems to have guided his judgment aright. For the last century and a half, each of the three courts has consisted of one chief and three puisne judges. Why they should have been made to consist of four, in preference to any other number, it is not easy to discover, as an equality of votes is attended with obvious practical inconveniences. Should this equality happen in case of an appeal from an inferior court, the decision of the inferior court stands; and, if the question before them is a point which has been reserved for their opinion when the cause was tried on the circuit, no judgment can be pronounced at all. The first of these results is unsatisfactory to the suitor and the country; the second is still more so, and tends to throw discredit on the dignity and consequence of the court itself. Either five or three seems preferable, especially the latter, and that is the number to which the judges in all the courts of Common Law may now be said to be virtually reduced. One of the judges of King's Bench since the 57 Geo. III. c. 11. sits apart from his brethren as long as is necessary in the forenoon for the justification of bail, on all days in the week in term time, except those which are called *paper days*; and another goes to attend chambers in Serjeant's Inn at three, to dispose of the irksome and increasing business which was formerly dispatched there in the evening. The Chief Justice of Common Pleas was in the beginning of 1824 empowered by royal warrant to sit during the session of parliament to hear appeals in the House of Lords; and the Chief Baron of Exchequer is authorised by 57 Geo. III. c. 18. to sit alone at his discretion as a judge in Equity, while the three puisne barons continue to dispatch the ordinary business of the court. This practice of withdrawing judges to another place for the purpose of performing extraneous duties, while the courts are sitting of which they still remain constituent members, is of recent origin, and seems one of the most unadvisable alterations which has ever been introduced into English judicature. It raises surmises in the minds of suitors and practitioners that causes are lost or won according to the casual presence or absence of particular persons among those whose province it is to decide upon them; it unhinges the minds and distracts the attention of the judges themselves; and almost conclusively proves that the number of persons who are made to constitute a court is a matter deserving of no consideration. If two or three be found to answer as well as four, there can be no reason why four should be appointed at all; and if four are necessary, as it is impossible to tell at what hour important questions may arise, they ought all to attend during the whole sittings of the court, to deliver their opinions on every matter which is brought before them.

The times and places of sitting, the nature of the causes of which the superior courts have cognizance, and the persons

who are permitted to practise in them, are successively considered. The Author thinks that the "surreptitious sittings," as he terms them, which are holden in Serjeant's Inn and Gray's Inn, are objectionable, and that it would be more acceptable to the public that the dispensation of justice should on no occasion be removed from Westminster Hall," as that is the place which immemorial usage has consecrated in the eyes of the people as their general judgment-seat. We consider this a fanciful reason, and should any alteration take place in the "local habitation" of justice, we recommend the neighbourhood of the Inns of Court as the most convenient seat, not only to the great bulk of the profession, but to the suitors themselves, to whom, in nine instances at least out of ten, it would be most desirable. The Inns of Court and their neighbourhood, besides comprising the great majority of the profession, possess the advantage of being in the very centre of the metropolis; and there, also, are situated all the law offices for the transaction of almost every step in legal proceedings except the trial and the interlocutory applications to the court.

It cannot be doubted, that the business of the Common Law Courts might be distributed in a more equal manner amongst each of them than is at present the case, and such a distribution would greatly expedite the dispensation of justice. One of the obstacles in the way of improvement in this respect, Mr. Miller considers to be the monopoly which the Serjeants at Law possess in the Court of Common Pleas.

The volume also presents us with some valuable matter connected with the Common Law of England. We offer the following extract, though somewhat long, as conveying the best account to be met with of the different definitions given of this part of our ancient law.

The words *Common Law* are now held to comprise all recognised doctrines and customs whenever and however introduced, which are neither to be found in the statute book, nor depend on the determination of courts of Equity. This vague method of expression may in most instances sufficiently answer the purposes of conversation or of courts of justice, but cases now and then occur, in which the uncertainty of giving an exact definition or description of *Common Law* has occasioned much perplexity and difference of opinion. In the great question respecting the exclusive right which the *Common Law* was supposed to give an author in a literary work, the foundation and properties of *Common Law* were discussed with greater learning and ability than have since been employed upon the subject. Mr. Justice Willems there explicitly declares "that principles of private justice, moral fitness, and public convenience, when applied to a new subject, make *Common Law* without a precedent; such were, when received and approved by usage." Whether this view of the *Common Law* is correct,

or not, it is certainly not the general notion entertained respecting it. Mr. Justice Aston however goes a great deal further. "The Common Law," he observes, "now so called, is founded on the law of nature and reason. The grounds and principles are drawn from many different fountains, says Justice Doddridge, in his *English Lawyer*, from natural and moral philosophy, from the civil and canon law, from logic, from the use, custom, and conversation among men, collected out of the general disposition, nature, and condition of human kind;" and afterwards adds, "which observations I make upon its general name, to free it from the imputation of there being any thing restrictive of its efficacy in the name itself, or that it is not equally comprehensive and co-extensive with the principles and ground from which it is derived. The Common Law, so founded and named, is universally comprehensive. In respect to the several species of property, though the rules touching them must ever have been the same, yet the objects of it were not all at one time known to the Common Law, or to the world." Mr. Justice Yates's opinion is diametrically opposite. "To constitute a legal custom it must have these two qualities: first, a custom must import some general right in a district, and not a few mere private acts of individuals. And in the next place, such custom must appear to have existed immemorially. All customs operate, if they have any operation, as positive laws. The mere fact of usage will be no right at all in itself; but, when a custom has prevailed from time immemorial, it has the evidence of some immemorial law. If the custom be general, it is the law of the realm, if local only, it is the *lex loci*, or law of the place. Now all laws are general as far as the law extends, and all customs of England are of course immemorial. No usage, therefore, can be a part of that law, or have the force of a custom, that is not immemorial." Lord Mansfield, on the other hand, differs from Mr. Justice Yates, and supports the doctrine of Mr. Justice Aston. "From what source, then," he asks, "is the Common Law drawn, which is admitted to be so clear, in respect of the copy before publication? From this argument, because it is first, &c. I allow them sufficient to shew, it is agreeable to the principles of right and wrong, the fitness of things, convenience and policy, and therefore to the Common Law to protect property before publication. The vagueness and inconsistency of the notions which here appear to have been floating in the minds of some of the ablest doctors who ever sat in Westminster Hall, upon so fundamental an article of judicial faith, must necessarily create much doubt and perplexity respecting the foundation upon which a large portion of the Common Law of England really rests. Part of it appears to consist of customs which are, in the strict acceptation of the term, *immemorial*; part of it upon customs which are admitted to be *not immemorial*, though in courts of law presumed to be such; and perhaps the most considerable portion of the whole is composed of determinations and resolutions of the judges, proceeding upon analogy, public policy, and natural justice."

Mr. Miller then enters upon a disquisition of those doctrines of the Common Law which tend to clog the administration of justice. These he considers to be the taking of insufficient

bail, privileging out doors, the want of a public prosecutor, requiring causes to be tried in the county in which they originated, refusing counsel to prisoners, and continuing the benefit of clergy. Many of these subjects open a wide field of discussion, on which our limits will not permit us to enter. The subject of a public prosecutor has, however, been fully canvassed in the previous part of our Journal.

The section on the simplification of the Law of *Real Property*, contains several valuable suggestions. We transcribe the introductory statement and recommendation:—

"That branch of the law of England which relates to the acquisition, transmission, and incumbrancing of real property, is perhaps of all subjects within the range of art or science, that upon which it is most difficult to reason accurately and comprehensively. It is so extensive and repulsive, that it has scarcely ever been approached except by those who conceived themselves practically interested in proclaiming the excellence, lengthening the forms, and multiplying the mysteries of the system. To add to the difficulty of the investigation, its component parts are so connected and interwoven, that none of them can be touched without all the rest being in some degree affected. Instead of endeavouring, therefore, to subvert it at once by any precipitate and fundamental alteration, it would probably be a more successful and less hazardous course, to pull down one by one those parts of it which are inconvenient or useless, beginning with those of which the removal may be effected with the greatest ease and safety. By this method of proceeding, one improvement would naturally make way for another, and conveyancing would gradually increase in convenience as it gained in simplicity and beauty, by the suppression of the uncouth and superfluous devices by which it has been so long disfigured and perplexed."

The investigation into which the Author has entered, relative to the *Courts of Equity*, will be read with particular interest on account of the public attention which has lately been excited towards the delays in the Court of Chancery. After describing the constitution of these courts, and discussing the fitness of the number of judges who preside in them, the nature of the causes brought before them, and the officers who transact the business, or examine and decide on incidental matters, the Author proceeds to the examination of the causes of the delays which occur. These, he says, may arise from four different and unconnected causes,—from the *judge*, from *counsel*, from *solicitors*, or from that body of *regulations* of which what is called the "practice" of the court consists.

Mr. Miller discusses with great candour the proper medium between the *slowness* and precipitation of a judge. The present *chancellor* had allowed eighteen days to be consumed in hearing arguments and authorities in one cause, which our Author thinks an unreasonable portion of time; but he allows

it is a point not very easy to determine, "whether counsel ought to be interrupted by the bench, or whether the most effectual sort of interruption does not consist in the distress which an attentive judge will generally be seen to suffer from wandering and repetition." We confess this is a nice point; but, for ourselves, we should prefer an interruption which acquainted us with the reason of the judge's "distress," to the exhibition of an irritation whose silence afforded no clue to its removal.

Mr. Miller also proposes, that the number of counsel who address the court, should be limited to two; and he thinks, (which is no great compliment to the gentlemen of the bar,) that, by this limitation, those who spoke would come better prepared, and thus there would be a saving of time in the length of each speech, as well as in the number of speeches.

A considerable cause of procrastination is owing, he conceives, to the courtesy which solicitors shew each other, or the remissness with which they act themselves; and, he adds, that part of the delay is attributable to the clerks in court; a species of auxiliary solicitors, which he thinks might be dispensed with altogether. After adverting to the conflicting statements which have been made by the solicitors and clerks in court, he

SAYS: "The only conclusion which can with certainty be drawn, is, that every suitor in the Court of Chancery is obliged to have two solicitors in the same cause, the first of whom charges the second with delay and expences, and the second charges the first with inattention—neither of the charges being perhaps altogether without foundation. But, what possible reason can be given why two agents in this case should be better than one? First of all, the cost is greater, and that is an obvious disadvantage. In the next place, it must naturally take more time to communicate through two than through one, which is another disadvantage of no small moment. Last of all, if blame is imputable, it is much more difficult to fix it upon two than one, and that is also disadvantageous. Upon every ground, therefore, one agent appears to be preferable to two; and if so, there can be no doubt that the client's own solicitor ought to be preferred, and the clerks in court superseded."

Amongst the delays occasioned by the regulations of the court, the author particularly enumerates the multitude of parties whose presence is deemed essential:

"The object of courts of equity is to make a complete decree between all the parties who have any present or future interest in the matters in question; and for this purpose it requires every individual among them to be represented, so that none may be affected who are unrepresented or undefended. Laudable as this edict must be admitted to be, it is exceedingly questionable, whether it does not create a great deal of useless delay, than it prevents. In many instances it is imprac-

able to produce such legal evidence that all the parties who may be affected by a decree are before the court, and in those cases which occur, the property in question would be exhausted before the inquiries were ended.

We shall abstain from conducting our readers through all the details of a chancery suit: the obtaining evidence, references to the masters, applications to the court, &c. &c.

But there is one cause of delay to which the author has not adverted, that we think as important as any other, and that consists of the delays occasioned by the *suitors themselves*.

It is very strangely assumed, that each party conducts his case with the most perfect candour, and is really anxious to obtain the speedy opinion of the court on its true merits, and it is supposed that these laudable objects are unfortunately frustrated by the negligence or cupidity of solicitors and counsel, and that from the court they can obtain neither hearing nor decision. It is overlooked, (perhaps from its obviousness,) that the *defending* parties are severally interested in devising and obtaining every species of delay, and that frequently litigation is prolonged, because the *complaining* party will not set reasonable bounds to the extent of his demands.

Besides this additional source of procrastination, it should be observed that there is another cause equally fruitful in the same effect, namely, the nature of many of the subjects of litigation. The generally involved nature of the property in dispute,—the conflicting claims of the different parties, frequently *numerous*, and usually *obstinate*, and the various incidental points, independently of the principal issue,—all require an extent of investigation that has not been sufficiently noticed by those who have raised the outcry against the abuses of our equitable system.

No one has yet ventured to maintain that a court of equity is a needless appendage to our system of jurisprudence; its importance and necessity are indeed admitted by its assailants, and we must be content to submit to such portion of inconvenience, for the sake of the general benefit, as we find inseparable from its nature, and the due efficacy of its principles and objects. This is no party question. It has a loftier aim than the alteration of a political measure, or the removal of an obnoxious minister; it is one of infinite magnitude both to the rights of private property, and the general furtherance of public justice.

We subjoin some highly judicious advice, which will be found in the conclusion of the volume.

"Amendments in the law, (says our author,) should be projected long before the adoption of them becomes indispensably necessary.



No new system of law, or material alteration in one already established, ought to be sanctioned without full and fair examination. It is owing to the haste of Tribonian to do that in three years which he was allowed ten to accomplish, that the Digest exhibits such a mass of incoherence and confusion. To press the adoption of any legislative measure when insufficiently known or imperfectly comprehended is neither wise nor honest. It is to the hurry and confusion in which the laws of England are made, that the greater part of their blunders and miscarriages are owing. Scarcely any permanent and important measure can be figured, which ought not, after it has been put into the shape of a bill, to be submitted to the judgment of the public for one year at least, and if it were to undergo a probation of several, it would usually be so much the better. Whenever the government is persuaded that any matter connected with the dispensation of justice requires revision, the examination to which the proposed alteration is subjected, can hardly either be too general, severe, or protracted. Above all, it ought to be submitted to the inspection of those who are supposed to be most suspicious of its expedience, or hostile to its introduction. Let such persons report upon it, not in any kind of collective body, but what is invariably much better, in their own words, according to their own plan, and upon their own responsibility. If any objections have been offered, let them be canvassed with candour, temper, and patience, and let the fate of the proposal depend upon the result of the ordeal to which it has been subjected."

The Practice of Elocution, or a Course of Exercises for acquiring the several Requisites of a good Delivery. Second Edition, elucidated and augmented. By H. Smart, author of the Theory of Elocution, Grammar of Pronunciation, Practical Logic, &c. London, 1826. Richardson, Whittaker, Hookham.

Practical Logic, or Hints to Young Theme-Writers, for the purpose of leading them to think and reason with accuracy. By B. H. Smart, author of the Theory and Practice of Elocution, Grammar of Pronunciation, Guide to Parsing, &c. &c. London, 1823. Whittaker.

We have long intended to present our readers with analyses of the various works by which Mr. Smart has illustrated the art of which he is so distinguished a professor. This purpose, however, (like many other good ones) has been hitherto post-



possible in consequence of, or arising from, circumstances which we regretfully, but least not the power of averting. In its full extent we are still obliged to postpone this gratifying duty. Our present limits will permit us to notice only two of Mr. Smart's valuable publications; and these very briefly. *The Theory and Practice of Elocution* is divided into four chapters. The first treats of Articulation. Although certainly not the least attractive part of the book, this chapter demands, and will receive, from the assiduous student, the severest attention. No other quality can compensate for the want of a fine articulation. It is not only of absolute necessity to render speech intelligible, but it is in itself a beauty of no ordinary kind.\* To attain it, great care and attention are indispensable. It is astonishing to observe the ridiculous vices of articulation, into which very sensible persons are in the habit of falling. We cannot now stop to point them out; but there are two very common, and so very annoying, that we must allude to ourselves to advert to them. We mean the two opposite faults of giving an undue preponderance either to the consonants or the vowels. Both these practices are bad enough; but the latter is the more abominable of the two. When a speaker expends all his labour upon the consonants, he distresses our ears indeed, but we know what he says; but when he bounces out the vowels, and leaves the consonants to shift for themselves, the very purpose of speech is frustrated; we hear a confused noise, but are utterly unable to gather what the man would say.†

\* In just articulation, the words are not hurried over nor hurried together; they are neither abridged nor prolonged; they are not swallowed, nor are they shot from the mouth; neither are they trailed, and then suffered to drop unfinished; but they are delivered from the lips as beautiful coins are issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, perfectly finished.

† This observation is quoted by Mr. Smart from "*Acroasis Chironomia*," an excellent work, not half so well known as it deserves to be.

‡ It is well known that a piece of writing may be understood if all the vowels are omitted; but if the vowels are set down, and the consonants omitted, nothing can be made of it. Make the experiment upon any sentence; for example, *judge, not that ye be not judged.* Take out the vowels and it will stand thus, *jdg nt tht y b nt jdgd.* This may readily be made out; but take away the consonants and nothing can possibly be made of it, *ue, q, f, o, ye.* It is the same in speaking as in writing; the vowels make a noise, and thence they have their name; but they discriminate nothing. Many speakers think they are heard if they bellow them out; and so they are; but they are not understood; because the discrimination of words depends upon a distinct articulation of their consonants; for want of considering which, many speakers spend their breath to very little effect. The late Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Hinchcliffe, was one of the most

sw The acquisition of a distinct, firm, harmonious, and spirited articulation, should be regarded as the first subject of the orator's study: not only the first in the order of time, but the first in importance. Mr. Smart's chapter on this subject is well calculated to facilitate the progress of the pupil. It is subdivided into two sections, respectively devoted to the consonants and the vowel sounds; and a steady practice of the exercises, combined with a due attention to the rules that down, cannot fail of ensuring to the student the attainment of a correct and graceful articulation. The second chapter, which is on modulation, contains many judicious precepts and improving exercises. The third chapter is on expression. It presents a great number of exercises in every variety of manner. The narrative, the argu- mentative, the meditative, the vehement, the plaintive, the lively, the solemn. Exercises in popular, senatorial, forensic, and pulpit elocution; each exercise being preceded by instructions for its appropriate and efficient delivery. The fourth chapter, which is very short, consists of exercises in dramatic reading.

Our limits will not allow us more than this very brief notice; but all who have witnessed Mr. Smart's powers of elocution, will agree that upon the principle of Pope, he is admirably qualified to produce a treatise on his art. Let those teach others who themselves excel.

The "Practical Logic" is stated to be an attempt to fill up a remarkable gap in the course of elementary treatises intended for youth. It is indeed remarkable, that while we are overwhelmed with school books, to teach everything which can properly be taught at school, and every thing which cannot, there should be none, excepting the one before us, to teach the art of reasoning,—the most important of all arts. We do not mean to say that it is a proper subject to occupy the time of school-boys of all ages; but surely the eldest scholars could not be better occupied than in acquiring the principles of logic. His melodious voice was sweet in nature, and he spoke with the accent of a man of sense, (such as he really was in a superior degree,) but it was remarkable, and to those who did not know the cause, mysterious, that there was not a corner of the church in which he could not be heard distinctly. I noted this myself with great satisfaction; and by watching him attentively, I perceived it was an invariable rule with him, to do justice to every consonant, knowing that the vowels will be sure to speak for themselves. And thus he became the purest and clearest of speakers; his elocution was perfect, and never disappointed his audience.

*Life of Bishop Horne, by the Rev. W. Jones.*



During some degree of skill in that useful, —  
*Le Petit Hermite, ou Tableau des Mœurs Françaises, tiré de l'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin, &c. de M. Jouy. Suivi de Notes, et précédé d'une Notice, par L. T. Ventouillac, éditeur des Classiques Français.* — Londres. S. Low, libraire, Lamb's Conduit-street; J. Booker, 61, New Bond-street, 1821. En deux Tomes.

EXPERIENCE, no one can doubt, is the best means of attaining valuable information; but, were all our information confined to the narrow limits of our own personal experience, the improvement of mankind would be extremely slow. Fortunately, history gives us the experience of other ages, and of other countries; and thus what our own furnishes is rendered doubly valuable by comparison. Though history transmits experience, yet that obtained from history, properly so called, is of a general description, which may serve to teach us the leading principles of former ages, but not their peculiarities. History is a master of the ceremonies, who introduces us to men and things, in their state dresses and court manners; but who cannot, or will not, procure us admittance to them in the homeliness and familiarity of the domestic circle. We cannot, however, form a just opinion of actions without an acquaintance with the secret springs on which they proceed. The study of biography is well fitted to supply these defects of history: not, however, such biography as Voltaire lashes in his “*Mensonges Imprimés*,” — it would be difficult to say whether the writer or the reader of such compositions were the more worthy of pity. The Memoirs of Philip de Commines, of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and of Lord Chesterfield, are of a different character, and are valuable monuments of the manners and events of the time. This is, however, but partial and confined information: they may be descriptions of the characters of those men, but cannot always be regarded with confidence as portraying the general character of men at those respective periods. Some book, which should follow *men*, and not a *man*, into the various scenes of life; observe the movements of their minds, and the consequent effects upon their conduct must be invaluable. Such a work makes nations familiar, who, but for its assistance, might have only been known to each other by their public deeds. An author who could compose such a work, France found in M. Jouy: his enquiring eye could watch the characters and conduct of his countrymen; his vivid imagination could convey with elegant ease the result of his observations. The “*Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*” is perhaps only excelled by the works of our own Addison and Johnson. It has another merit, — it is the

list of the kind which France has produced; we of course do not class the efforts of Mercier with those of M. Jouy; Mercier formed a taste and style for himself, which were so far above the comprehension of the past and present generation, that no one beside himself could ever perceive their excellence. The size of M. Jouy's work might perhaps appear an objection; few are disposed thus to employ the time necessary for the perusal of four octavo volumes. Fortunately, it is a work which, from its peculiar nature, will admit abridgment. The performance of this duty required a person well acquainted with the merits of the work, and correct judgment in selection; M. Vantouillac was fully capacitated for the office; and, as we expected, he has performed it with honour to himself. The sketch of the life of M. Jouy, at the commencement of the first volume, is interesting; and the notes at the conclusion of each useful and necessary to an English reader.

We shall conclude our remarks by observing, that the perusal of the work of M. Jouy is indispensable to all who are anxious to attain a quick and easy acquaintance with French manners.

*Avantures de Télémaque, par Fénelon. Nouvelle édition, enrichie des Imitations d'après les Anciens Poètes, Grecs et Latins, suivie de Notes, et précédée d'une Notice sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de l'Auteur; par L. T. Vantouillac.*  
Londres. S. Low, Lamb's Conduit-street; Treuttel, Würtz, Treuttel, fils, et Richter, Soho square, 1825. En deux Tomes.

It now becomes our duty to mention a new edition of the adventures of Ulysses' son. We should be most unnecessarily occupying our pages, and most uselessly exhausting our reader's patience, if we now burst forth into warm admiration of the merits of Fénelon. An author, who has been the subject of favourable criticism for the last century and a half, and who has been translated into so many languages, could neither derive honour from our praise nor discredit from our condemnation. Though we will not venture on the daring act of opposing public opinion, so uniformly and so ardently expressed, we hope not to appear presumptuous if we commend the discretion of M. Vantouillac, in rejecting from his edition the "Discours de la Poesie Epique" of M. Ramsay. Although we admire the Archbishop of Cambray, we cannot agree with M. Ramsay, that not only did he unite the grandeur of Homer with the dignity of Virgil, but that he happily improved

on both by the addition of his own purely and exclusively. To the  
however, with all due deference to the opinion of the great  
admirer of Tâlemaque, and a perfect willingness to acknow-  
ledge, that this opinion probably arises from a want of  
taste. The editor has introduced a very curious and amusing  
sketch of the principal editions through which Tâlemaque has  
passed; and from that it appears, that the present will possess  
the advantages peculiar to each without partaking of its dis-  
advantages. One remarkable difference between this and the earlier  
editions of the work is, that it has been divided into  
eighteen, instead of twenty-four books. This would evidently  
be the correct division of the work in the estimation of any  
person acquainted with the common rules of epic poetry.  
Fénélon was aware of the fact, as appears from a manuscript  
written by the illustrious author himself. It was rather un-  
fortunate that M. Ramsay, when he contended that his author  
had avoided all the errors of Virgil, should, by his own divi-  
sion of the poem, have made him commit several errors similar  
to that in the division of the first and second book of the *Æneid*.

With regard to the style in which this edition has been pro-  
duced, we can only observe, that M. Ventouillac has done his  
duty in a manner highly creditable to his talents. We are  
also happy to congratulate the public that that gentleman is  
the director of a selection of the French Classics, which will  
continue to appear. Our limits will not allow us to proceed  
more at length on this subject, and therefore we will respect-  
fully take leave of our readers.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS.

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## ERRATA.

In the present Volume.—Page 25, line 1, for "the stubborn rock," read "like stubborn rock."

In Vol. III.—Page 93, line 11, for "Benglee," read "Bengalee."—Page 95, line 36, for "Saxon Greek," read "Saxon Grammar."—Page 251, line 6, for "Gower," read "Glover."

# ADDRESS.

THE EDITORS of the **PHILOMATHIC JOURNAL**, in closing the Fourth Volume of their labours, have to announce, that, with the approbation of the Directors of the Institution, the plan of the Journal will be in future *varied*; and, as they conceive, materially *improved*.

The original design of the work was to combine Popular Literature with Scientific Disquisition; a task, obviously, not very easy to accomplish. The Editors are persuaded, that, in the present progress of the Institution, it has become more eligible to confine the publication to a selection of the Original Contributions of its Members, and to abandon the office of Periodical Critics.

Another alteration they purpose is, to vary the period of Publication, and to substitute, for the Quarterly Numbers, an **ANNUAL VOLUME**.

Several advantages appear likely to result from these arrangements:

1. The plan, thus revised, will be more conformable to the practice of the other Scientific and Literary Institutions, and the work will strictly and literally comprise the **TRANSACTIONS** of the **PHILOMATHIC INSTITUTION**.

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3. The Work will comprehend, not only a selection of the best Compositions of the Ordinary Members; but, in this improved series, will be favoured with several Contributions from distinguished **Honorary** and **Corresponding** Members.\*

4. In the form in which the Publication has hitherto appeared, it was deemed proper to adopt the custom of other periodical works, and omit the names of the Authors who contributed the materials of the Journal; but the reason for anonymous publication no longer existing, the members to whom the Society may be hereafter indebted for their

\*The Institution continues to receive valuable accessions of new Members, and several important additions have been recently made to its **HONORARY** and **CORRESPONDING** List.



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